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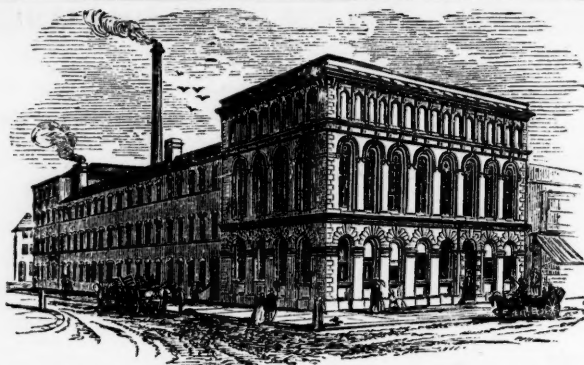
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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY 1864.

ART. I.—GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE DUKE OF SAXE WEIMAR.

*Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Karl August dem Grossherzog von
Weimar.* Leipzig, 1863.

WHETHER these letters will contribute much to the world's knowledge of Goethe's character may well be doubted. Those persons who have read Eckermann's *Conversations* may rest satisfied that they know as much of the living Goethe as they are likely to learn. The German Boswell, as the author of the *Conversations* has been called, possessed something of the faculty owned by the biographer of Dr. Johnson. He not only reported faithfully the indiscriminate utterances of the great man, in whose presence he lived for years, but he contrived to convey to the reader the impression left upon him by his hero. Most men, we fancy, reveal their inmost thoughts much more freely in conversation than they do in correspondence. The "*littera scripta manet*" is a truth that every man of eminence learns very early in his career. Moreover, the mere mechanical labour of writing exercises a restraint on the minds of all who think while they write. And this was especially the case with a man like Goethe, in whom the element of caution was singularly developed. In his correspondence with Schiller, with Frau von Stein, with Bettina, and even with Carl August, he obviously wrote under a consciousness that his letters would be shown to others, or, at any rate, would be preserved as relics. Expansiveness, too, was not a feature of Goethe's character. During his life there was nobody, we suspect, who really knew Goethe; and since his death there certainly has arisen no diviner to explain exactly the nature of that mysterious intellect. The great ones of this world,—the

Platos, and Dantes, and Shakespeares, and Napoleons,—live somehow apart from their fellow-men. It is not their fault that they cannot render themselves intelligible even to those who worship them with a blind affection. You cannot pour into a flask more than it will hold; and the quantity of communication which a mind like Goethe's can hold with others is limited by a similar law. It is in their acts and words alone that such men manifest themselves to the outer world. The student of *Faust*, and *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *Wahlverwandschaften*, will have a truer idea of what Goethe was than one who has only read through the whole mass of his private letters. That the correspondent of the Duke of Saxe Weimar was also the creator of Mignon and Gretchen is a fact nobody would guess from the perusal of the letters before us.

In truth, we own it requires an almost servile worship of every thing and every body that Goethe ever came across to read through these volumes without skipping plentifully. Even a German public must find them somewhat of the lengthiest. By what the Americans call "a process of indirection," it may throw some light on Goethe's character to know what he had for dinner on any given day, and whether he declined or accepted an invitation to a court-reception; but beyond this, we cannot discern any reason why one-half of these letters should be perused at the present day. Here, for instance, is a specimen picked out at random which might be matched by scores of almost identical tenor and purport:

"2 September 1796.

"I wish you with all my heart a happy journey to Jena, and a pleasant stay there. I leave to-morrow; but hope to be back here again in twelve days. Give my kindest remembrances to Schiller. I hope to see him on my return. To-day I must go to Tiefurth, and have much to do. Farewell.

CARL AUGUST."

Now it may be said that this letter throws light on the friendly relations between Goethe and the duke. But, considering that the other letters between them do the same, the plea is untenable. And except for this cause, what conceivable reason is there for reproducing, printing, and embalming the fact that, on one day in 1796, Carl August went to Tiefurth, and on the next to some place unknown? If 500 of the 638 letters which compose these two volumes had been left out, the selection would have been interesting. As it is, it demands for its appreciation a greater amount of Goethe-olatry than is possessed by most Englishmen. At the same time, taken as a "mémoire pour servir" in aid of that future life of Goethe which has yet to be written, this correspondence is very valuable. Such a life must necessarily be a description of the Weimar circle, in which Goethe

for half a century was the most illustrious personage; and on the nature of this circle these letters throw a strange light.

In the first place, the relations between the prince and the poet are brought out with a photographic minuteness of detail. The close inspection thus afforded results in a favourable verdict. The position was a difficult and delicate one. The poet lived upon the bounty, or, if that is too hard a term, was supported by the pensions, of his royal patron. In return for this pecuniary assistance, and for the court-honours conferred upon him, he was the confidential friend, factotum, and intimate adviser of the duke. In fact, he fulfilled the multifarious duties which, in the old days of the English monarchy, were expected of the Privy Council. There was no state affair, from a foreign alliance to the building of a bath-room, on which Goethe was not consulted, or had not to take part. Whether these multifarious occupations were favourable to the development of Goethe's genius may, we think, be questioned. Probably he would have written more if he had never crossed the path of Carl August. At the same time, there can be no question that the situation he held at the court of Weimar exactly suited his tastes in early life. He was not insensible to social distinction, and had a genuine love for the refinement of high society. The multiplicity, too, of his employments had a strange charm for him. Every sort of practical knowledge was welcome to him, and every pursuit in which he could acquire fresh information of fact, or fresh insight into men, commended itself to his approval. The remarkable circumstance is, that this relation was maintained without the slightest sacrifice of dignity on either side. The letters are of the freest kind, touching constantly on relations which many men would not allude to in correspondence; and yet neither of the writers ever takes a liberty with the other. The Geheimrath is never obsequious to his prince and patron. The duke, on the other hand, maintains his personal independence even in matters which come within the domain of the great literary potentate, who honoured his court rather than received honour from it. It is clear that the duke at times would have preferred greater familiarity on the part of his bosom friend, his "Alter" and "Liebster," as he calls him constantly. But nothing could induce Goethe to depart from the etiquette which must exist between a prince and a subject. He never would assume freedoms, which might one day be resented as liberties. So every letter, however confidential, is always respectful in tone, and almost invariably concludes with a general expression of respect for the duchess, whom the duke was too apt to leave out of mind. The free and equal footing on which Goethe and Carl August stood towards each other is explained fully by two letters,

4 *Goethe's Correspondence with the Duke of Saxe Weimar.*

which will bear quoting. The first is from Goethe, and bears date, Weimar, the 26th December 1784 :—

“Your kind letter has relieved me from anxiety; and I am delighted that you were not annoyed at my refusal” (to meet the duke in Frankfurt); “for, according to my own judgment, I could not leave this place, for more reasons than one. I hope that all you undertake on the journey, and all that befalls you, may turn out to your profit and advantage.

I am heartily willing also to wish you all the pleasure you can find in hunting; and cherish a hope, in consequence, that on your return you will relieve your subjects from the anxiety of a threatened calamity. I allude to the destructive inhabitants of the Etterberg. It is with reluctance that I mention these animals, because I originally protested against their introduction; and the fact that I now again take up my parable against them, might look as if I wished to establish the wisdom of my former opinion. Nothing but a universal demand could induce me to break a silence to which I had almost pledged myself. Indeed, I feel less hesitation in writing, as this matter would be one of the first things laid before you on your return. I will say nothing of the injury inflicted by such a swarm of rabbits in our neighbourhood. I speak only of the impression which it produces amongst the population. I have never yet heard any thing so universally condemned: there is only one opinion about the matter. Landowners, farmers, subjects, servants, and the very gamekeepers themselves, all unite in the wish to see this vermin extirpated. The government of Erfurt has already sent a communication to us upon the subject.

What has struck me most, and what I should like to convey to you, are the openly manifested sentiments of your subjects towards yourself. The majority seem astonished, as though the beasts had fallen like hail from heaven. The multitude does not ascribe the existence of the plague to you; others do so, though with reluctance; and all agree that the real fault rests with those who, instead of remonstrating with you against the attempt, hindered you by complaisant representations from perceiving the mischief that would be worked by it. No one can imagine that through the desire of personal gratification you could have been led into such an error as to resolve on and undertake an enterprise which is diametrically opposed to your habitual tone of thought and action, to your known views and wishes. The rural commissioner told me to my face that it was impossible; and I believe he would have denied the very existence of these creatures if they had not rooted up and destroyed a row of newly-planted trees on the very night before.

Could my wishes be fulfilled, these arch-enemies of cultivation would be sacrificed quietly and by degrees to the table, without any sporting stir; so that with the return of the spring suns the inhabitants of the Etterberg might be able to look cheerfully again upon their fields.

The condition of the land-tiller is described as lamentable; and so it is in truth. Against how many evils has he got to contend! I can

add nothing to what you already know. I have seen you deny yourself so many things, that I hope you will give up this taste of yours as a New-year's present to your people; and, in return for the trouble of mind which this rabbit-colony has brought upon me since its origin, I only stipulate for the skull of the common mother of the hated race, in order to place it in my cabinet with double satisfaction.

May this letter, which I am now concluding, come into your hands at a favourable hour!

Four weeks ago I should not have written it; I have only done so in consequence of a frame of mind to which I have brought myself, by what, at its origin, was a merry conceit.

I was thinking over the nine years' space of time which I have passed here, and the various epochs of my mode of thought. I sought to make the past quite intelligible to me, and to form a clear idea of the present; and, after all sorts of reflexions, I tried to imagine that I was coming for the first time into this place, was just entering upon a service where persons and circumstances were indeed known to me, but where my power and will to work were as yet untried. I considered every thing from this point of view; the idea cheered and strengthened me, not altogether without service. I was the more able to form this conception, as I now suffer from no unpleasant relations, and am really advancing into a cloudless future.*

Unhappily, we have not the reply of the duke to this appeal. Indeed, the correspondence is so disjointed and fragmentary, that the next letter in the series is one from Goethe some eight months later. However, it is clear that the duke took the outspoken remonstrance in good part, and that it caused no diminution in their friendship. As a parallel to this, let us quote one of Carl August's in the year 1800, from the tenor of which it appears that on some literary question—probably, from the date, concerning the *Iphigenia in Tauris*—his opinion did not coincide with that of Goethe.

"Herewith I send you what I have collected together. I have certainly exceeded the limits of the question you asked me; however, I must consider the superfluous portion of my answer as stuff for future conversations, as doubts we shall try to solve, when once we are able to talk about the subject-matter. It would be a pity if people were always of the same opinion; since, in that case, they would have at last to sleep constantly. It is only friction and antagonism which keep life going.
C. A."

Probably one great cause of the long-continued friendship between the two men lay in the divergence of their tastes. Indeed, the only strong taste they appear to have had in common was a keen admiration for women. Allusions and mes-

* It may be well to state, for the comprehension of this letter, that the duke had recently established rabbit-warrens on his estates, to the great discontent of the farmers.

sages to the different ladies who, for periods of more or less duration, enslaved the hearts of these fickle swains, are passed from one to the other with a somewhat astonishing frankness. Both of them were catholic in their tastes in this respect, both practically regarded love as an interlude in life, and neither of them, after their first youth was over, was of a character to take women very seriously to heart. On other points their dissimilarity of tastes was very marked. The duke was passionately attached to the chase, delighted in active service, and took a keen interest in politics. Goethe cared little for sport, abhorred war, and disliked politics. Carl August, on the other hand, had only a dilettante taste for art and literature, and cared no more for science than well-educated men usually do. But both of them had one common marked characteristic, and that consisted in a power of throwing themselves into pursuits for which they had no personal liking. The duke studied science because Goethe loved it, and Goethe turned his intellect to politics because the duke cared about them. In the latter case, indeed, the study went sadly against the grain. A curious illustration of this is gathered from a letter written in 1797, while Goethe was taking a tour in Switzerland. It should be remembered that the duke, as an active member of the anti-French coalition, was deeply interested in every thing that bore on the progress of the war. The following, as far as we can remember, is the only piece of political information gathered up by Goethe on his foreign tour:

"The French have despatched an envoy to Berne with the demand that the English minister should be sent forthwith out of the country. They allege as their reason that he can have nothing to do in Switzerland at the present moment, except to create and excite foreign and domestic enmities against the republic. The Bernese authorities reply, that the matter does not depend upon them, as the minister is accredited to all the cantons. The French envoy has therefore gone to Zurich. What is to happen next must be seen hereafter. It looks to me as if the French were seeking to get up a quarrel with the Swiss. The survivors of the Directory are not friendly to them. Their patron was banished with Barthelemy. An intelligent man who has just come from Paris, and who was present at the last events, asserts that the movement was directed as much against the friends of peace as against the royalists."

Immediately after giving this unwonted piece of political intelligence, Goethe reverts in the same letter to his ordinary topics. The letter runs on thus:

"It has given me much pleasure to behold these scenes again, and to test my own progress in more than one sense by their aspects. My increased knowledge of mineralogy has been a very pleasant source of

occupation to me. The cultivation of this neighbourhood, and the way in which all its produce is utilised, afford a very delightful spectacle. It happened to be the time of the fair at Bellinzona, and the St. Gotthardt was all alive with herds of splendid cattle. Some 4000 beasts, each of which is worth in this country ten to fifteen louis-d'or, have been driven over the pass. The cost of transport per head is about five thalers. With good fortune the owners get some couple of louis' over the cost price, and therefore, deducting the expense of transport, the nett profit is about three thalers per head. You can fancy, therefore, what vast sums of money are brought into the country at the present period. There is a great demand, too, for the Swiss wines in Suabia, and their cheeses are much sought after; so that an incredible amount of bullion finds its way into Switzerland."

Now there can be no question that Goethe's correspondent cared very little about the economical condition of the Swiss cantons, and very much about their political and foreign relations; but though the writer knew this, he knew also that the duke would like to hear of every thing which interested him, and wrote accordingly. Moreover, if need was, Goethe could grapple a political question very thoroughly, and his comments on current events, when asked for by the duke, are impregnated with a remarkable though somewhat narrow acuteness. One of the earliest letters in the whole correspondence encloses an elaborate statement of Goethe's views on a difficult political crisis. The King of Prussia had demanded almost as a right the privilege of enlisting recruits for his army in the territories of Saxe Weimar; and at this period, 1778, it was almost as dangerous to grant such a right to so powerful a neighbour as to incur the hostility of so formidable an enemy as Frederick the Great. So at least Goethe opined. To quote his own words:

"After the answer of his Prussian majesty—wherein he states the reasons which, in his opinion, should induce your highness to permit the desired enlistment within your dominions, and appears to assume as a certainty that you will discuss the subject with General Mollendorf, and find some way of meeting his wishes—nothing, in all appearance, remains to be done, except to form a rapid and resolute determination what decision you will adopt, and how you will behave further, in the event of acceptance or refusal. It seems to be, on the whole, the wisest course to compare the two equally unpleasing aspects of our present position with each other; to consider, without exaggeration, the two courses of conduct, one of which must be adopted; and to reflect on the consequences of either course, so far as it is possible to pursue them by the aid of an impartial but still imperfect comprehension. Supposing, therefore, that you acquiesce in the king's demands, you can do so either by permitting him to enlist recruits in Weimar, or you can agree with General Mollendorf to furnish a certain contingent; and you can further allow this con-

tingent to be selected by the Prussians, or you can select it yourself, and hand it over to the king. If you adopt the first course, then these dangerous neighbours obtain a footing in the State, and will take root in every direction; they will attempt by every artifice to win over to their colours the best of our young men; they will carry away a great number by fraud and secret violence; and they will endeavour to seduce from their allegiance the very soldiers of your highness's army.

If, again, you agree to furnish General Mollendorf with a certain contingent, and allow him, in accordance with certain reports to be prepared hereafter, to remove the young men from the public offices, you cannot be certain that the matter will end there. One and another, who get scent of what is going on, will desert; instead of them, the Prussians will seize others; disputes will arise, and excuses will be found in consequence for overstepping the conditions agreed upon.

Lastly, if you resolve to make the levy yourself, and give the men over to the Prussians, then, on the whole, the least harm, perhaps, is done; but still the matter remains an unpleasant, a hateful, and a discreditable one; and probably, notwithstanding this, you will not be at the end of the bother. These men who are seized by force, and given over to strangers, will shortly desert, and return to their own country. The Prussians will demand them back again, and in case they are not forthcoming, will carry off others in their stead. This trouble will return with every autumn. As the Prussians will certainly not be contented with the gift of one contingent, they will repeat their demand with each succeeding spring.

Moreover, the imperial party will certainly take offence at this step, which you have consented to so unwillingly. You will never be able to convince them that you adopted it under such compulsion and with such reluctance. The old suspicion entertained against the Saxon Courts, of their being ill-affected towards the Austrian Government, will be excited anew; and the Imperial Court will certainly not neglect any opportunity for causing much annoyance to your princely house. What is most to be feared is,—that the Austrian Government should also demand the right of recruitment in your princely dominions: so that you will be pressed on both sides, and will have to undergo the above-named annoyance in a double or even triple measure, since the Austrians would not proceed with that consideration which you may reasonably hope for from the Prussians, if you come to an agreement with them.

If, in order to avoid these evils, you adopt the opposite course, and refuse to listen to the arguments by which the King of Prussia supports his demand, you will have to act upon the following principles. For the moment you can remain quiet, and wait for any communication which General Mollendorf may send you, either by letter or by a messenger, as he still owes you an answer to the last despatch addressed to him. According to the latest news, the general is again with his army in Bohemia; Lieutenant Rhein Caben has left, and Lieutenant Monteton will not arrive before the end of the

month. In consequence, it seems as if we shall enjoy a short relieve, which should be turned to advantage.

In the first instance you should write to Hanover, Mayence, Gotha, and the other Saxon Courts, and explain to them, that, under existing circumstances, it is your highness's duty, intention, and desire to protect your territories and your subjects, as far as possible, from the burden of the neighbouring war, and to take no part in its public bearing, except in joint action with the other States of the Empire."

This extract will give a good idea of the purport of this state-paper, which is too long to quote *in extenso*. Two paragraphs, however, are worth recording, from their bearing on the present aspect of German politics. After urging the duke to recommend his brother potentates to form a close league of union between themselves, against the overwhelming power of Prussia and Austria, he adds: "But, with regard to your decision on the main question, you need not wait for the answer to your appeal, as, humanly speaking, you can tell beforehand the nature of its purport, which will be simply negative." Again, in contemplating the possibility that, in case of refusal, the King of Prussia, "pressed by his present want of troops, should disregard the respect which, for the sake of his own interests, he is glad to show towards the minor princes," and should enforce his demands by violence, then "there would be nothing left except an appeal to the Diet, from whom, under present circumstances, you can expect nothing save an expression of barren sympathy."

Whether the duke felt very much clearer as to what he ought to do after reading this *exposé* of the case is doubtful. But he had the advantage of having a clear common-sense statement of the pros and cons concerning each line of action he might adopt; and this is all that Goethe professed to give him. It is not easy to see how there could have been any great scope for statesmanship in a petty state like Weimar, which only existed in consequence of the mutual jealousies of its powerful neighbours, and whose whole aim and endeavour was to keep its head above water in those stormy times. It is certain that Goethe would not have cared to be the Cavour who could have raised Weimar into a German Sardinia. Whenever he writes upon matters of state or business, he writes sensibly and shrewdly. On the expenditure of the different state departments, on the repairs of the palace, on the capabilities of the different court-officials, he expresses himself like a clear hard-headed man. One would gather that on no single point connected with his manifold duties, except perhaps the management of the theatre, had he any decided personal tastes or wishes of his own. But when a question was laid

before him, he applied his mind, and studied it to the best of his knowledge. On all political or economical topics he does not appear to have been in any way in advance of his age. He held the orthodox opinions of a sensible and educated man of seventy or eighty years ago, and he was quite content to accept them as his creed. Every thing might not be for the best in the best possible of worlds, but he clearly doubted whether, in any possible world, things could be much better; and if the time was out of joint,—of which fact, even in the days of the French Revolution, Goethe, we suspect, was very doubtful,—it was not his business to set it right. Even on purely intellectual questions his comments are rather shrewd than profound. Any one who looked for remarkable aphorisms in these letters would find himself wofully disappointed. Every now and then you come across a remark that strikes you as novel and pregnant with further thought, but not frequently. Here, for instance, is his answer to some inquiry of the duke's with reference to the future education of his infant child. "Let the wee human being grow up a little first, before you think of education. Circumstances educate every body; and them, do what you will, you cannot alter."

Here, again, is another shrewd saying, which, like many remarks in Goethe's letters, comes in without any apparent connexion with what precedes or follows it, seeming, indeed, to be an idea that struck him while writing, and was recorded at once. "May Heaven give us wisdom to hold fast by what is close at hand! By degrees we become so perverted, that what is natural grows unnatural to us. On this point I have no longer any need to argue with myself; but I am obliged to recal it constantly." One other remark of this order we must quote, not so much for the originality of the sentiment as for its display of that calm genial kindliness, which runs like a vein of ore through all Goethe's letters.

"One" (he writes) "of my chief anxieties at present is about Herder's fortune. You will permit me, perhaps, to say one word from my heart about this and similar cases. It is easy for a prince, who has such vast means at his disposal, to confer happiness on many, and especially on those nearest to him, if he will but treat them as a gardener does a nursery-ground, and goes on and on, and ever on, doing but little, but that little at the right time. Thus the man whose growth you assist can grow also of himself. And after all, what is the main advantage of one of the great ones of this world, if not that he can arrange the lot of his people, and arrange it completely, in manifold ways and on a large scale; while a private person must toil throughout his life in order to place a couple of children or relations in tolerable circumstances?"

Here let us say, that if in some respects there is a want of human sympathy about Goethe's letters, there is also a total absence of any petty human jealousy. Throughout this correspondence, extending over half a century, there is not an ill-natured word about any body. He was too great not to have detractors, too successful not to have enemies; yet against none of them does he display any bitterness. The only persons in the world against whom he nourishes any personal ill-feeling are the disbelievers in his colour-theory, and even them he pities rather than blames for their ignorant opposition. As we have said before, this publication throws comparatively little new light on Goethe's character. On the other hand, it brings out, perhaps more distinctly than before, the known features of this exceptional nature. The "I am Goethe" tone runs through it all,—not offensively, but still with a strange preëminence. The destiny of nations, the fortunes of humanity, the great external vicissitudes of the world's drama, are of small importance in his eyes compared with the progress of his own internal development. It would be wrong to say that his letters are selfish; on the contrary, they are tender-hearted to an extraordinary degree. The point of view from which Goethe regarded humanity, and his relation to it, is one hard to describe in words. To us, however, it seems to resemble the creed professed rather than acted upon by the ascetic school of believers, only that the object of the faith is different. There is a class of religious persons who assert, with more or less conviction, that the elevation of the soul is the main object of the believer's life, in regard to which family affections, personal friendships, national interests, and civil duties, are all matters of minor account,—to be cherished, indeed, when consistent with this elevation, but to be sacrificed when opposed to it. If in this creed you substitute the elevation of the mind for that of the soul, you will have formed, we think, a tolerable estimate of the principle which ruled Goethe's life in practice even more than in profession. The "light, more light," which are said to have been the last words on his dying lips, express the aim and the struggle of his life. To secure that end, he would sacrifice the affections of others as readily as he would his own; more readily he could not.

Such a character—or the semblance of such a character, for what Goethe was in truth must always remain a mystery—is not one to come home, as it were, to the mass of mankind. It is therefore not surprising that his letters should miss the charm possessed by those of very inferior men. Thus, to the great majority of readers, this correspondence will be chiefly interesting for the glimpses it gives us of the duke, whom Goethe

loved—more truly perhaps than he did any other being. Carl August was obviously no ordinary prince. How Providence placed a man of his restless energy, and strong will and varied talent, in a position where neither energy, nor will, nor talent could achieve any thing against the inevitable trammels of his position, is a mystery. He was meant to have been a Henry IV. of France, a Victor Emmanuel of Italy—a king of men. We see him throughout these pages striving to make a mark in the world, but never, as it would seem, finding the wished-for opportunity. Yet with all that his ambition was an eminently healthy one. He is never soured or disheartened by the insignificance of his power as compared with his desires. His letters are full of the most detailed instructions about the welfare of his petty principality. He knew every body and cared for every body's welfare. Coupled with this deep sympathy for his people, he had a very genuine love and admiration of genius. There are poets who can never write verses; painters, like Goethe himself, who never learn to draw; and men of genius who have no productive power. Of such Carl August was one. He had all the instincts of a rich artistic nature. It was his pleasure to gather round him the talent and genius of his time, and to be the friend of men whose names were known in the world of art and letters. In this friendship there was nothing of the relation of patron and *protégé*. He wished to live on equal terms with the men whose society he sought; and his mental powers, as well as his rank, qualified him to meet them on a footing of equality. In truth, that Weimar society, of which we catch glimpses in this correspondence, must have been a very pleasant one. Schiller, Goethe, and Herder were but the first in that republic of letters. The question, on which most republics make shipwreck, of who is to be the president, could not arise in that community. By his rank, and by his natural talents for ruling, Carl August occupied that post of right. It is strange to observe how the energy of that strong vigorous mind forced itself into channels scarcely natural to it. The welfare of the Weimar theatre seems to have been the especial object of his care and forethought. Here, for instance, is one of his letters about the affairs of the scenic world, of which we might quote scores from this collection :

“ The new tenor is a really valuable acquisition. He possesses an excellent and fairly-trained voice ; his delivery is good and modern ; he is a sound musician, and his utterance is rapid and always correct. But as yet he has no dignity, and has no notion how he ought to bear himself upon the stage ; you can see that he has always had a music-stand before him hitherto. Take care that Morelli gives him good dancing lessons, and that somebody undertakes his instruction with

reference to declamation and by-play; I will gladly pay something extra for these lessons.

Let orders be given that the students keep quiet behind the scenes. There was such a disturbance yesterday that very often the singing was quite inaudible. You may add, that if this occurs again, I shall send the non-commissioned officers of the Hussars who happen to be on duty to keep order. Farewell."

And so, in like manner, to understand the hold that Carl August had upon the hearts of his friends and courtiers, it is only necessary to read a few of his letters to Goethe. Take this one for instance, which he wrote in answer to a New-year's-day letter he received from the poet in 1804:

"A thousand thanks, my dear old friend, for all the kind and beautiful gifts which you have sent me this morning. You know too well how large a share you have had in all that has happened to us of good for upwards of twenty years, for it to be necessary for me to say that I feel deeply what is due to you. I know that you cannot doubt my gratitude, or the sense of justice which of itself would cause my heart to appreciate fully your extraordinary services. Bear me still in your heart's love, keep yourself in health, and farewell."

With this, too, we would quote the letter announcing the death of the Prince Constantine:

"I have to write to you the sad news of my brother's death, on his birthday. Go at once to my wife, who will tell you all the details, and consult with her how the tidings can best be communicated to his unhappy mother. Beg Miss Gore, for my sake, to do all in her power to comfort and support my poor mother. If it is possible in any way, I shall come home myself for a couple of days; do not, however, say anything about this. My wife is to send me word by a messenger how things are at home; do you write too. I have received your letter, and will send you a regular answer to it. I am so agitated by fear and sorrow, as well as by all the bustle and business which my brother's death has occasioned me, that I cannot tell what I am about, especially as I am here quite alone without a secretary, and not on leave of absence with the duke. Farewell.

Do any thing you can to keep up my mother's spirits."

The student of the era of the French Revolution and the Empire will find but little direct information in this correspondence. That this should be so may appear strange at first sight. In many of the chief events of that great epoch the duke was an actor; of all he was a keen and interested spectator. One would think, then, that in a long series of letters from such a man, written on the most intimate matters to a confidential friend, there must of necessity be much light on the course of events. It is not so. We all of us forget, in thinking of the past, how very small a portion of interest the greatest public events contain for any one of us, compared with the personal

incidents of our daily life. We have heard of an old Frenchman, a man of considerable intelligence, who lived at Paris as a grown-up man throughout the Reign of Terror, and whose only historical recollection of the period consisted in the fact that bread was very dear. Much in the same way, we suspect that if we could know exactly what men spoke, and wrote, and thought at Weimar during the years from '89 to '15, we should be astonished to learn how small a portion of speech, or writing, or thought, was given to the events which have made that quarter of a century memorable for ever in the world's history. Moreover, the present collection gives us but a small insight into the above matters. The correspondence is eminently imperfect; the number of letters which are answers to each other is extremely few; curious gaps occur in their dates. For instance, in October 1806 occurred the battle of Jena, the sack of Weimar, and the marriage of Goethe with his mistress Christiane Vulpius. Yet from August 1806 to January 1807 there are no letters given or forthcoming. So in the same way Napoleon came to Weimar after the Congress of Erfurt, in October 1808, and was introduced to Goethe, on whom he bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honour. From August 1808 to March 1809 the correspondence again closes. It is hardly probable that these cracks should be entirely accidental; and we cannot but suspect that regard for the feelings of the ducal family, or of Goethe's descendants, has influenced the editor in suppressing the letters of the above periods. So also, at the time of the War of Independence and of the Hundred Days, the correspondence undergoes a break. Yet every now and then, especially in the earlier days of the revolutionary war, we come across curious passages of contemporary history. It is odd now to compare the anticipations with the results. According to the duke's letters, the French Revolution is always on the eve of breaking down, and the French armies are always on the point of a total defeat. We have heard from an aged American gentleman, that in the days of the great war, when all the European news which reached the United States came through English newspapers, each mail invariably brought the intelligence that Buonaparte was in full retreat. It was only by observing where he was retreating from, that the Americans could learn what progress he had made. So it is with the duke's account of the German campaigns. It is only by a process of negative induction you could gather that the French armies carried all before them. It is not that the letters are untruthful, but that they give the view of one who saw only a single side of the question. The duke took part in the Rhine campaign of 1793, and his letters at this period have been preserved with unwonted regu-

larity. Here is one written very shortly after his brother's death:

"Yesterday the Duke of Brunswick wished to send a communication to the Croat General Pejacsewich to which he attached great importance. I offered to undertake the duty, and he allowed me to carry the message. I found the general in the deep mountain passes near Bondenthal, on the other side of the Lauter, where, on the morning of that very day, he had driven six thousand French out of a very strong position at the bayonet-point, with only a handful of troops and with scarcely any loss. He carried off a great deal of booty, as well as five cannon. I arrived in the evening, and stopped with him all night. At the break of day the enemy was again upon us. I waited for the commencement of the engagement; but as the position of the imperial troops seemed to me extremely perilous,—for they had advanced five hours' march into the hills without keeping up any communication with their basis of operations, and were likely to have their retreat cut off by the French—and as I heard loud firing in the vicinity of my quarters, and had performed my errand, I resolved to return, not without anxiety as to my own retreat being successful, and also as to the position of the Austrians. I made a detour, and got back without difficulty; and the courage of the imperial troops repulsed the French so completely that Pejacsewich is going to attack the enemy again to-day. Before I rode off, I saw the French on our left flank, drawn up almost in the rear of the Austrian troops, on high and precipitous rocks, scarcely 1200 steps distant from our lines. Meanwhile the enemy attacked the duke's position from the Hornback camp. The heads, however, of their columns could scarcely make way through the difficult defiles of this country. So they retreated forthwith; but the firing and shelling on both sides was very brisk for a time. We had one colonel slightly wounded, eleven men killed and wounded, and lost two horses. I reached the scene of action at the end of the skirmish. The king is expected here daily; so is also, and even more anxiously, the plan of the campaign from Vienna, which is still not forthcoming, and whose absence cripples every thing. Wurmser meanwhile does what he likes, and carries on the war on his own account. The expedition of General Pejacsewich is the most ill-considered and ill-arranged affair in the world, and is truly worthy of its author, Wurmser. Except against such an utterly contemptible enemy as the present republican forces, it is impossible that such management should not be attended with the most fatal consequences. The sun, however, does not shine every day, and I cannot help feeling anxious as to the fate of this imperial detachment.

The capture of Toulon will probably be productive of great changes. I have come over here [the quarters of the Duke of Brunswick] on unlimited leave of absence, as I am sick to death of the king's corps, and here I have daily opportunities of seeing, hearing, and learning much. The duke, now he commands alone, is quite a different person from the man that we have known for a year.

I am waiting with the greatest impatience for news from you, to learn how my poor mother bears her sorrow."

Almost the next letter in the series of any political bearing is dated two years afterwards, in 1795, when, somehow or other, the grand anti-republican coalition had broken down before the French troops, contemptible as they were. It runs as follows :

"Eisenach, 9th August 1795.

"I have just received your letters. The papers, which have also just come in, contain no news. The movement on the part of the French, that recently alarmed the Austrians, was simply the advance of a patrol, which, according to the treaty, moved along one of the three roads agreed upon. It is difficult to imagine that the Austrians would break the line of demarcation, as they appear to be most anxious that the French should respect it. Prince Hohenlohe and his king have issued a proclamation, that Franconia shall be held neutral, and that any thing which the French troops take on their passage along the *left* bank of the Main shall be paid for. There is no talk, therefore, about the right bank. The Saxon troops are in full retreat. I have asked the Kur-Fürst for advice as to what is to happen next. Frankfort is blockaded after a certain fashion ; but the city seems surrounded with an enchanted mist ; for friends and enemies, travellers to and fro, merchandise, money, and letters, go in and out without escort and without stoppage. Count Keller came back thence three days ago. I had already ordered quarters here yesterday for you and Fritz [Von Stein]. I have kept them engaged, and hope to see you here to-morrow evening, or the day after. Every body,—Frankenberg, the coadjutor my brother-in-law, &c.,—approve your errand to Frankfort. I have written vaguely to the Kur-Fürst about it, and have promised him to obtain intelligence. Every body believes that somebody who was on the spot at Frankfort, and who had good eyes and ears, might be of great advantage to us all. The Duke of Kur-Sachsen seems disposed to preserve his individual neutrality, and to take up a definite position. The Kur-Fürst of Mayence has ideas of making peace for the empire, even against the wish of the emperor. All this you shall see here yourself in writing. Your quarters are taken at the Anchor. Farewell, and come soon. If you intend to stop one night in Gotha, I shall expect you the day after to-morrow."

The second of these volumes is far the least interesting of the two. The last 337 of the 638 letters date after the peace of 1815, when the political troubles of the little duchy were at an end. Goethe was then nearer seventy than sixty, and the duke was only some eight years younger. The energy and enthusiasm of youth had departed from both of them, and the reserve of Goethe's character had become more and more developed. His letters grew stiff and formal. The cares of his official duties, failing health, and the burden of domestic troubles, seemed to press upon him, and to drive him as it were into himself. The words "Your Grace," and "Your Royal

Highness," are repeated with an unwonted constancy; the expressions of gratitude become laboured and almost stereotyped. As a rule, Goethe's later letters are merely business statements or reports, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen:

"Your Royal Highness,—I have the honour to lay before you a memorial of the Bergrath Voigts, which testifies to his attention with respect to the garden intrusted to him. The plants specified cost a sum of thirty-seven thalers. He wishes that they might be paid at once; for which he may be excused, as he is not aware how well your highness has provided for us. It depends, therefore, entirely upon your highness's decision. Your most obedient servant, &c."

When the letters cease to be formal, they are generally of a desponding character. Regrets over his broken spirits and inefficient service occur frequently. Thus, on one occasion, about this period, he writes to excuse himself from going to court in these terms:

"If your highness could know how favourably our last evening's conversation worked upon my spirits, and how keen a desire it created for like hours in future, you would understand into what a condition I was brought by your letter of yesterday. I passed the whole evening in filling many pages with a description of my condition. Then, when the messenger has come to fetch them, I cannot send them. Our private burdens, our secret sins, our silent sorrows, are but melancholy reading upon paper; and why should I not rather owe the permission to go straight to Carlsbad, as I owe so many other things, simply to your kindness and consideration? It is with a heavy heart that I beg you to excuse me from coming to Weimar. While I am writing this, I am constantly tempted to avoid the necessity of this letter, by simply coming to Weimar; but my latest experience drives me from the idea."

Our suspicion is, that at this period Carl August was fidgety and somewhat exacting in his demands on Goethe's time and labours. The restless energy, which had found a vent for itself in times of war and revolution, was sadly in want of employment in these days of peace. The duke's letters at this period are a string of questions about the theatre, arrangements for his gardens, collections of coins, purchases of pictures, chemical experiments, alterations in the "personnel" of his officials, additions to his palace, and a whole host of heterogeneous matters, on one and all of which he wished for Goethe's advice and assistance. In plainer words, the duke, having nothing to do, bored his friends; and if there ever was a man in the world who disliked being bored, it was the author of *Wilhelm Meister*. At this period, which culminated in the quarrel about the management of the theatre, even Carl August's letters

are a little less friendly in tone, and the words "do me the honour" occur not unfrequently. Very shortly, however, the old style is resumed, and again Goethe is addressed as "Mein Lieber" and "Mein Alter," and by other terms of endearment. In the same way the morbid melancholy which marks Goethe's letters of this date disappears; but the correspondence on his side never regains its earlier freedom. The reappearance of the old placid cheerfulness coincides, we regret to say, very closely with the period of Frau von Goethe's death, and probably the coincidence is not altogether accidental.

In the last years of the duke's life the correspondence runs chiefly upon the books that they were to read together, and the additions to be made to the state libraries.

"Ah" (writes the duke a few months before his death), "if I could only eat all the wisdom contained in the books you have sent me, then I should be good for something; for I fear mightily that, by the aid of my eyes alone, I shall never get it inside my head. I must, however, try and read something of Paulus' thick work on the Life of Christ, for it is interesting to know how a man can dare to select so abstruse a subject for investigation.

Thank all the persons who have sent me books most warmly in my name."

The last letter, too, of the correspondence addressed by Goethe to the duke contains, curiously enough, a proposal for establishing circulating book-clubs in Weimar. The series closes appropriately with a characteristic letter of the Geheimrath, in reply to a kind message of condolence sent him by Carl August's son on his father's death. The letter commences thus:

"*Gaudeat ingrediens, lætetur et sæde recedens:
His, qui prætereunt, det bona magna Deus.*"

As it is certain that your highness will, in your grace and goodness, pardon me if I dare to describe my condition truly and openly; if I quietly omit things which are understood without utterance, and convey to you confidentially the reflections which have been excited within my mind,—I take the liberty of commencing my present letter with the above two lines. I found them inscribed over the chief entrance of your newly purchased castle of Dornburg, where, by the kindest consideration, I have been allowed to find a refuge in these most melancholy days."

The letter is too long for quotation, but the purport of it is, that the writer has found consolation in the thought, how the regular order of the universe goes on for ever, irrespective of private loss and sorrow. Looking down upon the fruitful valley which lay at the castle's foot, the thought comes to him:

"All this beauty shows itself to me as it did half a century ago, and even in fuller development, although the neighbourhood has been

visited frequently, and in many ways, with the direst calamities. No trace of destruction is to be seen now, though the world-history has trampled with its cruel tread over these valleys. On the contrary, every thing indicates the active, consequent, and wisely developed culture of a people that has been ruled gently and considerately, and has kept itself throughout within bounds.

Such an orderly wise rule goes on from prince to prince. The institutions are firmly established, the reforms are appropriate to the time. So it was before us, so it will be after us; and thus shall be fulfilled the words of a wise man, who wrote: 'The intelligent world must be considered as a great immortal being, which without ceasing works out that which is needful, and thus raises itself above chance to its Lord and Master.'"

Wise and profound as this letter is, it reads strained perhaps to English ears. We cannot help thinking of Mr. Shandy's reflection on the death of his son Robert, and his quotations from Cicero's Epistles, which puzzled poor Uncle Toby's brain. Possibly Carl August himself would have preferred that Goethe should for once have written of him as his "lieber alter Freund," than have philosophised on the order of God's universe. It was not in Goethe's nature, perhaps, to have so written. Like that of Shakespeare, his character must remain a mystery; and probably, after half a century's friendship, Carl August himself could only have explained it by saying that it was Goethe's.

ART. II.—WHAT ANNEXATION HAS DONE FOR ITALY.

What has Annexation done for Italy? By Frances Power Cobbe.

MORE than a thousand years have elapsed since the seven kingdoms of the Saxons united to form our thenceforth undivided England. In our own time we have beheld the spectacle of seven other states coalescing into one, which we trust may be of equal duration—the kingdom of Italy.* Could we return to the age of Egbert, and study the process of consolidation then carried on throughout the land, from Northumbria to Cornwall, it is probable that we might trace some analogy between that early coalition and the changes now in progress from Piedmont to Sicily. The unification of a nation must ever be a compromise between gains and losses; a balance, not only between the inherent benefits and disadvantages of centralisation

* Divided officially into seven provinces: Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany, Umbria, Emilia, and the Two Sicilies.

and local government, but also of the special interests of each of the united states. If there existed previous to the union seven capital cities, then inevitably six must thenceforth descend to the rank of provincial towns. On the other hand, if traffic and public justice have been impeded by the vexatious barriers of petty kingdoms, a new impetus will be given to civilisation by their removal. If one state have hitherto possessed valuable commercial monopolies, or a specially perfect code of laws, the introduction of a rival trade, or an inferior jurisprudence, will be to its detriment. On the other hand, if a different state have groaned under restrictions and oppressions, its union with the better-regulated provinces will be purely advantageous. Viewing the case thus calmly *à priori*, it becomes evident that in every event of the kind in history there must be a dark as well as a bright side to the picture. Even if the general result of the change be an unquestionable preponderance of good, it is inevitable that there will be some amount of counterbalancing evil. Nor can we, in any transaction in which human agents are concerned, presume to expect that such inevitable and inherent evils of the case will always be reduced to their minimum, and that no needless loss or injustice will follow from personal interest or unrighteous partiality. To fasten upon these inherent imperfections, these individual maladministrations, and thence deduce the conclusion that the whole great revolution has been a failure, is the part both of those whose interests and prejudices have been engaged in the old order of things, and also of those whose enthusiastic hopes have demanded of the new order such a millennium of justice and prosperity as no mere change of government can ever introduce. To hold the balance fairly between past and present, and to bear in mind the truth that the unity (and consequent independence and influence) of a great nation is a benefit of that larger and more abstract kind which does not often take the shape of isolated and cognisable facts, while, on the contrary, the evils attendant on centralisation are local, definite, and salient to observation,—this is the part of the philosophic patriot, who will rest contented even should there appear an equal balance of gain and loss in the temporary results of unification, being assured that its permanent consequences cannot be otherwise than greatly beneficial.

In the following pages we do not contemplate any such achievement as a worthy review of the condition of Italy under Victor Emmanuel. For such a purpose, not a single article, but many volumes, would be needed, and stores of statistical information, of which Italian statesmen collect but little and publish less. Our design is merely to point out some of the more inter-

esting changes which have taken place in the country, and in a certain rough manner to "take stock" of its gains and losses at the close of this its third year of independence. After many periods of residence in different parts of Italy, the annual changes strike the eye of the visitor like the growth of some nobly-born youth from the dullness and constraint of boyhood to the energy and freedom of early manhood; and as a friend might record for another equally interested in the youth's welfare such signs of progress as he might perceive, so we design briefly to convey to English readers the impressions made on us by Italy this winter of 1863.

We have said that a certain analogy might be traceable between the unification of the Heptarchy and that of the kingdom of Italy; that probably not a few of the same balanced advantages and disadvantages have marked every similar event in history. An important feature, however, in the condition of Italy complicates the difficulties of the case in a way probably unparalleled. Among the chief benefits derivable from national union is well-used and moderate centralisation. But centralisation, according to the modern system, imperatively demands a capital where it may be seated with universal consent, and to the general convenience. Government, courts of civil and criminal law, the intricate systems of railways, and postal and telegraphic communications, commerce, arts, science, social life,—all need a capital city. Let any one conceive what it would be to France that Paris should be held by a foreign power, or, even to far less centralised England, that London should become alienated, and that henceforth French government should need to be carried on at Chambéry or Amiens, and English government at Newcastle or Exeter,—and an idea may be formed of the condition of a great nation of modern times obliged to dispense with a great capital. We say advisedly of *modern* times, because in earlier ages nations (like some creatures of low organisation, who can put forth a new head on the loss of an old one) were far less dependent upon their capital cities. The *ganglia* of many lesser towns supplied the place of brain-centres of life and conscious activity. But in our day and stage of existence, every country *must* have its capital; and any country compelled to forego the use of its natural chief city, and make the seat of government some inferior and ill-placed town, labours under incalculable disadvantages. Such is the fate of the kingdom of Italy; and it is still further aggravated by the fact that it is a hostile power which holds Rome, and sends forth thence not only brigands openly to disturb one great province, but ecclesiastic emissaries to fill every parish in the land with fanaticism and disaf-

fection. Had it been foreseen generally that this would have occurred, that the wave of revolution, which swelled with such high promise at Magenta and Solferino, and again at Palermo and Naples, should have broken at the foot of the "Giant Stairs" of the Vatican, and that at the end of 1863 the possession of Rome should be as far as ever from Victor Emmanuel, it may perhaps be doubted whether any of the patriotic states of Italy would have been sanguine enough to offer him their crown. Venice, the left arm of the nation, might, with many a regret, be left bound in Austrian fetters. But Rome, the very heart of the land, can it possibly remain crushed under the double bonds of civil and religious tyranny, and yet the rest of the body live in health? The experiment has been one whose failure could entail no shame; whose success, if achieved, will confer endless honour on the people whose patriotism will have rendered it possible.

To convey any just idea to an Englishman of the progress of Italy during the last three years, it is obviously needful that he should first possess some true notions concerning the country and the people, and the progress to be accomplished in the one and by the other. But whenever we come to discuss Italian affairs with Englishmen, we are struck by the fact that, excepting the large number who have travelled in Italy, and the small number who, without having done so, have really acquainted themselves with the politics of the country, the great body of our nation entertain the most curiously-perverved ideas concerning both the people of Italy and all their concerns. They have, indeed, ample knowledge of the country geographically speaking. The canals of Venice, the palaces of Genoa, the tower of Pisa, and the bay of Naples, are as familiar to their lips as the Serpentine and Hampton Court, Westminster Abbey and Brighton Pier. That the Venus de' Medici stands in the Tribune at Florence, and the Laocoon in the Vatican at Rome; that Titian's "Assumption" is in Venice, and Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in Milan,—all this they know perfectly well, and they would think it a gross piece of ignorance not to know it. Also they have heard (and are in their hearts very tired of hearing) that Italian skies are blue, and Italian nights enlivened by fire-flies; that oranges and olives flourish; that the wine is indifferent, and fleas are numerous. This repertory of information concerning Italian matters is, we say, common to all tolerably-educated English gentlemen. But here their knowledge of Italy stops. Of all that concerns the people, their character and habits, we are even more than usually left to "wholesome" British prejudice and misconception. The conventional Italian of the English

mind (as a clever authoress has remarked) resembles the real animal almost as closely as a heraldic unicorn resembles a stag, or a griffin a leopard. Let us try if we can depict him from memory.

In the first place, he is dark, of course,—dark in disposition as well as complexion,—solemn of aspect and mantle-enwrapped, wearing always a stiletto, and nursing some deep *vendetta* in his heart. He lives so exclusively in plots and conspiracies, that on reflection some wonder might be felt how it can happen that among a nation so preoccupied the earth can be cultivated and the human race provided with coats and boots. As to his morals, the less said of them the better; for Italian society presents a sort of puss-in-the-corner of husbands and wives. The only innocent pleasure which any body enjoys south of the Alps is music, and every Italian plays the fiddle all day and all night, when he is not engaged in conspiring an assassination.

Such is, we verily believe, no greatly exaggerated representation of the ideal Italian existing in the minds of thousands of worthy "English gentlemen who live at home at ease," and laugh heartily at Dumas or Féval for describing England so falsely, and making "Sir Smith" sell his wife with a rope round her neck, and "Lord Dogge" reside in a "cottage" in Belgrave Square. More intimate acquaintance with the nation seems always to produce the conviction that, with sundry curious paradoxes of character, the Italian is about as nearly the opposite as may be of that unpleasant cross between Iago and Count Fosco, which it is our pleasure to imagine we know so well. Where the English idea originated—whether we owe it to Mrs. Ratcliff or some more recent nocturnal luminary—it is needless now to inquire; suffice it to say, that the *real* characteristics of the nation generally are the reverse of the gloomy and the malign. Even the hapless Romans, ground down under their five-fold system of police and espionage, show abundant signs of natural cheerfulness and lightness of heart, when they go out for their Sunday's walk on the Pincian, or through the green glades of the Villa Borghese, and look around them, with their bright eyes flashing and white teeth gleaming with smiles, as they drink-in the liquid sunshine of the spring. *Ah, che bella giornata!* As to the other nations of Italy, they form probably the lightest-hearted races in Europe, always ready (especially the lower orders) for jest and drollery, with an unflinching flow of easy good-humour. Let any one compare their courteous entreaties to make way in the streets, their civil thanks and kindly smiles and nods, with the rude abuse and blasphemies of a London thoroughfare, and he will get rid, at all events, of

the sombre and ferocious part of his fancy sketch of the Italian character. Of the plotting propensity we have more to say.

Human virtues were long ago divided by the schoolmen into moral and theological. As all true virtues must be both the one and the other, the nomenclature was not a happy one; but it pointed to a very real distinction, which we might perhaps more properly liken to the difference between masculine and feminine natures, or major and minor keys in music. There are the virtues of truth and justice on the one side, the virtues of mercy and patience on the other. Of course the perfection of a human being would consist in the union of the two orders of virtue,—the combination of mercy with justice, and of patience with truth. But practically, from some occult mysteries in our nature, the two orders seem constantly divided between different individuals, different sexes, and different nations; and those in whom the moral virtues are most strongly marked are deficient in the theological, while those in whom the theological are developed too often fail in the moral. The Anglo-Saxon (for example) has probably ideas of justice and truth unparalleled in any other race; the Celt is beyond all kindly, charitable, and resigned in his afflictions. But the Saxon is wanting in much of the tenderness and religious patience of the Celt, and the Celt seems too rarely able to grasp the fundamental notion of the inherent sanctity of abstract truth and justice.

These observations apply in a remarkable degree to Italy. The virtues of the Italians are all of the theological order, and are possessed in very large measure. Italians are thoroughly kind-hearted. They not only give vast sums in alms, supporting some of the most splendid charitable institutions in the world, and encouraging, alas! multitudes to live in mendicancy; they are also really unselfish, helpful, and kindly towards all with whom they come in contact. Their courtesy is not like that into which the famed politeness of the French has degenerated—a mere matter of empty phrases and lifting of hats; it is of a piece with their actual behaviour. In Tuscany, where this part of the national character is developed to perfection, the whole atmosphere of life is perfumed by the sweetness of courtesy. The traveller finds himself amid a nation of gentlemen. If old William of Wykeham's motto may stand good, that "manners make the manne," the Tuscans are in this sense the manliest people in the world. Has this great Italian virtue no counterpoise? It would be expecting too much of human nature to affirm it. Kingsley, in one of his late sermons, remarks that most religious people have apparently a special

temptation to offend in the matter of veracity; and it would seem that great benevolence has a similar connexion with inexactitude of speech, while asperity and accurate truthfulness equally go together. To bear false witness *against* a neighbour is an offence of which no good man will be guilty; but to bear false witness *in his favour* is a fault to which the kind-hearted and indulgent are continually tempted. Even where there is no question of benevolence involved, it would seem as if the same disposition which makes a man good-natured and easy-tempered, renders the sternness of strict veracity difficult of acquirement. Probably there is no need for us to have recourse to blaming the false ethics of Romanism, to account for the laxity in matters of truth of so light-hearted a nation as the Italians, and their practice (as we have heard it euphuistically expressed) of habitually "*postponing the interests of veracity to the purposes of the moment.*" Their teachers make small effort to inspire them with reverence for the sanctity of *truth as truth*: we have even known of priests assuring their penitents that only *sworn* lies involved any sin; and they have vivid and rapid imaginations, supplying them at the shortest notice with an inexhaustible variety of *mythus*, as the exigencies of the case may demand. It must also be remembered that they have lived for ages under the influence of a tyranny the most *penetrating* (if we may so express it) ever known in the world—a tyranny not like a mere military thralldom, keeping them prostrate under an iron hand, but a refined and wily civil and ecclesiastical despotism, besetting them with spies on all sides, and tripping their feet every where in invisible nets. With all these conditions, is it wonderful they should be somewhat careless of their own truth, somewhat suspicious of the truth of others, somewhat inclined to see plots where perchance no plots exist, and to meet and defeat them by counterplots of their own? The writer—seated in Machiavelli's villa, later inhabited by Ugo Foscolo—answers unhesitatingly, "No."

If the much-belauded characteristic of prudence were indeed the supreme virtue it is frequently described to be, if the whole end of morality were "to maximise pleasure and minimise pain," the Italian would assuredly be the most virtuous, as he is undoubtedly the most prudent of men. To give witness in a court of law fearless of personal consequences, or to attempt to interfere in any case merely for the sake of justice—to marry a woman, however gifted or charming, without a dowry—to engage in any commercial undertaking involving serious risks—to afford unlimited trust to any body in any pecuniary transaction whatever,—these are matters no Italian can understand.

He is much too *prudent* for any thing of the sort, and would stigmatise such conduct (as Waterland did disinterested gratitude) as "folly." Whether some of the finest qualities of manhood are not somewhat invaded by this perfection of prudence may perhaps be matter of question. On the other hand, it must be admitted the Italians are industrious, frugal, temperate beyond any other nation of Europe. All the absurd English ideas of endless assassinations alternating with violin-playing, are utterly contradicted by an inspection of the way in which the lower classes labour in the fields and workshops with most unremitting assiduity, and on the poorest fare of weak soup and salad, and poor and sour wine. On this side, at all events, there is stuff in the Italians to raise them high in the scale of industrious and prosperous nations.

In forming any estimate of the social progress of the people of Italy, these corrections of the erroneous English ideas of their character are absolutely necessary. If they were the sort of men we have supposed, all the education and railways in the world would do them little good. On the contrary, a race kindly, courteous, cheerful, intelligent, industrious, and temperate, whose great faults have come from their oppressors, and from the ignorance in which they have been kept, may be indefinitely improved by throwing down their prison-walls and letting in floods of light and free air. If it were our purpose to discuss in these pages the *political* changes which have taken place in Italy, it would also be proper to review the condition, as regards the power of self-government and fitness for liberty, in which the populations of Naples, Tuscany, and the other provinces, were left by their past governors. As we merely design, however, to touch on matters disconnected with politics, it is enough if we have in some slight measure aided our readers to a just conception of the personal characteristics of a nation on whom the grand experiments of modern education and free locomotion are now being tried on the largest scale yet attempted.

It is a wonderful sight, that of a nation *consciously* arising to a new life. The revolution which has come to Italy has probably gone down further, and affected more thoroughly the mass of the people, than almost any other in history. Dynasties are overthrown and forms of government altered in France and elsewhere, without essentially stirring deeper than the upper surface of society. But in changing from the subjects of petty despots to the citizens of a great constitutional monarchy, the Italians seem to have been aroused to a patriotic enthusiasm, reaching from the highest to the lowest in the land. It may be

safely affirmed that at this moment the prospects of the kingdom of Italy, and its possible future completion by the annexation of Venice and Rome, occupy a place in the mind of noble and artisan, tradesman at his desk and *contadino* driving his tranquil white oxen in the plough which might have belonged to Cincinnatus, such as no national politics have done in the thoughts of any other people for years. They seem to overflow with it, to talk and think of little else. Every sailor, soldier, labourer, servant, shopman, driver, beggar, cares for it, and looks up with brightened eyes, and mayhap with set teeth, when there is a question of what Italy is becoming, what Italy *must win*. If the four thousand men engaged in digging out the magnificent port and arsenal at Spezzia were each building his own cottage, they could not seem more interested in the work, or know more of the purpose of each steam-dray and pontoon and loch and canal. All Italy is as much concerned in politics as an English town on the eve of a great meeting. Will it all subside again, and the light in those dark eyes go out, and Italy return to "the long night of bondage and mourning," from which she has awakened, almost as Nivuti described Christ's resurrection:

"Come un forte inebriato,
Il Signor si risvegliò"?

We cannot believe it. Yet there are many and great difficulties in the way. The religious question alone is a source of infinite danger. We do not propose to attempt its discussion here; but to ignore it altogether in a review of the state of Italy is impossible. It must be remembered that in the revolutions which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries bore on England to freedom, there was always present the element of profound religious faith, and it was the *advancing* party that possessed it in largest measure. In Italy, on the contrary, the mummeries of popery, and the misuse of religion for ages as an engine of tyranny, have wrought so fatally, that the great change which is passing every where over the minds of men, breaking down the last stronghold of authority, and casting them on the consciousness of humanity for belief, finds *here*, not reverential inquirers seeking anxiously for the true ground of faith in God and immortality, but spectators, some indifferent, some scornful, watching the temple of eighteen centuries crumble before their eyes, and careless that a stone of it be ever raised again. Of course there are many exceptions—men imbued with a fervent religion, which is equally far removed from the groveling superstition which kneels before winking Virgins, and the semi-atheism which breathes in the words, "God is a priest

like the rest." But never probably was there a time or country of Christendom wherein men of strong feelings combined with enlightened ideas on religion were so rare as they seem now to be in Italy. With the exception of Mazzini himself, not one name of mark carries with it such a reputation; and the two great categories of bigots and indifferentists seem to include the whole nation—save the party of whom Don Carlo Passaglia is the representative. This remarkable man (as is well known in England) carries with him the voices of nearly ten thousand ecclesiastics, regular and secular, of the lower and lower-middle rank. Their programme is the renunciation of the Temporal Power and the abolition of the Celibacy of the Clergy. With these reforms, they would doubtless proceed much further, and produce a change, perhaps equivalent to, albeit very different from, the Lutheran Reformation. Protestantism in the English sense no man who knows any thing of Italy ever imagines can become the religion of the country, or even of any considerable fraction of the nation. But it is on the cards that Romanism may have to bear another experiment, and, like the olive-tree of her own land, be cut across the very stem and throw up again a new and a fresher shoot. It is possible that Passaglia may succeed in his enterprise, and perhaps in his success lies the best chance for the religion of Italy for many a day to come, since for a really pure and intellectual faith the people at large are utterly unprepared. Even here, however, infinite difficulties lie in the way. The 10,000 priests and monks who have signed his memorial to the Pope are not only men of no ecclesiastical rank, but very rarely of any high standing at all, and in too many cases their characters are such as to do no credit to the cause they embrace. Passaglia himself, notwithstanding blameless reputation, eloquence, energy, and learning, all of no common sort, seems to our English ideas scarcely so much a man fit to lead a great movement of the nineteenth century as to cover, in the way he did, by force of erudition, the introduction of some mediæval dogma like the Immaculate Conception. Should he ever succeed, however, and by his means (or by political events arising from other sources) the temporal power be abolished, there is a rock ahead which the friends of religious liberty in Italy never seem to mark on their charts. Even our English Church, with all its liberality, would become a most formidable sect, were it once divided from the State. What, then, would be the Romish Church, driven indeed from the throne of the Vatican, but doubtless only rendered more eager to use its supreme organisation and unrelenting policy to hold in thralldom every household throughout the land?

On this subject we cannot further descant; nor can we enter on all the other difficulties which beset the Italian government, and which may be represented by the names of the Pope, the Emperors of France and Austria, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. Even religious and political difficulties do not exhaust the list; for the corruption of ages has bequeathed in every department malversations which cannot but appear as obstacles to every imaginable step of progress. Yet through them all *some way* is being made assuredly; and to this happier side of the subject we turn with pleasure and relief.

The most hopeful circumstance connected with the prospects of Italy is undoubtedly the practical character of the reforms which from the first have been adopted by the government; the *most* practical being the first in precedence, namely, EDUCATION. It is needless to remind the English reader that wherever in modern times the Romish Church has held sway, popular education has been at a low ebb. M. de Broglie may tell us that this obscurantism is no inherent part of Catholicism, and that the Church ought to be in all senses the light of the world, set on a sevenfold candlestick. The simple fact is, that its tendency, since the far-off days of mediæval monastic learning, has always been to foster ignorance, while faintly pretending to disseminate instruction. *If* it has been mistaken in following this policy for centuries, the fatality, considering the acuteness of ecclesiastical insight into church interests, has been unfortunate indeed.

Before the year 1859 the schools of Italy were poor in character as regarded the higher class of instruction, and few in number as regarded the elementary education of the people. Young men desirous of devoting themselves to study were either induced to enter orders, and give their abilities to the church, or else they were discouraged from application by every sort of difficulty being thrown in their way, and the contemptuous neglect of their instruction by their priestly instructors.* Almost the first thing attempted in the new kingdom was the entire reformation of the educational system, high and low—the improvement of the universities, and the opening of elementary schools throughout every commune in the land. We

* A young student of divinity has furnished us with a precise account of the course of instruction which he is at present undergoing. It lasts eleven years, from the age of twelve to twenty-three, ten weeks' holidays being allowed every year. While in the *seminario* the pupils alternately pray and study the entire day, from five A.M. till night, being allowed only half an hour's exercise and one hour's permission to converse. The condition of a young man's mind and body who at twenty-three has only taken half an hour's walk a day for eleven years may be imagined.

shall endeavour to give a succinct account of what has been done in each department of the now highly-advanced system, beginning with UNIVERSITIES qualified to confer degrees, and continuing with the NORMAL SCHOOLS for the education of schoolmasters and mistresses; the ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, upper and lower, for the gratuitous instruction of all children, male and female, from eight years old upwards; and the ASILI INFANTILI, or infant schools for younger children, also gratuitous. The information we offer may be relied on as perfectly accurate, having been derived directly from the Ministero dell' Istruzione at Turin, and other sources of the best authority.

Under the old *régime* in Italy there was an abundance of universities; but their merit did not correspond with their number. It was, in fact, impossible to procure first-rate professors to fill the chairs, when the same subjects were taught in nineteen different cities, and in each case to small numbers of pupils. The present government have naturally had a difficult task in meeting this objection without offending the local susceptibilities of each university town. The following is a list of the existing universities, with the number of their students in the past year:

	Students.		Students.
Turin	879	Naples	2*
Pavia	1131	Palermo	561
Genoa	197	Messina	64
Cagliari	63	Catania	213
Sassari	39	Ferrara	97
Bologna	454	Camerino	39
Parma	268	Perugia	99
Modena	398	Macerata	31
Pisa	568	Urbino	61
Siena	120		

Besides these universities, there are throughout Italy many institutions for the higher class of education—gymnasias and lyceums and *scuole tecniche*, of which we have beside us some reports, testifying to the courses of instruction in political economy, chemistry, naval architecture, &c. &c. being of a higher order.

The following is a table of the elementary education in Italy during the past year:

* At Naples, in 1861-62, there were 1459 students inscribed; and it is believed that the diminution of those inscribed in '62-3 depends upon a question which has been raised on account of the taxes, which are reckoned too high.

Provinces.	Population.	No. of communes in province.	No. of communes having schools.	Masters.	Mistresses.	Boys.	Girls.	Total of pupils.
Piedmont .	2,742,163	1,475	1,460	3,987	2,642	123,430	106,898	240,328
Liguria .	764,400	324	322	989	443	27,051	16,769	43,820
Lombardy .	3,026,533	2,267	2,186	3,654	2,401	128,300	118,590	246,890
Emilia .	2,127,105	368	359	1,287	428	40,138	25,007	65,145
Tuscany .	1,815,243	250	212	575	192	16,837	14,260	31,097
Umbria and Marches }	1,395,797	462	443	819	293	18,477	12,935	31,412
Naples .	7,060,618	1,850	1,755	1,850	867	70,103	35,425	105,528
Sicily .	2,223,476	362	292	669	163	15,468	5,120	20,588
Sardinia .	573,113	372	361	423	175	2,469	6,925	16,344
Total .	21,728,448	7,730	7,330	14,253	7,604	452,273	341,929	801,152

The total of teachers, male and female, for the whole of Italy, amounts, according to this table, to 21,857, and the number of pupils to 801,152, or somewhat less than a twentieth of the entire population. The number of schools (according to another high authority) is, for boys, 13,394, of which 826 are upper schools, and 12,568 lower schools; for girls, there are 7862, of which 270 are superior, and 7592 inferior.

It will be remembered that the proportion of pupils to the general population differs widely in the various provinces,—from Piedmont and Liguria, where there are nearly 300,000 children at school, out of a population of three and a half millions, to Naples and Sicily, where there are only 126,000 out of nine millions. In Sicily, out of a million of females in the island, only 5120 are at school.

Among the masters in these elementary schools there are 6378 ecclesiastics, and among the mistresses 1106 nuns. It is as yet found impossible to supply with lay instructors a place so long filled solely by the church. But in the present schools the teachers, whether lay or ecclesiastic, are appointed by and solely dependent on the commune wherein they are employed, and are responsible to no other authority.

There are now throughout Italy twenty-one normal schools for training schoolmasters, and eighteen for schoolmistresses. The masters' schools contained, in 1862, 901 pupils; the mistresses, 1637. The pupils receive an annual pension of 250 francs ahead.

The male normal schools are situated in Aquila, Ascoli, Bari, Casale, Cosenza, Crema, Firenze, Forli, Lodi, Messina, Napoli, Novara, Oneglia, Palermo, Perugia, Pinerolo, Pisa, Reggio (in Emilia), Sassari, Treviglio, and Urbino.

The female normal schools are situated in Alessandria, Ancona, Bologna, Brescia, Cagliari, Camerino, Catania, Como, Florence, Genoa, Girgenti, Zucco, Milan, Mondovi, Naples, Parma, Perugia, and Vercelli.

Previous to 1859, in the place of these normal schools there existed in the Sardinian States *scuole magistrale*, for the same purpose of instructing young teachers. Of these, about ten for masters, and thirty for mistresses, are still maintained. The instruction in them is of the some class, but inferior to that in the new normal schools. In these *normal schools* the instruction comprises—

1. Religion and morals.
2. *Pedagogia* (art of instruction).
3. Italian language and rules of composition.
4. Geography and natural history.
5. Arithmetic and the elements of geometry.
6. The principles of physical science, and the elements of hygienics.
7. Calligraphy.
8. Drawing.
9. Choral singing.

The male pupils are also instructed in gymnastics and military exercises, and the females in women's work of different kinds. In each normal school are three professors, with salaries respectively of 2200f., 1800f., and 1500f. In the female schools there is an additional mistress, charged with the moral care of the pupils. The course of instruction in male and female schools is the same, with the exception of gymnastics for men, and needlework, &c. for women.

We have carefully looked through the official programmes of examination published for use in all the normal schools in the kingdom. They are in many respects remarkable. Of the nine articles mentioned above, "Religion" goes no farther than the "Catechism of the diocese, and the story of the Old and New Testaments, in two books, approved for questioning children." Morals are developed much farther; and we feel ourselves carried back some centuries towards the days of the old schoolmen, when we find the science analysed from "Definition and division of ethics," and discussion of "freewill," to the four cardinal virtues (which we had supposed buried with the four elements), prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. The third year of the course of instruction takes the pupils into politics, beginning with proof that the social state is necessary for mankind, and proceeding to an analysis of civil and political rights recognised in Italy, the constitution of the monarchy, and the duties of the citizens of free states. The

books recommended to students for this examination in moral science, are Cicero's *Offices*, the *Doveri degli Uomini* of Silvio Pellico, and four other modern Italian works, including the *Libro del Popolo* ("Book of the People") of Professor Scavia. After religion and morals come grammar, the elements of literature, and the history of Italy; the latter including studies of Dante, Michel Angelo, and Galileo, no less than of political personages. Geography is made to include notices of the various religions of the world, and statistics of the population, military force, &c. of Italy. Arithmetic advances to the rule-of-three, the reduction of old weights and measures into the new decimal system, and book-keeping. As to geometry, it seems to proceed by that "royal road" which we used to be warned was undiscoverable. The pupils arrive in some unaccountable manner, without going through Euclid or Archimedes, at "problems and applications," measuring contents and superficies of polyhedrons and pyramids, cones, cylinders, and spheres. Drawing includes sketches of geometric figures and objects of furniture, &c., also the art of teaching the same to pupils in the elementary schools. Physics seem to form a very prominent part of the course. Beginning with the solar system, the programme proceeds under forty headings, inclusive of heat, chemistry, optics, acoustics, minerals, botany, physiology, zoology, and geology, and concludes with practical instructions on hygienics. For the use of the professors of this department, a small cabinet of objects, with illustrative diagrams, is required in each school. Curiously enough, in this programme, and this alone, the instruction for the female pupils is ordered differently—though not essentially so—from that of the young men. The whole course concludes with the *Pedagogia*, which is to be the profession of the students.

We trust this long analysis may not be without interest for our readers. It certainly proves that the Italian Government aims at a very high mark in the education of the future teachers of the nation; and in reading over their formidable programme, signed by De Sanctis with royal authority, we have been tempted to wonder how far our English certified teachers would stand such examinations, and also how far such a circle of the sciences is really compassed by the young lads and lasses who frequent the normal schools of Italy.

In the *scuole magistrali* are taught only religion, the Italian language, arithmetic, pedagogy, and writing. Model schools are not in use. The pupils in the normal schools either practise teaching in the elementary schools in the neighbourhood, or have children from these schools brought to them for instruction.

The elementary schools are divided into lower and upper

schools. In the lower schools the course of instruction lasts for two years, and includes the catechism and sacred history, reading, writing, Italian grammar, and arithmetic, with weights and measures. In the upper schools there is also a course of two years' instruction, continuing the lessons of the lower school, and exercising the pupils in composition, geometry, and the elements of geography, natural history, and physics. In the girls' schools needlework and knitting are taught to the pupils.

With very few exceptions, all the masters and mistresses in these schools receive their salaries from the communes to which they belong, and by which they are appointed. The instruction given to the pupils in all the elementary schools of Italy is entirely gratuitous from first to last.

The law compels the communes to provide for the instruction of both boys and girls. To the poorer communes government grants subsidiary assistance.

When a school contains more than seventy pupils, it is divided into two sections, and an under-master is appointed for the junior division.

Besides all these normal, magistral, and elementary schools, there are also throughout Italy a number of *Asili Infantili* (infant-schools), from which more good is expected than we personally are disposed to anticipate. They are gratuitous, like all the rest, and of course produce the usual questionable effect of relieving the poorer class of mothers from the care of their young children. In these schools, and in these only in Italy, boys and girls are taught together. In Rome even, the poor little babes for whom such places are opened are not permitted to meet those of the opposite sex; and in a very interesting infant-school which we visited there, we were informed the government would close the house if little girls of three and five were permitted to partake of the instructions of boys of the same mature age. Throughout the kingdom of Italy young women teach in these *Asili Infantili*, and a great want is felt of proper training schools for their especial use. On examining a carefully prepared *Ms. table* of these infant-schools in Genoa, we find that there are in the town 4 schools, with 12 teachers and 14 assistants, with 461 pupils under 4 years old, and 639 under 7; 217 of the former being boys and 244 girls, and 339 of the latter being boys and 300 girls. In the beginning of 1863, 243 children passed from these schools into the elementary schools, of whom 90 could read in syllables and 151 in the first reading book, 209 could write and 95 could perform the first operations of arithmetic.

Besides all these schools, there are also adult evening schools

opened in some towns for men. In the Genoese district there are no less than 32 schools, with 46 teachers and about 2000 pupils. The expenditure for all these classes of education has certainly been made by the nation in a most liberal spirit. In Genoa, where the Report to the Communal Council of the *Assessori Deputati all' Istruzione* has been made with unusual exactitude, we find that in the past year the cost of the whole has been 346,490 francs, having risen gradually year by year since 1849, when it only amounted to 86,479 francs.

For the purpose of affording aid for educational purposes throughout Italy, the government budget of this year, 1863, bears the sum of 2,317,472 francs. There are government inspectors appointed in each province to ascertain and report on the carrying out of the law in the different communes.

When the work of teaching Italians to read has been accomplished, however, the work of education will but have been begun. The want of books to read, and of a powerful periodical press, will become imperative. But how will it be supplied? A literature is not made in a day. Perhaps one of the best services to render to Italy is that attempted at present by Madame Pulszky and others—to translate and adapt good educational and juvenile German and English books into Italian. Hitherto French novels, chiefly of the character of the *Dame aux Camelias*, have been the principal importation from foreign tongues, and to these ecclesiastical censorship has been extremely forbearing. The better literature of Europe has been almost entirely excluded; and as to an indigenous one, it may truly be said to have descended to the lowest possible degree in the scale of inanity and dullness. It is of no manner of use to refer back to Dante and Tasso and Petrarch and Ariosto; men in our day ask for something,

“Not from the grave old masters, not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo down the corridors of time;”

but breathing the hopes and fears, the struggles and aspirations, of this the second half of the nineteenth century. It was the writer's practice in youth to spend much leisure in a certain fine ecclesiastical library, to which no book had been added for nearly two hundred years. If such a library existed in Italy, and to it were added three or four modern poets of the rank of Cowper or Béranger, and a dozen fictions of the class of Miss Porter's, we should have a tolerable epitome of Italian literature at this moment. Of course there are a few special works of history and science, forming honourable exceptions to the general decrepitude. But to compare an Italian book-shop with one of England, France, or Germany, is perhaps to read the very best

lesson ever given of the depressing results on the intellect of a long course of steady oppression. The land from which the traveller of old might have brought back such grapes of Eshkol as the *Divina Commedia* and the *Gerusalemme*, now produces only such miserable shrunken fruit as Gueruzzi's novels or *Un Milione d' Anedotti*.

Nay, the double tyranny of priest and king has gone further than to crush down the literature of Italy. It has done much towards spoiling the organ of literature, and rendering the language, once so terse and powerful, verbose, feeble, and magniloquent. Men to whom it was forbidden to speak or write on the great topics of religion and politics, have been inevitably led by degrees to spread out such thoughts as they had thinner and thinner over the surface of every subject, till at last, instead of such golden statues as the great works of old, there is nothing but "an earthly paradise of or-molu,"—furniture of the mind à la Louis XIV. There are efforts making to remedy this defect,—the writings of Mazzini are a remarkable instance of forcibleness in modern Italian,—but it seems generally easier to fall into the opposite error, and cram *concetti* by dozens into one clumsy phrase, than to arrive at any simplicity of style. The construction of Italian (more philosophic and more flexible than that of German) seems not so much in fault, as the polysyllabic vocabulary into which the brief stern Latin has been diluted.

The freedom of the press is of course the first step towards the resuscitation of literature. As yet, however, want of commercial enterprise, want of a reading public, want of circulating libraries, and want of interesting books, form a vicious circle, from which there is no promise of the speedy discovery of a way of egress. Pamphlets there are. The Papal press issues "*Il Principio dell' Autorità e le Tendenze del Secolo*," in which it is demonstrated, first, that authority is the best thing in the world; and secondly, that the Papal government is the best government in the world, because it exercises the *least* authority. Padre Passaglia issues "*Il Celibato del Clero*," and proves that that source of all corruption might advantageously be done away with, *because* the Jewish high-priest was allowed to marry, and many of the Fathers approved of wedlock. So dangerous and revolutionary are the *brochures* of Italy! As to the newspaper press, it is certainly rising, and will, we trust, ere long become, like that of England, "an estate of the realm:" but it has a good way to travel ere it attain that dignity. It must write better leaders, and above all cease to be afraid of offending possible subscribers, and insert letters of correspondents, and take up social and commercial questions, and altogether cease to be

a mere advocate either of the constitutional party or the party of action, or the party of Popolini and Codini.

Of the papers now existing in Italy, the most respectable is probably the *Nazione* of Florence. It contrasts very favourably with the *Giornale di Roma* (the chief periodical of the *Neri*), being at least twice the size, twice as well written, and conveying its intelligence without that preliminary culinary process whereby telegrams in Rome are disguised. There is a *feuilleton* of the usual French kind, which to our English eyes always suggests the idea of the mouthful of jam to tempt the unwilling juvenile appetite to the dose of politics. There is a summary of the day's news. There is a leading article; sometimes of very fair ability. Then there are foreign telegrams and a few bits of local news. Then (the fourth page) wholly devoted to advertisements, among which quack medicines figure prominently, and books very rarely at all. The most noticeable feature, perhaps, of the whole press of Italy at this moment is the humorous side,—the papers which appear several times a week rivalling our *Punch* in drollery, and fearlessly attacking humbug under all its forms, lay and ecclesiastical. Three of these have appeared in Florence—the *Lampione*, the *Chiacchiera*, and the *Arlecchino*. In all cases the letter-press, throughout devoid of wit, is inferior to the illustrations. The *Lampione* in particular possesses an artist who, under the name of "Mata," produces lithographs really excellent in an artistic point of view, as well as cleverly satirical. A peculiar joke favoured just now in Italy is the production of a picture which when opened shall convey one subject, and when folded in a particular manner, quite another. The week in which we write offers a large tableau representing Italy looking on, while the lion of St. Mark's overthrows the Emperor of Austria, and the Roman wolf mauls Pio IX. On folding the paper there appears only a good lithograph of Garibaldi. Last week there was a sketch of four prize pigs, precisely such as might appear in our *Illustrated News*. Judiciously closed, this produced a capital likeness of the Pope. Beside these there are pictures of a serious kind, satirising all manner of Roman Catholic miracles and pretensions. In one a priest is showing to the people a Madonna, whose arms other priests in the background are pulling with cords, while Jesus Christ exposes the deception. In another the Jesuits are collecting money to "save the Church," and squabbling for it behind the scenes among themselves. Most audacious of all is a very large picture of a crucifix before which the Pope is kneeling, while the figure on the cross strikes the tiara from his head in indignation. Local jests are illustrated by a ludicrous series representing the life of the

late Grand Duke, and by caricatures of the misadventures of his followers. Nor does the government escape its fair share of sarcasm. In the older series the round face of poor Cavour continually figured, and the delays of diplomacy are the favourite theme of many later illustrations. In one, Italy is chained and held back, while goaded by stinging wasps. In another, Garibaldi is cutting the knot of all difficulties. In a third, Diplomacy, as a blind old woman in a toga, is driving a chariot drawn by snails upon the road to Rome. Copies of old statues—the Perseus, the Rape of the Sabines, &c.—applied to modern subjects, are common, and often well executed.

The following is a carefully prepared list of the whole periodical press of Italy at the close of 1863.

Of political newspapers there are, the

Monitore Toscano. (Neutral: no leading article.)	Nazionale di Napoli.
Gazzetta Piemontese. (Official.)	Giornale Offiziale di Napoli.
L' Armonia. (Nero and Codino.)	Gazzetta Offiziale di Sicilia.
La Nazione. (Constitutional.)	Nuovo Cimento di Pisa.
Gazzetta di Genova. (Official.)	La Lombardia di Milano.
L' Opinione. (Ministerial.)	Il Contemporaneo. (Codino.)
Il Diritto. (Mazzinian.)	Piccolo Corriere d' Italia.
La Perseveranza di Milano. (Constitutional.)	L' Unità Italiana. (Mazzinian.)
	La Civiltà Cattolica. (Nero and Codino.)

Of literary and scientific periodicals there are—

Statistica di Toscana.	Annali Universali di Statistica.
Raccoglitore Medico in Fano.	Il Mondo Illustrato.
Annali Civili del Regno delle Due Sicilie	Giornale Scien. e Letter. di Perugia.
Giornale dell' Arti e Industria di Torino.	Archivio Storico Italiano.
Rivista Contemporaneo.	Rivista dei Comuni.
L' Istitutore di Torino.	Il Politecnico.
Giornale dell' Ing. Architecto di Milano.	Giornale di Medica Veterinaria.
Biblioteca Italiana.	Effemeridi di Pubblica Istruzione.
Giornale dell' Istituto Lombardo.	La Famiglia e la Scuola.
Rivista Omoepatica di Firenze.	Il Bacofilo.
La Rivista di Firenze.	Il Giardiniero.
Il Tempo : Giornale di Medica e Chirurgia.	Giornale Agrario.
Museo di Scienze e Letteratura di Napoli.	Atti dei Georgofili.
	Il Coltivatore.
	Repertorio d' Agricoltura di Torino.
	L' Economia Rurale di Torino.
	Rivista Agronomica.
	Il Commercio di Firenze.

And miscellaneous—

La Tenia.	Lecture di Famiglie.
Gazzetta di Tribunali.	La Guardia Nazionale.

Il Piovano Arlotto.
L' Uomo di Pietra.
Il Lampione.

Pasquin
La Chiacchiera.
L' Arlecchino.

Next to the education of the people, and almost equal with it in importance, comes the facilitation of free locomotion and correspondence. This end the Italian government has sought no less earnestly than the former. In November of the present year Victor Emmanuel opened the railway, at the very extremity of his dominions, from Pescara to Foggia, thus completing a line extending from the Alps to the Gulf of Manfredonia. The slow and indifferent manner, with ever-recurring accidents and procrastinations, in which the old government formerly carried on, and the Papal authorities still carry on, such works, offers a curious contrast to the vigour with which Italy now sets to the task. Through Mont Cenis, through the string of tunnels as long as that of Mont Cenis from Genoa to Spezzia and Sarzano, from Florence to Rome, from Bologna to Florence, and from Naples and Foggia southward, with Calabria and the Abruzzi,—every where thousands of navvies are labouring as heartily as our own good fellows with pick and shovel and trowel and level. The *ferrovia* (it has grown too familiar a word to admit of the old polysyllabled "*strada ferrata*") is every body's pet; and beautiful railways they are, so far as an unscientific eye may judge, with fine works, and acacia hedges where practicable, to save dust and glare, and splendid rolling stock of carriages, of which the second-class are as good as any traveller need demand; and, above all, officials so civil and attentive, that it is much to be wished those of other nations would copy from them their good manners. For the purpose of ascertaining beyond dispute the amount of work which has been accomplished in this department in Italy, we have made a careful collation of the tables and maps in a *Guida-Orario Ufficiale* for November 1863 issued at Milan; a little baby Bradshaw in a pink frock, who yet promises to grow into a very fair specimen of the tribe of Railway Guide-Books, if not quite so portly a one as our stout John Bull in yellow.

It appears that there are at present 3025 kilometres of railways open in Italy, in 41 distinct lines, namely:

From	To	Kilos.
Susa	Milan	197
Milan	Camerlata	45
"	Gallarata	40
"	Cremona	66
"	Alessandria	64

From	To	Kilos.
Milan	Peschiera (Austrian frontier)	143
Bergamo	Lecco	33
Milan	Bologna	217
Bologna	Lagoscuro	52
Turin	Genoa	166
Chivasso	Torea	33
Genoa	Busalla	3
Turin	Pinerolo	38
Genoa	Voltri	15
Vigevano	Mortara	13
Turin	Cuneo	87
Novara	Gozzano	36
Savigliano	Saluzzo	16
Cavallermaggio	Bra	13
Alessandria	Vercelli	56
Santifica	Biella	30
Alessandria	Arona	102
"	Acqui	34
Novi	Tortona	19
Alessandria	Piacenza	57
Bologna	Vergato	39
Florence	Leghorn	98
"	Lucca, Pistoia, and Pisa	99
"	Montevarchi	54
Empoli	Ficulle	171
Leghorn	Follonica	104
Cecina	Saline	30
Castel Bolognese	Ravenna	42
Bologna	Ancona	204
Ancona	Ortona	167
Ortona	Foggia	120
	(about)	
Naples	Isoletta	137
"	Castellamare	27
"	Eboli	80
"	Sanseverino	65
Palermo	Bagheria	13
41 Railways	Total	3065

This is to be compared with the state of things when the war broke out in 1859. At that time in the whole of Italy there were only 1472 kilometres of railway in activity :

In Piedmont	Kilos. 807
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	Kilos.
In Lombardy	200
Emilia	33
Tuscany	308
Naples	124

The kingdom of Naples, which was the first to introduce railways into Italy, had not continued to progress in the establishment of them, and was merely possessed of a few portions, used almost exclusively for passenger-traffic. In Piedmont, on the contrary, in spite of wars and difficulties, there were already more lines running than in all the rest of Italy together. From April 1859 onward, the progress has been rapid; 175 kilometres were added before the end of the year. Between 1860 and the 1st of January 1863, 753 kilometres further were opened. In the present year up to the 20th of November 1863, the following have been added:

	Kilos.
Ancona to Pescara	146
Pescara to Ortona	21
Salerno to Eboli	24
Castel Bolognese to Ravenna	42
Palermo to Bagheria	13
Triviglio to Cremona	66
Massa to Sarzana	18
Leghorn to Follonica	104
Cecina to Saline	30
Florence to Montevarchi	29
Ortona to Foggia	154
Virgato to Fracchia	33

And before January 1, 1864, there will further be opened:

	Kilos.
Bergamo to Lecco	33
Sarzana to Spezzia	15
Novara to Gozzano	37

Thus, from 1859 to 1864, 1693 kilometres of railway will have been opened. The cost of such work has been between five and six hundred millions of francs.

Besides all this development of railways, and partly in consequence of it, the common roads of the country have been vastly extended and improved, especially in Naples and Sicily. Soldiers have been employed on this work, and have just now completed a new road of 18 kilometres at Gargano.

The extension of telegraphs is only second in interest to that of railways. The following is an official summary of the works up to the present date.

Departmental Division.	Extension of governing line in kilometres.	Total development of wires in kilometres.	Total number of Telegraph Offices.	Development of wires of the Railway Comps.
Bologna	1,326	2,722	47	448
Cagliari	847	1,283	14	
Cosenza	943	1,815	19	
Foggia	1,591	2,960	46	
Milan	1,674	2,552	54	464
Naples	1,339	3,112	53	184
Palermo	1,501	2,616	44	
Pisa	1,762	3,982	65	
Turin	1,319	3,862	86	268
Total	12,302	24,904	428	1364

In the beginning of 1862 there were in all Italy only 10,417 kilos. of telegraph, and the outlay exceeded the receipts by an enormous amount.

Telegraphs are not only thus doubled in extension, but rendered actually useful to the public. Formerly they were somewhat of a mockery. It happened to the writer to require to send a message of three words to Rome, four years ago, under the old *régime*. The price demanded at the bureau was forty-eight pauls (about 1*l.* sterling). After some demur the sum was paid, on the assurance that the message, which was of much importance, would be dispatched instantly, and delivered in Rome within an hour. It was, however, precisely twenty-four hours before it was received at the telegraph office in Rome! Last week the experiment was repeated. The message cost six francs, and was immediately delivered.

The postal arrangements are said to be extensively improved in Italy, and they seem at all events to furnish more security against loss of letters or stoppage of parcels. There is, however, very much room for further improvement. The transmission of mails is disgracefully slow, and the delivery very careless. As letters and papers multiply, the arrangements for their proper distribution appear to prove somewhat overpowering to the Italian mind. The impatient traveller (*pazzo Inglese*), complaining of some long delay in the delivery of his clearly addressed epistles, is told he is unreasonable to expect the promptitude and security of a London post-office with Italian clerks. One thing has certainly been accomplished throughout all the towns and villages of Italy, which shows the desire of the government to facilitate correspondence. Boxes for letters are opened at

short distances, on the principle of our pillars, and cleared at reasonable intervals; and postage-stamps sold at convenient places. The price of letter conveyance throughout Italy is fifteen centesimi ($1\frac{1}{2}d.$).

The coinage has all been changed, and rendered uniform throughout the country. It is identical with that of France in value, and apparently of good metal, well struck. The gold coins are of twenty franchi, of ten, and of five; the silver of five, of two, of one, and of half a franco, and also of twenty centesimi. The copper coinage descends even to single centesimi, the fifth of a French sous—less than half a farthing sterling. Of all these coins, gold, silver, and copper, there seems to be an abundant supply; and the old dollars and francesconi and pauls are rapidly disappearing. Of paper-money, so common in Rome, very little is to be seen.

Not only, however, has the Italian government been called on to create new schools, new railways, new telegraphs, and new coinage; it has had also to repress two monstrous old abuses, monasticism and mendicancy. Of course both are giant evils, not to be ended for many a day; still something has been done in both directions.

In all the new provinces except Sicily the law of May 29th, 1855, has been applied. It provides for the gradual extinction, and in some cases the immediate suppression, of all monasteries and convents of religious orders which are not occupied either in preaching, education, or the care of the sick. The property of such religious orders, and of the chapters of certain collegiate churches which are sinecures, has passed, according to this law, into the hands of government, which engages to pay a life-pension to all persons who had claim to share in such estates when the law was promulgated. This pension is equally paid whether the person continue to reside in the same convent or is drafted into another, or quits the religious life and becomes secularised. There is an administration called the "*Cassa Ecclesiastica*," whose duty it is to take possession of the property falling under the law, and pay the pensions to the members of the suppressed community.

We have been unable to ascertain the number of convents thus treated throughout Italy, but are informed that in Tuscany alone the number of monks and nuns has been reduced by 5000. Mendicity in Italy is a very different thing from pauperism in England. The climate, the cheapness of food, and the frugal habits of the people, render poverty a far easier burden than under our harsher skies. In Naples in particular,—where all these causes are in fullest action, and Romish morality and Bourbon government have had their fullest effect,—the laz-

zeroni life was adopted by no less than 70,000 persons at the time immediately prior to the annexation. When "poverty" is one of the great virtues of the nation, is it possible to treat "begging" as an offence in the pauper?

The law of November 13, 1859, runs as follows: "Beggary is prohibited. In those provinces wherein *ricoveri di mendicizia* are not yet established, such persons as are totally destitute and helpless, either from age or infirmity, and who have no relations to maintain them, may be permitted to ask alms, but not outside their own commune. They must further be provided with a license granted by the local authorities, and must wear a badge round their necks testifying to the same."

This law, it would appear, has not been much used as yet. There is no doubt more work in store for the government in the proper treatment of mendicity.

Besides these general benefits, of which the whole country partakes, the interest of special towns must be considered in our estimate of the results of annexation. Here a certain balance of good and evil will necessarily be found. Cities which, like Naples and Florence, were capitals of important states, with resident sovereigns and trains of foreign embassies, have necessarily lost somewhat of prestige and social importance, and might also have been expected to lose somewhat commercially on sinking to the rank of provincial towns. On the other hand, cities which, like Bologna and Milan, groaned under the misgovernment of distant tyrants, had every thing to gain and nothing to lose by their junction with Piedmont. Practically, however, it would appear that no city has essentially suffered by annexation in any way, except in what pride Neapolitans may have felt in submitting to the sceptre of such princes as Bomba and Bombalino. In Florence there was certainly some sacrifice of national feeling at the time of the annexation. Tuscany is the Attica of Italy, Piedmont its Bœotia. For Florence to yield the *pas* to Turin was much such a mortification as for some high-bred and haughty gentleman of long-descended honours to give precedence to some rough military commander risen from the ranks. "They do not even speak Italian at Turin," was the common complaint; "they use that Piedmontese patois." The civil and criminal laws of Sardinia were said to be far inferior in refinement to those of Tuscany, including even the hated punishment of the guillotine. The rule of the grand dukes had not been a cruel or despotic one, and their court at the Pitti had attracted tribes of foreigners, and compelled the residence of embassies, whose loss the tradesfolk of the city were told they would bitterly lament. The same class of persons who clamour for the maintenance of a lord-lieutenant

in Ireland, and declare that the commerce of Dublin will be destroyed unless so many yards of poplin be annually expended in trains at the Castle (an argument which has been said to reduce the question from a Cabinet to a Tabinet measure)—the same order of politicians declared that Florence was ruined if Leopold left the Pitti. But the larger and truer patriotism of the Florentines rose above such petty interests and narrow national pride. With a noble effort they sank for ever the name of Tuscans in that of Italians, and welcomed Victor Emanuel to their ancient palace as a king whose royalty must have another seat. The writer witnessed the splendid scene of his reception, when the grand old city bloomed out with banners and garlands, and bright faces, like a garden in spring; and perhaps never in history did a nation consciously perform with more grace a nobler act of self-abnegation. That there were high hopes at that time of the immediate unification of all Italy, that it was to old Imperial Rome, and not to upstart Turin, that Florence understood her sacrifice to be made, was doubtless an element in facilitating the deed. But once accomplished, there has been no place for serious regret, save among those attached by feeling and interest to the exiled court, and those who find dissatisfaction in all the acts of the present government, because they would substitute a national republic for a Piedmontese royalty. There is little serious complaint forthcoming. The city, instead of being deserted after the loss of its grand duke, is fuller than ever of *forestieri*, so much so that lodgings are more difficult to find and far more expensive than ever heretofore. Several new hotels (in particular the large and splendid Hotel de Rome) are opened, and the traffic of every kind has increased. Wearing apparel has risen in price, as in other countries, following the rise in cotton fabrics, and wine has changed from fivepence to about elevenpence a flask, owing to the grape-disease; but it would be difficult to impute these circumstances to the annexation. In other ways commerce flourishes, and would flourish much more if to their industry the Italians would add enterprise, or perhaps we ought to say, *could* add capital. The wealth of metal and marble which lies hid in the Carrara mountains, the mineral waters of all kinds which spring throughout the whole country in places where no advantage can at present be taken of them, are treasures only waiting for the people to seize and make their own. Bathing establishments built over such springs, hotels opened for the summer months on the cool summits of the Apennines, and mining operations conducted with proper spirit and skill, would, in the opinion of those most competent to form a judgment, prove a Fortunatus's purse for the country.

The alarm which was expressed at the period of annexation, lest the Tuscan Leopoldine laws should be superseded by the less perfect code of Piedmont, seems to have been very groundless. There are changes of form, changes sufficiently distasteful to old practitioners, but no essentially injurious modification. It has been averred that a guillotine was dispatched on one occasion from Turin, and that the ominous machine still lies safely packed where it was deposited on its arrival. Be this as it may, it is certain that it has never been used, and that the vast gaol of the Murate, which we ourselves visited in 1860, still continues to receive the criminals of the country. There offenders are employed in their cells at carpentering, shoemaking, and the like; supplied with books (among which we were diverted to find Boccaccio in the library of a carpenter); and kept for the years of their sentence entirely in solitude.

The results are doubtless as sad as elsewhere, perhaps additionally trying from the natural levity of the Italian character, which makes (as we have often noticed) the seclusion of the hospitals far more depressing to the patients than appears to be the case in France and England. In this gaol of the Murate, on the opening of the cells for our inspection, one unhappy inmate, on seeing us, rose from his work, and then suddenly, with a look of joyful surprise, came forward and sank on his knees in an attitude of supplication most affecting to witness, and clearly betraying a disturbed intellect. The officials seemed to be aware that insanity frequently showed itself among their prisoners. Between this punishment of solitary confinement for long periods and capital executions, the scale of mercy must surely be held to incline to the latter; and, were we reduced to the alternative between them, we might lawfully dismiss further argument on the subject. It is said that the abolition of the guillotine in Tuscany took place in the early part of the reign of the late grand duke, in consequence of a mistaken sentence on a young man who was beheaded for murder, violently protesting his innocence to the last. Some years afterwards another man, dying in the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, confessed the crime. The grand duke, on hearing the fact, announced that he would never again sign a sentence of capital punishment. Those who are best acquainted with the Tuscan character affirm that, were the law now to be changed, and certain offences made capital, there would be no possibility of obtaining witnesses sufficient for conviction. Even with much lighter penalties the objection to prosecuting or bearing witness is very great in Tuscany, and still greater descending into Southern Italy, till, as we have heard, of late in Sicily the "*omertà*" (or fear of bearing witness) is so strong as to make

even the sufferers by a crime the shelterers of the criminal. All this state of feeling is so remote from ours in England (if, alas, not so in Ireland), that we fail to realise the difficulties of a government which has to contend with it. At the most, we think of the difficulty of finding *juries* to convict on proper evidence; but when no evidence can be obtained, except from the employés of government, in what a dilemma between despotism and anarchy is that government placed! Our Saxon love of justice and fair-play, our willingness to help the administration of the laws, are things alien to the Italian nature. On discussing lately, with many persons well acquainted with the national character, the desirability of procuring from the Turin Parliament some acts for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the reply was unanimous: "It would be a dead letter; not a man or woman would be found to prosecute if they witnessed the most horrible atrocity." Let us hope that by degrees the love of justice may arise. The use of trial by jury in all assize cases cannot fail to be a step towards a better comprehension of the duties of the citizen. When the proposed reform and unification of the whole Italian criminal code has taken place, there may also be some added respect for a law solemnly sanctioned by the representatives of the nation, and possessing a wider jurisdiction than the local codes of the provinces.

On the whole, we may fairly aver that Florence has gained many things, and lost no important good by the change of government.

Pisa, the Bath of Italy, cannot be brought to life again; but even here the vast new station connecting the two railways brings a semblance of vitality and brightness, and some real addition of traffic, to the place.

In Messina, as we learn through an American gentleman long resident in the town, there was before the annexation a state of things so deplorable, and a population so degraded, that it seemed hopeless to expect that any revolution could bring amendment. The streets, ill paved, filthy, and sufficiently dangerous by day, were at night wholly impassable. No lights, even of oil, were placed from one end of the town to the other, and on moonless nights it was enveloped in total darkness. The people were so distrustful of each other, and of the spies who beset them at every *café*, that they appeared perfectly stupid and silent. Deeds of violence and robbery were committed continually, but no attempt at justice was made. The "*omertà*" prevented even the sufferers from bearing witness. Every body was "protected" by some nobleman or church dignitary, who would secure his escape from punishment, and bring vengeance on the person who should have the audacity to testify to his offences.

In a word, the lovely city we may all remember smiling over that blue strait beyond Scylla and Charybdis, was inwardly a very "sepulchre of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." The first symptom of a new order of things after Garibaldi's campaign, the American gentleman observed to be a change in the voices of the people. Men began to talk aloud in the caffès and the streets, and even to talk politics. Then lamps were lighted, and, we believe, gas introduced, and it became possible to walk across the town after dark. Then came schools, multiplied and opened gratuitously for boys and girls. By degrees—though, alas, the dread "omertà" has yet to be conquered—the Messinians have undergone such a change, even in their commercial honesty, that the American bears witness: "I did not think formerly that honest men could ever be made of them, but I do think so now."

Almost the same has happened in Palermo, though still the country around is so beset by bandits, that a palace ten miles from the city is disused by its owners from the danger of transit. Ninety-five schools have been opened in the town, *five* having been the number before the annexation.

In Naples the new government has had to grapple with difficulties almost hopeless: a strong reactionary party; brigands regularly sent forth like guerrillas to disturb the country; priests using all their influence to thwart education and amendment; paupers to the number of 70,000 in the city of Naples alone; and finally, a population debased and brutalised below almost any other in Europe. Of this last and worst item in the list, a man must have been a resident in the place to form a conception. Well can we remember going thither fresh from England years ago, under the old Bomba rule, and finding it impossible for a long time to *take in* the state of public morals: the atmosphere of lies; the habitual dishonesty of every one, from the marchese who cheated about the rent of his palace, to the shopman who sold stained gloves for new, and the *lavandaia* who ripped a seam off every sheet; women veiled and inoffensive deliberately knocked down in the Toledo, because no gentleman was at hand to guard them; royal head-gardeners and learned arch-priests seeking for *buonomanos* like footmen; and every where beggars, beggars, beggars beyond all count or measure. It was a horrid spectacle—the beauty of earth and sea contrasted with the hideousness of humanity. Like the mingled fumes of garlic and incense in the churches, the vice was the more abominable for the presence of such natural glory.

We cannot pretend, in our brief remaining space, to give an account of the efforts of the new government to cleanse this Augean stable. The schools for which English aid has been so

nobly granted are doing a great deal. The enforced employment of the able-bodied *lazzeroni*, men and women, upon the railways, will also do much. But there is herculean work yet in store: to stop the brigandage; to purify the drainage, which is poisoning the town; above all, to introduce upright official dealing without too offensively replacing Neapolitans by Piedmontese. If the task remain incomplete for many a day, it is small marvel.

Much easier naturally has been the improvement of towns like Milan and Bologna, with far better-disposed populations, and having no exiled royalty to stir up the regrets of parasites. In Milan a new public park and other improvements have been made. In Bologna the process of widening the old streets has been carried on, as in Florence, with much energy. Ferrara's grass-grown causeways will never need to be widened; for no change ever likely to occur will recall life to that relic of the past. In Padua the reopening of the university (closed in vengeance against the liberalism of the students in 1848) has of course brought back some animation.

Ancona, it is hoped, will ere long become a most important port; and considerable works have been added to the harbour. Direct steam communication with Alexandria has been established; and the cost of passage being nearly 100*l.* less than from Naples, the whole traffic of Italy, north and south, with Egypt and the East must flow in this channel. Whether the port may not even succeed in replacing Trieste for the rest of Europe may be a question. To English travellers it of course offers the shortest sea-passage, with direct railway communication.

In Spezzia, again, immense works are being carried on. It has been resolved to leave the port of Genoa for the future to the use of merchant vessels, and to place here the great station for the navy of Italy, with a corresponding arsenal, rivalling that of Toulon. A glance at the map will show that the locality is admirably fitted by nature for such a purpose. The gulf, ten miles long by about six miles wide, has through its entire length good anchorage for ships, and shelter under the adjacent hills. At the upper end of the bay, near the town of Spezzia, the works now in progress will form a harbour wherein the largest vessels may ride safely close to the shore. The sand is being removed so as to deepen the water; and at the same time large moles and docks are being formed, and lined with fine cut stone. For all these constructions and clearances 3800 labourers are said to be employed, exclusive of the 2000 navvies on the adjacent railway works, which will unite this great port with Leghorn on one side and Genoa on the other. There are six mud-drags grinding all day in pulling up sand, and twelve

small steamers running backwards and forwards to carry it out clear beyond the gulf, besides six pontoons carrying away earth from the arsenal. It is calculated that the cost of the whole, when complete, will be 48,000,000 francs.

Such, in brief, are the most noticeable local improvements which have been made in Italy since the annexation. With the large and conclusive question of the financial condition of Italy we shall not attempt to grapple in this paper. It is of course the point on which the enemies of the new order of things fix for a definite proof of failure. The 40,000,000*l.* sterling, however, which Italy has sunk since the revolution in inaugurating her new era may not, after all, be proved to have been wasted; Cavour's liberality may have been the truest economy. National independence, representative government, universal education, a free press, and vastly facilitated intercourse and locomotion, are benefits for which a nation may perhaps not ill afford to pay at the rate of 2*l.* a head, or even (as the account may possibly reach ere the work is done) at that of 3*l.* for every man, woman, and child.

The enormous extension of the army, amounting nominally to 300,000 men, is also a matter beyond our discussion. The "Party of Action" vehemently condemn the measure as intended to produce an instrument of despotic power, and actually usurping an exorbitant share of the revenues of the nation. They affirm that the substitution of volunteers for regular troops would save some millions of revenue, while leaving safe the liberty of the people; and they loudly exclaim against the preponderance of Piedmontese among the officers of higher grade in the army as it exists. With these questions we shall not attempt to deal. Whether there could be found in Italy on any political platform such unanimity as to justify a government in substituting volunteers for a regular army, we shall not attempt to decide. The case is beset with difficulties, which descend down to the removal or appointment of every petty official and postmaster throughout the kingdom. To change all the old *impiegati* would have been to commit (in many cases) injustice, to provoke needless enmity, and to render the practical course of business for a time almost impossible. Yet the maintenance of the old officials in their places, which has been the policy preferred, has often rendered the work of the government doubly difficult, and in more than one instance has notoriously defeated its designs in important crises of events, by intentional delays and misconstructions of orders.

The purpose of this paper having absolved us from any attempt to grapple with these and other political problems now waiting for solution in Italy, we are enabled to conclude with

describing the results of our survey of the consequences of annexation as wholly favourable. A new life has come to the country,—a life which must be seen and felt stirring around us to be perfectly comprehended, but which an Englishman may represent to himself by fancying some such sleepy old city as Bath or Exeter suddenly inspired with the enterprise of Liverpool and the liveliness of Brighton. This life has poured itself into every channel open to it. The Italians have taken to heart the principle, "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" and, without waiting till they can possess Rome and Venice, and do every thing at once, they are working vigorously at every point of progress within their reach. Education on the scale of 21,000 elementary schools, 3000 kilometres of railways, and 12,000 of telegraph, a free press, and an army of 300,000 men,—this is what they have to show for their three years of independence and their 40,000,000*l.* of money.

Sir Boyle Roche, in defending the union with England in the Irish parliament, drew down great ridicule on the cause he advocated by observing, that "*when the day of judgment came*, it would appear how much good the measure had effected for Ireland!" We trust we have shown that the world need not wait quite so long to see "what annexation has done for Italy."

ART. III.—DR. SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by W. Smith, LL.D. In 3 volumes. London: Murray, 1860-1863.

A NEW era of Bible Dictionaries was inaugurated by Winer in his *Biblisches Realwörterbuch*. That indefatigable scholar composed a work full of learning and independent thought, which is still indispensable to the scientific theologian and critical student of Scripture. That it has not been translated into English is probably owing to the liberal views of the writer, which are such as most of the religious sects in this country wish to shut out from their dense atmosphere. We happen to know also that the author himself was indifferent to the proposals occasionally made to him to sanction an English version. Winer's was succeeded by the *Cyclopædia* bearing the name of the late Dr. Kitto as editor—a production embracing a wider range of topics than the Teutonic one, and composed by many scholars. The two goodly volumes surpassed every thing of the kind that had previously appeared, and created a taste for biblical knowledge in quarters where ignorance had prevailed. They soon threw into ob-

curity the five quartos of Calmet and Taylor, besides helping to thrust aside the dictionaries of Robinson and Watson—compilations more theological than biblical, and of little intrinsic merit. A good *theological dictionary* is still a desideratum, and likely to be so, from the divided state of religionists in this country, and the bitterness of their disputes on doctrinal matters; as if creeds were more important than the spirit of devotion. Bad passions find full play in the region of dogma, and religion is crucified by her professing friends. After Kitto's had satisfied the public for several years, another appeared under the superintendence of Dr. W. Smith, whose editorial ability is well known. Marshalling under his banner a large number of writers, almost all clergymen, he published the first volume in 1860, to which two more, completing the book, have been recently added. In most respects the work is superior to the original one of Kitto, certainly to that subsequently edited by Burgess. Whether it be equal to the enlarged one edited by Dr. Alexander is a question we must at present leave undecided, because it is unfair to compare an unfinished with a completed performance. Such dictionaries have their disadvantages as well as their excellencies. It cannot be expected that sixty or seventy writers, independently composing articles which must necessarily touch one another at various points, should always harmonise. All that can be expected is a general agreement. No intelligent editor should bind his workmen to uniformity in results; nor could he possibly do so without correcting and revising their articles—a process to which learned men would never submit, as long as they hold themselves accountable for what they write by affixing their names. If the number of contributors be considerable, diversity of opinion will be proportionately greater, and detract so far from the unity of the work. In the dictionary before us the writers are too many: sixty-eight is an excessive number. The editor has crossed the Atlantic, and imported from the new world the literary offspring of four men of no particular note; he has resorted to Paris for one scholar, has applied to Ireland for two, and obtained one from Scotland. Germany, the land of biblical learning preëminently, is excluded, for a reason which it is not difficult to discover,—a reason unfavourable to the courage of the editor, however creditable to his prudence.

It were best if such a work had one author, who could give the whole the impress of his own mind. It would be hard to find a proper equivalent for absolute uniformity—the uniformity of profound and comprehensive learning in union with critical genius. But where shall the one man be found? Even in Germany it would not be easy to discover him. Yet the thing is not beyond the

reach of probability. One could be got there who might make a Bible Dictionary as comprehensive as the present, if he spent the best years of his life upon it, and were adequately rewarded. When Forbiger himself could write that wonderful dictionary the *Handbuch der alten Geographie*, with its tens of thousands of valuable references, Germans assuredly exist who could produce a like cyclopædia of the Bible. Winer's book is an excellent proof of what can be done by a man of profound learning and determined energy, when he sets himself to the task with the ennobling idea that he will be honourably remembered in after-times. Next to one writer we should prefer a few, not more than ten, each eminent in one or two departments of knowledge. In the present case, one scholar should have been intrusted with the geography of the Bible, another with its botany, another with its zoology, and a fourth with all the subjects embraced in archæology. Biography and history might have been assigned to a fifth. A sixth should have written on the books of the Old Testament; a seventh on those of the New; and an eighth should have had charge of all that is comprehended in *biblical* or *textual* criticism. These are sufficient to compose an excellent Dictionary of the Bible, if they be well-trying authors, who have already shown that they undertake nothing unstudied.

But sixty-eight men competent to produce a large Biblical Dictionary, consisting of upwards of two thousand pages with closely printed double columns, are difficult to find. In Great Britain, where are they? Biblical literature has not advanced here as it has done on the Continent, because it receives little encouragement from noblemen, politicians, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and publishers. The learned days of the Church of England have been: *fruit Ilium*, we had almost applied to her in this connexion. Yet there is a remnant; a few are found, her *decus et tutamen*, whose names will readily occur to the reader. Popular preaching has largely taken the place of what was once thought the Church's strength. By Nonconformity theological learning was never much encouraged; on the contrary, orthodox (so-called) Dissenting denominations are jealous of the men who aspire to learning among them at the present time. Unable to appreciate, they are disposed to suspect them, with an absence of chivalrous generosity tinged with ignorance. Whatever good voluntary churches and systems may effect,—and we are far from denying that they have done much,—they will never promote the growth of learning vigorously. Established churches alone furnish adequate rewards to erudite men. The institution of deaneries, canonries, and prebend-stalls, embodies a wisdom which their frequent abuse has often prevented from being acknowledged.

It is a curious fact that most of the names paraded by the editor are unknown in the department of biblical learning. In itself this is no drawback to the excellence of their contributions, for it is possible that many men competent to discuss biblical topics may be found who have not yet composed books, or appeared as authors before the public. Yet the presumption is in another direction, and is strengthened by a close examination of the work. The impression forces itself upon the mind of one familiar with the subjects, that the contributors sat down to read for their articles, knowing little beforehand of the topics allotted to them; that light gradually dawned upon them as they searched; and that they succeeded in compiling a fair account of their subjects. Generally speaking, they have done respectably. Their scholarship is not of a high order, certainly not of the highest or best. Many of them resemble manufacturers too much for that. We cannot tell the exact character of what they were expected to prepare, or the limits within which they were restricted; but they were probably required to produce a commodity which the public would not repudiate because of any novel or *Germanised* notions. Hence the work, as a whole, is pitched in a common key, whose notes do not grate harshly on the ear. It shocks no time-honoured traditions. It does not run counter to old-fashioned prejudices. Its strong episcopal element insures respectability. The Established Church with its conservative tendencies may claim it for its child, since the lucubrations of bishops, deans, rectors, vicars, prebendaries, and canons grace its pages. Being traditional in tone, it is well adapted to the taste of English theologians, who are reluctant to depart from established opinions. The old-fashioned orthodoxy pervades it. The editor, with a keen eye to success, managed to secure the services of men who, though belonging to a Church from which he dissents, deal tenderly with the prepossessions of the average intellect of English divines. The pecuniary prosperity of the book depends much on this; and a steady sale will be the consequence of it. The timid need not fear, nor the orthodox be alarmed. Their nerves will not be disturbed. The dishes consist of wholesome meat, such as thousands have contentedly fed upon. We confess that we should have preferred to see a stronger love of truth, a more liberal tone of criticism, and a more intelligent grasp of the Bible. The apologetic tone is too prominent, with an underlying commercial purpose. This catering for the market,—we do not like it. Without it, however, the book would not have been undertaken. In the selection of writers, the method followed by the editor reminds us of the *Encyklopädie* of Herzog, to which the three greatest living Hebraists have contri-

buted nothing, not having been asked to write, because the editor, considering them too rationalistic, relied upon what are counted safe and moderate men, such as those of the Tholuck stamp. Had De Wette been alive, he too would have been excluded. In like manner, a few of the best scholars in England do not appear in this dictionary, probably because they are too independent thinkers to be bound by the narrow fetters of a commercial orthodoxy. No Hebraist in the Established Church is equal in knowledge of the old sacred books to Dr. R. Williams; yet his name does not appear as a contributor. To his honour it is absent. Inferior men will do the required work far better.

These remarks prepare the reader for finding that the subjects are not advanced. New light is not thrown upon them. A dictionary, indeed, is scarcely the book in which real progress should be looked for; nor does it seem to have been the writers' aim to forward the interpretation of the Bible. The higher criticism is hardly tried, because their stand-point precludes its use. They appear tolerably acquainted with the topics discussed, and know the books written upon them in English, German, French, and Latin. They have read, reflected, and written, apart from any high ambition to venture upon untrodden paths or dark recesses. Contented to collect and condense available information in their respective departments, they rest in the known and accredited. Such as have to amass and abridge the knowledge already before the public, have usually work enough in presenting that knowledge perspicuously, so that little thought may be required to apprehend it. The public taste inclines towards easy reading; the recondite repels it. We can hardly blame the contributors for shedding so little light on their topics. It was not expected of them, and few can do it. Nor is such a work the place for new views to appear in, because a man must have space and freedom to work out his conclusions through processes often remote from common apprehension: besides, the recognised starting-point of the writers is one of supposed safety, which is unfriendly to decided improvement. Progress in biblical matters is often associated with the idea of danger; and neither editor nor publisher is the man to imperil an iota of the established faith. Yet, though there is no perceptible advance in their treatment of questions, the contributors, with some exceptions, hardly belong to the narrowest type of so-called orthodoxy. They are moderately orthodox, reflecting a somewhat intelligent form of that creed. The position of Keil in the Old Testament, and of Alford in the New, nearly illustrates theirs—an apologetic plenary-inspiration one. Some of them, indeed, find it impossible to

maintain it. Consciously or unconsciously, one and another fall out of the stereotyped groove, and attribute mistakes to the sacred writers. This heretical aberration, however, as many would call it, is by no means a prominent thing; it peeps out modestly amid a mass of matter bearing a different tendency, as if it were afraid to show its head. With harmless visage, it looks as though it were almost ashamed to be seen in strange companionship. Thus the writer of 'The Books of Samuel' admits that there are two different accounts of Saul's first acquaintance with David; and yet "the editor did not let his mind work upon these two different accounts so far as to make him interpose his own opinion as to which of the conflicting accounts was correct, or even to point out to the reader that the two accounts were apparently contradictory." The same contributor says that the song of Hannah (1 Sam. ii. 1-10) "is certainly more appropriate to the victory of David over Goliath than to Hannah's having given birth to a child, under the circumstances detailed in the first chapter of Samuel."

In 'Genesis' we meet with this language: "It is certain that the author of the first chapter of Genesis knew nothing of geology or astronomy. It is certain that he made use of phraseology concerning physical facts in accordance with the limited range of information which he possessed."

"It is in the story of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and not in any occurrence in the life of our Lord or of the apostles, that we must look for a parallel to the last recorded miracle of Elisha."

"The writer of Chronicles, having the books of Kings before him, and to a great extent making those books the basis of his own, *but also having his own personal views, predilections, and motives in writing*, writing for a different age, and for people under very different circumstances; and, moreover, having before him the original authorities from which the books of Kings were compiled, as well as some others, naturally rearranged the older narrative as suited his purpose and *his tastes*; gave in full passages which the other had abridged, inserted what had been wholly omitted, omitted some things which the other had inserted, including every thing relating to the kingdom of Israel, and *showed the colour of his own mind*, not only in the nature of the passages which he selected from the ancient documents, but in the reflections which he frequently adds upon the events which he relates, and *possibly also in the turn given to some of the speeches which he records*."

Yet Balaam's ass still speaks Hebrew, even in the second edition of the first volume; the contributor remarking, in his simplicity, that "it pleased God thus to interfere on behalf of

his elect people;" the ravens feed Elijah with bread and flesh by God's *command*; and Samson's exploits are taken literally as the putting forth of "supernatural power," with which the Spirit of the Lord endowed him; the history, too, having a "distinctly supernatural element that cannot be explained away."

Not only do the contributors generally fail to advance their subjects; they are often behind the present state of critical knowledge. In the interpretation of the Bible some conclusions are well established. We do not think, as Ewald does, that all questions respecting the books of the Bible commonly discussed in 'Introductions,' are settled; yet most of them are. For example: criticism has fully and for ever proved that a very small part of the Pentateuch was written by Moses himself; that the first four books appeared in their present form long after the great legislator, and that the fifth was still later. Two documents *at least* have entered into the composition of the Pentateuch, both written subsequently to Moses, and at different times.

It is also a settled conclusion of criticism, that the book bearing Daniel's name was a product of the Maccabean period; that the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah were written at the time of the Babylonish captivity; that Ecclesiastes is a very late book, not the composition of Solomon; that the work called after Jonah is not a record of historical facts; that the book of Job was written posterior to the age of Solomon, the speeches of Elihu belonging to a different poet; and that Zechariah, chapters ix.-xiv., were prior in date to the rest of the book. On comparing the corresponding parts of the Dictionary, we find these conclusions contradicted, ignored, or not admitted. Yet the editor says in his preface that the work embodies "the results of the most recent researches and discoveries, being founded on a fresh examination of the original documents," and that "the latest investigations of the best scholars" are presented. If his readers believe so, they will be grievously disappointed; for in respect to all the books and portions we have indicated, the Dictionary is behind the day. The accounts given of the separate books of the Pentateuch, and the general article 'Pentateuch' itself, are singularly confused and erroneous. The writer might have learned something since his 'Genesis,' 'Exodus,' and 'Deuteronomy,' were published in 1860. If he did not wish to learn from the Germans, he might have seen how two English critics handle the Pentateuch, Davidson and Colenso, each differently from the other, but both with results substantially impregnable. It does not appear that he has attended to either, else he would have hesitated before making rash assertions, which no real scholar would

hazard. It is curious to see how he involves himself in absurdities by following Delitzsch and Kurtz to a certain extent; scholars who, whatever their excellencies, have done nothing for the criticism of the Pentateuch. Delitzsch has clearly led him astray. It is a baseless opinion that the Elohist and Jehovistic documents are "in the main as old as Moses's time; the Elohist certainly is, and perhaps older;" that "the Pentateuch is to a very considerable extent as early as the time of Moses," and that it was revised and added to by Ezra and Nehemiah. In short, all the results briefly stated by the writer are incorrect, except the fourth. Here they are:

1. The book of Genesis rests chiefly on documents much earlier than the time of Moses, though it was probably brought to very nearly its present shape either by Moses himself, or by one of the elders who acted under him.

2. The books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers are to a great extent Mosaic. Besides those portions which are expressly declared to have been written by him, other portions, and especially the legal sections, were, if not actually written, in all probability dictated by him.

3. Deuteronomy, except the concluding part, is entirely the work of Moses, as it professes to be.

4. It is not probable that this was written before the three preceding books, because the legislation in Exodus and Leviticus, as being the more formal is manifestly the earlier, whilst Deuteronomy is the spiritual interpretation and application of the law. But the latter is always before the spirit; the thing before its interpretation.

5. The first composition of the Pentateuch as a whole could not have taken place till after the Israelites entered Canaan. It is probable that Joshua, and the elders who were associated with him, would provide for its formal arrangement, custody, and transmission.

6. The whole work did not finally assume its present shape till its revision was undertaken by Ezra, after the return from the Babylonish captivity."

After gravely propounding these propositions at the end of the year 1863, the critic appropriately mentions among commentaries on the whole or parts of the Pentateuch, *Graves's Lectures*, and *M'Caul on the Mosaic Cosmogony*! Better not to admit two documents than adduce the monstrous hypothesis, that the book of Genesis was brought very nearly to its present state either by Moses himself or by one of the elders under him. The following language respecting Deuteronomy is in the *ad captandum* style:

"The book speaks for itself. No imitator could have written in such a strain. We scarcely need the express testimony of the work to its own authorship. But having it, we find all the internal evidence conspiring to show that it came from Moses. Those magnificent discourses, the grand roll of which can be heard and felt even in a trans-

lation, came warm from the heart and fresh from the lips of Israel's lawgiver. They are the outpourings of a solicitude which is nothing less than parental. It is the father uttering his dying advice to his children, no less than the prophet counselling and admonishing his people. What book can vie with it either in majesty or in tenderness? What words ever bore more surely the stamp of genuineness? If Deuteronomy be only the production of some timorous reformer, who, conscious of his own weakness, tried to borrow dignity and weight from the name of Moses, then assuredly all arguments drawn from internal evidence for the composition of any work are utterly useless. We can never tell whether an author is wearing the mask of another, or whether it is he himself who speaks to us."

So fervid a writer may well contradict himself in the same article, as he does in stating Hupfeld's view.

The article 'Leviticus' is made up to a great extent of extracts from Bertheau's *Die sieben Gruppen des Mos. Rechts*, which serve no other purpose than to occupy space unnecessarily, since the treatise of the Göttingen professor is only an ingenious tissue of conjectures without a basis.

A like dulness of perception respecting the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah characterises the writer of the article 'Isaiah.' Indeed, he is even inferior to the Pentateuch contributor in perspicacity and candour. When we find him vindicating the authenticity of the Deutero-Isaiah on internal grounds, by "the unity of design and construction which connects them with the preceding parts of the book; the oneness of diction which pervades the whole book, &c.," it is useless to look farther into his lucubrations. No mastery of Hebrew is needed to see that the diction of the Deutero-Isaiah is dissimilar to that of his great predecessor. The prophet Isaiah, and the book that bears his name, have fallen into incompetent hands. The same may be said of 'Job,' whose book is wrongly dated, and otherwise misapprehended. Yet the editor states, that the articles on the separate books of Scripture "are naturally *some of the most important* in the work, and occupy considerable space, as will be seen by referring to Genesis, Isaiah, and Job." Assuredly the articles on the books of Scripture, especially those singled out in the preface, are defective, erroneous, and inadequately compiled. The editor's judgment is grievously at fault in this instance. On the book of Zechariah the contributor states with tolerable fairness the leading arguments for and against its integrity. But he concludes thus: "It is not easy to say which way the weight of evidence preponderates." Strange conclusion this! What influenced the contributor to rest in a negative result, when the case is so clear? The name of Stähelin apparently, whose arguments he gives at length as "the ablest and most complete" on the integrity-side of the question. But they are worth little, his scho-

larship and ability being defective. Though his Introduction to the Old Testament be the latest in Germany, it is not the best. Ewald declined to recommend the Ms. for publication. It is strange to see an article so unsatisfactory and wavering as that on Ecclesiastes. Even Hengstenberg and Keil have abandoned the Solomonic authorship of the book. Why, then, should conservative England refuse to follow these orthodox critics? Nothing is more certain than that the book is posterior to the year 400 B.C. The times in which it was written were gloomy to the Jews, who were then under Persian or Grecian power. The prophet Ezekiel fares little better than Isaiah. Surely the writer might have succinctly stated his own view of the concluding part respecting the temple, with the reasons for holding it, instead of transcribing the clumsy list of opinions which Fairbairn has given in his commentary. In relation to Jeremiah, the difficult question of the differences between the Septuagint version of the prophet and the Masoretic text is not discussed. Doubtless it would have been, had the writer possessed the ability to do it. He is below his theme.

The book of Psalms has not obtained justice at the hands of the contributor, who is a bold, rash, self-sufficient critic, settling a grave question in the following fashion: "We must simply avow our conviction, founded on thorough examination, that the superscriptions are, when rightly interpreted, fully trustworthy, and that every separate objection that has been made to the correctness of any one of them can be fairly met." Consistently with such strong language we are informed: "If now in the times posterior to those of David the Levite choirs prefixed to the psalms which they composed the names of Asaph, Heman, and Ethan, out of a feeling of veneration for their memories, how much more might the name of David be prefixed to the utterances of those who were not merely his descendants, but also the representatives for the time being, and so in some sort the pledges, of the perpetual royalty of his lineage!" The absurdity of this needs not to be pointed out. Regarding the imprecations it is merely said, "Such imprecations are levelled at transgressors as a body, and are uniformly uttered on the hypothesis of their wilful persistence in evil, in which case the overthrow of the sinner becomes a necessary part of the uprooting of sin." A glance at the 109th psalm refutes the assertion of its imprecations being levelled at transgressors as a body. The writer is equally incorrect in affirming that the psalmists, who were types of Christ, were charged by the Holy Spirit to set forth beforehand, in Christ's name and person, the sufferings that awaited him. The idea of a suffering Messiah was repugnant to the Jewish mind, and never appears in the Hebrew Scriptures.

We need not particularly refer to other books of the Old Testament for the purpose of showing how indifferently they are treated. The minor prophets generally fare little better than Isaiah and Ezekiel. Thus the date of Nahum's prophecy is too early by a century. Here, however, the compiler of the article has the name of Bleek on his side.

Before leaving the Old Testament, we should refer to the article 'Messiah,' from which none would derive a correct notion of the gradual development of the *Messianic idea*. The origin and growth of the idea should have been distinctly traced, with its varying phases at different times and in different prophets. The contributor has no philosophical or critical apprehension of the forms through which the idea passed; on the contrary, he falls into the common mistake of taking Shiloh for an appellation of Messiah.

If established results in the criticism of the Old Testament books are ignored and contradicted, they are equally so in those of the New. Thus it is well ascertained that Matthew wrote his gospel, or rather the *τὰ λόγια*, in Aramaean. The present Greek gospel is not so much a translation of the *λόγια* as a work founded upon them. The four gospels passed through one or more stages of *rédaction*. Since Strauss published his *Leben Jesu*, and the Tübingen school examined the New Testament records, this is admitted by every true critic. In like manner, it is a settled principle that the fourth gospel and Apocalypse did not proceed from the same John. That the second epistle of Peter was not written by the apostle is also admitted. In the work before us these conclusions are either opposed or unaccepted. What can be thought of a writer who concludes his summary of the arguments for and against a Hebrew original of Matthew's gospel with the following conjecture: "May not the truth be that Papias, knowing of more than one Aramaic gospel in use among the Judaic sects, may have assumed the existence of a Hebrew original from which these were supposed to be taken, and knowing also the genuine Greek gospel, may have looked on all these, in the loose uncritical way which earned for him Eusebius's description, as the various 'interpretations' to which he alludes?" De Wette is incorrectly quoted for a Greek original. Those who have written on the gospels of Mark, Luke, and John are equally perfunctory with him who contributed 'Matthew.' None has a proper insight into the internal structure of the gospels, or is cognisant of the grave difficulties with which they are beset. This is most conspicuous in the case of the fourth gospel, the authenticity of which can scarcely be looked upon as established. Sufficient space and prominence should have been devoted to it. On the contrary, the compiler, after a few lines respecting Lützelberger, proceeds

to say : " Still more recently the objections of Baur to St. John's gospel have been answered by Ebrard, *Das Evangelium Johannis &c.*, Zurich, 1845." Here Ebrard is elevated to a position which would excite a smile in Germany. The contributor of the general article 'Gospels' takes a remarkably superficial view of the questions involved in his subject. He has the hardihood to assert that "*from the first* the four gospels were recognised as genuine and as inspired ; that a sharp line of distinction was drawn between them and the so-called apocryphal gospels, of which the number was very great ;" that the only satisfactory explanation of the facts omitted by John in his gospel which the other three record is, that the apostle, writing last, " had seen the other gospels, and purposely abstained from writing anew what they had sufficiently recorded."

The book of Revelation, as well as the fourth gospel, is assigned to the apostle John, contrary to the most conclusive evidence. The writer of the article 'Revelation' does not understand the scope, object, interpretation, or date of the book, but contents himself with a number of vague assertions which are utterly worthless. The only glimpse we get of the contributor's sentiments respecting the exposition of the book is from these words : " A better suggestion is made, or rather is revived, by Dr. Arnold in his sermons *On the Interpretations of Prophecy* : that we should bear in mind that predictions have a lower historical sense ; that there may be one or more than one typical, imperfect, historical fulfilment of a prophecy, in each of which the higher spiritual fulfilment is shadowed forth more or less distinctly." In such cloudiness is the subject left.

Nor can the treatment of the Epistles be called masterly. Rather is it of the superficial order. It is said of Baur on the Epistle to the Philippians : " Even if his inference were a fair consequence from Baur's premisses, it would still be neutralised by the strong evidence in favour of Pauline authorship which Paley, *Horæ Paulinæ*, ch. vii., has drawn from the epistle as it stands. The arguments of the Tübingen school are briefly stated in Reuss, *Gesch. N. T.* §§ 130-133, and at greater length in Wiesinger's *Commentary*. Most persons who read them will be disposed to concur in the opinion of Dean Alford, who regards them as an instance of the insanity of hyper-criticism." We do not envy the temper or taste of a dean who deliberately pens this language, nor of the clergyman who appropriates it. Whatever may be thought of the conclusions arrived at by F. C. Baur on some of the epistles, his critical talents were of a very high order. He has left a permanent stamp on the theological literature of the age.

We have thus found the work very defective in the department of 'Introduction.' It is behind the state of critical

science. The contributors show no great aptitude for the task they have undertaken. Their critical talents are feeble, and their knowledge of the subjects imperfect. Better to have omitted this important branch altogether than to have executed it so badly. It is a wide and difficult one, not to be attempted by tyros. A superficial acquaintance with its numerous topics may be gathered up for a special occasion; but the want of mastery over it will unavoidably appear. The contributors are learners of lessons, who began to write before they had learned them well. Hence they stumble and fall. When hazarding a conjecture of their own they are unfortunate. Thus one supposes that the closing chapter of 2 Chronicles and the first of Ezra were written by Daniel at Babylon; another conjectures that Jeremiah compiled the books of Kings. Critics of very moderate ability would not propound such crudities. Yet the men are not free from a dogmatism of their own,—the dogmatism of half-knowledge. They can even speak against the teachers from whom they get almost all their information, especially if the latter happen to be Germans; and can contradict without scruple even when the contradiction betrays their own dulness.

Before leaving the kind of articles on which we have been animadverting, it may be desirable to notice a few which are cognate to them, presenting considerable difficulty to the inquirer, but important in themselves. Under the word *Deluge*, there is a simple reference to *Noah*; under *Flood*, the same. Thus attention is carried forward to the name *Noah*, where a discussion of the Deluge is expected. And with great disappointment have we perused it. The difficulties of the subject are either evaded or wrongly solved. The wrong derivation assigned to the name *Noah* in Genesis (v. 29) is covered over with the absurd remark, that *Lamech plays upon* the name, and therefore that we must not try to make a philologist of him. In the next place, the phrase "sons of God," in relation to "the daughters of men," is thought to mean "the descendants of Seth," in contrast to the women of the family of Cain; whereas "the sons of God" is an expression which can only denote *angels*. The gigantic offspring of this unnatural intercourse is also partially explained away by the incorrect remark, that the word *nephilim* contains in itself nothing to justify the sense of *giants*. Of course not a hint is given of the account being mythological. All is treated as plain literal history. After the same fashion the ark and its dimensions, the various animals brought into it, and the other arrangements, are viewed. But the writer limits the animals to a particular locality, and adopts the hypothesis of a partial deluge. How, then, does he explain the very strong language employed in the narrative respecting the flood's *uni-*

versality,—"all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered"? By matching it with similar phraseology in other Scriptures, and giving it a kind of "poetic breadth." This sounds plausibly. Yet the crucial point remains. The ark rested on Ararat, which is 17,000 feet high, and the waters prevailed 15 cubits upward. Surely this implies that the whole earth was submerged, as the sacred writer unmistakably asserts. Here the contributor wriggles and fails. "There is no necessity," says he, "for assuming that the ark stranded on the high peaks of the mountain now called Ararat, or even that that mountain was visible. A lower mountain range, such as the Zagros range, for instance, may be intended. And in the absence of all geographical certainty in the matter, it is better to adopt some such explanation of the difficulty. Indeed, it is out of the question to imagine that the ark rested on the top of a mountain which is covered for 4000 feet from the summit with perpetual snow, and the descent from which would have been a very serious matter both to men and other animals." It appears, therefore, that the waters may not have been 15 cubits above Ararat proper, and that the latter may *not* have been the mountain range intended, both statements being in opposition to the meaning of the sacred writer. Is the conclusion at which the contributor arrives a denial that the words of the divine record mean what they seem to say? Is that his solution of the difficulty? So it appears. An unfavourable verdict is virtually pronounced upon the narrator of the flood. The 'mountains of Ararat' may not mean the highest mountains in the region, but the lowest; in other words, *its hills*. The context is against such shifts. Analogy is against it, since the Indian tradition selected the Himalayas. In like manner, Jerome is against it, who says that the ark was conveyed to the *highest mountains of Taurus*. A definite peak or peaks is not pointed out by the sacred writer; but a very high mountain range or cone is unquestionably intended. Dr. Eli Smith, the celebrated American missionary who visited the district, believes that the highest peak, or isolated cone Masis, is the mount meant by the writer, and that it agrees best with Genesis ii. 2. Truly our orthodox interpreters play such tricks with the text of the Bible before high heaven as are enough to make angels weep. Liberal theologians have greater reverence for its words. The narrative respecting Noah and the Flood is mythical, not historical. Viewed as simple history the difficulties are insuperable, the absurdities apparent.

Another subject requiring the hand of a master is that of quotations from the Old Testament in the New. Ever since Collins published his *Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion*, the delicacy of the topic has been felt. In the work

before us the space devoted to it is little more than two pages. Accordingly the discussion is meagre and unsatisfactory. Inherent difficulties are scarcely touched. The writer has even little perception of them. He is neither philosopher nor critic. What judgment can be passed upon an interpreter of the Bible who writes: "Should any be disposed on other grounds to view the quotation [Matthew ii. 18] from Jerem. xxxi. 15 merely as an adornment of the narrative, let them first consider whether the Evangelist, who was occupied with the history of Christ, would be likely formally to introduce a passage from the Old Testament merely as an illustration of maternal grief"? We are not surprised that he adopts Hengstenberg's erroneous solution of the name Jeremiah in Matthew xxvii. 9, adding to it the case of Mark i. 2, 3, which is *not* similar, though Lee, whom he follows, ventures to say so. The contributor is an unconscious follower of Cocceius, closing his disappointing remarks with the vague words: "It is only when we pay regard to the inner purpose for which each separate quotation was made, and the inner significance to the writer's mind of the passage quoted, that we can arrive at any true solution of the difficulties which the phenomena of these quotations frequently present."

Under the word 'Prophet' we find an article of considerable length and pretensions, composed without mastery of the theme. The contributor is overpowered by its magnitude, and sinks. Not consciously indeed, for his self-sufficiency is considerable. The main point in Old-Testament prophecy which English theologians have to learn is, that the prophets did not predict definite future events in the distance, and that their predictions sometimes failed of accomplishment. The contributor denies these propositions, but does not prove them incorrect. Nor could he. It is a hazardous assertion that "the prophets foretold the incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the redemption effected by him," betraying a total misapprehension of the general current of Messianic prophecy in the Old Testament. None of the ancient Jewish seers thought of Messiah as *God*; nor did they conceive of him as a *suffering* king. Both notions were repugnant to the Jewish mind. It is therefore incorrect to affirm that the "atoning work of the Messiah" is drawn out in Isaiah lii. 13-15, and liii. And nothing can be farther from the truth than what follows: "By the time of Hezekiah, therefore, the portrait of the Θεάνθρωπος—at once king, priest, prophet, and redeemer—was drawn in all its essential features." Such language prepares us for finding that Shiloh, in Genesis xlix. 10, is attributed to Messiah; that Hosea was not the author of the prophecy (xi. 1), but the Holy Spirit, who intended something further than the writer, viz. what he informs us by the evangelist St. Matthew. The con-

tributor has no right understanding of what the prophets wrote, but has recourse to typical senses, spiritual significations, and, virtually, to *two* authors. Yet he tilts against Prof. Jowett, and misrepresents the view of prophecy given by Dr. Davidson in identifying it with Eichhorn's; whereas the latter expressly condemns the Göttingen professor's theory. The whole essay is a feeble attempt to delineate the nature, structure, and progress of prophecy. In giving the literature of it, Ewald's masterly sketch, with that of Bleek, less imaginative but more instructive, is ignored, as though the contributor had seen neither.

In relation to the Apocryphal books, the articles are carefully drawn up. With occasional mistakes, they are generally useful and condensed summaries. Not remarkable for excellence, they never fall below mediocrity. The contributor has an objective mind, and marshals his facts in good order; but does not enter profoundly into his subjects. Thus he has also given a careful digest of the external history of the New Testament canon, and an inferior one of the Old Testament canon; but the internal history, so to speak, of the books themselves, the principles which occasioned the selection of some to the exclusion of others, and the difficulties belonging to the subject, he has not discussed. This is particularly observable at the paragraph where he speaks of the close of the Old Testament canon. The name of Simon the Just, so often associated with that fact, is not once mentioned; nor is any attempt made to show when the last book was added to the collection, or what it was. Much obscurity, it is true, hangs over these points; but critical conjecture of a rational kind has been applied to them with success; and more can be elicited than is contained in the article. Why was the book of Daniel put among the Hagiographa, and the books of Wisdom and Sirach excluded? Why was Esther placed in the canon, and third Esdras not? We doubt whether the cessation of the prophetic gift after Malachi "pointed out the necessity and defined the limits of the collection;" for did not the author of the book of Daniel possess prophetic inspiration?

The biographical articles are far superior in excellence to those on the sacred books. Many are well written, complete in themselves, and admirably suited both in compass and selection of materials to a work of the kind. Thus 'Moses,' 'David,' and 'Samuel' are excellent. 'Elijah' and 'Elisha' are also good specimens of biography. But there is a marked inequality in articles of this order. The long summary of Solomon's life and actions is inferior. Others show a moderate degree of excellence. The lives of the prophets generally are not written as well as they should be.

The historical and chronological articles possess varied merit. Some, though long and elaborate, contain so many theories and crotchets that they require to be examined with care and accepted with great caution. This is especially true of the article 'Chronology,' which is peculiar, and by no means easily read. The same remark applies to 'Shishak,' an article occupying eight pages. The word 'Egypt,' by the same contributor, partakes of a like idiosyncrasy, but is less pedantic and more instructive, meriting the place it occupies. 'Chaldea,' 'Assyria,' 'Phenicia,' &c., are written with a fair knowledge of the subjects. In this department there is little to complain of. Had all the contributors, done as well, the Dictionary would take a higher rank, commending itself to critical scholars as well as to students.

In the wide range of subjects included in Archæology or Antiquities, it is impossible to speak favourably of the treatment which the majority receive. Many of the Jewish feasts and rites are neither accurately nor fully described. In 'Passover' the contributor has not apprehended the difficulties connected with its institution, as described in the Pentateuch; or if he has, they are touched upon in a manner fitted to mislead. His philosophy has not penetrated below the surface. The same remarks apply to the 'Feast of Tabernacles' and its writer. 'Tabernacle' is curiously treated, the contributor throwing in at the end of it an answer to objections relative to the origin of the structure. Classing Colenso with Von Bohlen and Vake, he dismisses their scepticism by the help of a few general statements. Some questions cannot be solved in that fashion; and that of 'Tabernacle' is one of them. A learned Jew should have written on such subjects, not Christian theologians. But various topics belonging to this head are correctly and lucidly explained, as is exemplified by 'Ornaments, personal,' 'Medicine,' and others.

What belongs to textual criticism is commonly well described. The article 'Vulgate' stands out as very elaborate and minute. It is too long for the work, and contains many things which should have been omitted. A reader is struck with the idea that the contributor laboured long over his task, wishing to say every thing that could be said, useful or otherwise, and to display both an extent of reading and a minuteness of reference which should attract attention. Did he never think that he was transgressing all reasonable limits? His article is far superior to that on the Septuagint, which cannot be commended as worthy of the most ancient version. The writer of the latter is not a good critic; neither is his knowledge of the LXX. profound. Thus he would correct the Hebrew text of Psalm xxii. 17 by the *ὁρμα* of the Greek, whereas it is correct as it stands, and the Greek itself wrong.

The Hebrew word *לִיֹּן* means, as a lion, and nothing else. In like manner he would change the *לִיֹּן* of the received text (Psalm xvi.) into the singular *לִיֹּן* because of the *τὸν σῶν σου* of the LXX., contrary to sound principles of criticism. A version so important as that of the LXX. should have had a better scholar to write upon it. The Samaritan Pentateuch is described by an erudite man who is fully master of his subject. The same remark applies to the Targums. The history of the texts of the Old and New Testaments is fairly given, but irrelevant matter is drawn into the latter branch of the subject which might have been curtailed with advantage. We demur to several opinions expressed by both writers, who have apparent partialities and prejudices; but their articles are commonly correct, and contain the chief points necessary to be noticed.

The geographical articles are usually excellent. Many of them are specimens of accurate and almost exhaustive scholarship. A few are of great length, as 'Palestine,' the 'Salt Sea,' both marked with the letter *G*, indicating a writer whose contributions are uniformly good. The two just mentioned are masterly. We are less pleased with the excessively lengthy one 'Wilderness of the Wandering,' because it has too much extraneous matter, and contains peculiarities confined to the writer himself. With regard to 'Kadesh,' he throws little light upon the sojourn of the Israelites there, because he indulges in conjectures about *the region* as distinguished from *the city*, assuming that they came "twice to Kadesh the region, if the city Kadesh lay in it, but once only to Kadesh the region, if the city lay without it." It is curious to speak of *the city* Kadesh as possibly lying without *the region* Kadesh. Nor is it probable that the greater part of thirty-eight years was passed in Kadesh the region, as the writer conjectures. The texts in Exodus and Numbers relating to Kadesh and other stations connected with the Israelites' march are confused and corrupt. The first thing, therefore, is to attempt their restoration, with the view of showing that the Israelites were but once in the district or city so named. The infallibility of the record is the basis on which the contributor appears to rest. The difficulty of reconciling the two itineraries in Exodus and Numbers is not removed. Yet the geographical articles, with a few exceptions, are the best in the Dictionary. The contributors are well acquainted with their subjects, know the most recent researches, and make use of them to good purpose. The article 'Tyre' is an excellent specimen, not too long, but exhaustive of every thing essential to be known. And it is remarkable for the assertion of the post-Isaiah date of Isaiah lx. &c., in accordance with the opinion of the best biblical critics, as well as for the correct statement that the book of Job was written later than Isaiah. In both

these instances the editor has interposed notes which do him little credit. He thinks it necessary to say that there are strong reasons for assigning an earlier date to the book of Job, and that the writer of the article 'Isaiah' in the Dictionary maintains the unity of the book bearing the prophet's name. The author of 'Job' is a blundering contributor, whose opinion is worth nothing on such a point: and the date he assigns to the book is too early. As criticism has disproved the unity of the book of Isaiah, the editor should have refrained from meddling.

The article on 'Jerusalem' is of great length, and admirably written. It is one of those exhaustive treatises which stamp the Dictionary with a peculiar value on geographical and cognate topics. Where the whole department is good, it is useless to particularise.

The province of natural history is largely indebted to one writer for its excellence. Here a uniform mastery of the subject is shown. In turning to the article 'Hare,' we find all the statements correct. The contributor says:

"The hare is reckoned among the unclean animals (Levit. xi. 6; Deut. xiv. 7) on the ground that it chews the cud. But ruminating animals have four stomachs, molar teeth, and a peculiarly formed jaw-bone, adapted for the circular movement of chewing the cud. The hare possesses none of these characteristics; and on the other hand it has incisor teeth in its upper jaw, which the ruminant class has not. The mistake arose from a peculiar movement of the mouth in the hare, not unlike that of an animal chewing the cud."

A good example of the manner in which the articles belonging to the department of natural history are written is 'Behemoth,' where the writer properly identifies it with the hippopotamus.

In relation to the ant, the same contributor says:

"Does the Scripture assert that any species of ant stores up food for future use? It cannot, we think, be maintained that the words of Solomon, in the only two passages where mention of this insect is made, necessarily teach this doctrine; but at the same time it must be allowed that the language used, and more especially the context of the passage in Prov. xxx. 25, do seem to *imply* that such an opinion was held with respect to the economy of the insect."

From the preceding survey of the Dictionary it will be seen that it is of unequal merit in different departments. In all that belongs to Introduction it is behind the day, defective, and sometimes erroneous. The departments of biography and history do not possess superior merit throughout, though separate articles are often excellent. With respect to archæology it is deficient. The articles here are not all reliable. In biblical or textual criticism the work is commonly abreast of the present state of the science. In geography and natural history

the articles are uniformly good, often marked by great ability, accuracy, and comprehensiveness. In reading these last, one is tempted to exclaim, *si sic omnia!*

The book as a whole is not free from serious blemishes. It contains more subjects than the title warrants us to expect. The title runs thus: "A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History." Here is no room for an account of the separate books of the Bible. The editor states, however, in the preface, that "it has seemed necessary to give a full account of the book, both as a whole and in its separate parts." Accordingly a large and important element in what is termed 'Introduction' has been drawn into the work, in addition to the subjects specified in the title-page. Both editor and contributors adventure into a region where they are not at home. They start from a stand-point which they deemed safe for the day and the country, without caring to follow biblical criticism in all its ascertained results, or even knowing what has been gained of late in the field of tradition.

Again, the Dictionary embraces irrelevant articles, besides contributions of supererogation, which should not have appeared. The editor tells us in the preface that it is a Dictionary of the *Bible*, not of *theology*; that it is not intended to explain systems of theology, or discuss points of controversial divinity. Yet it does discuss such points. A number of articles are given which involve their discussion. Thus there is 'Holy Spirit,' 'Son of God,' 'Son of Man,' 'Antichrist,'—in which last it is gravely stated that "the unfaithful church spoken of" in Revelation xvii. is the Church of Rome,—'Mary the Virgin,' 'Miracles,' &c. &c. In these contributions very debatable ground is entered upon at considerable length. 'Satan' belongs to the same category, the writer waxing so bold towards the very commencement as to say, "It would be a waste of time to prove, that, in various degrees of clearness, the personal existence of a Spirit of Evil is revealed again and again in Scripture." In 'James, Epistle of,' there is a formal discussion of justification by faith, and justification by works; and an attempt made to reconcile Paul and James on the subject, which is an utter failure. The writer repeats, what has been long since exploded, that St. James speaks of *fides informis*, St. Paul of *fides formata*, and refers to Bishop Bull. Paul and James refer to one faith, and cannot be harmonised. 'Saviour' is full of controversial divinity. In 'Demoniacs,' which is a most controverted subject, and in certain sections of the Church necessary to be accepted according to one sense, the writer argues against other views with the object of establishing the literal interpretation of such passages as speak of demons. "There are," says he, "evil

spirits, subjects of the Evil One, who, in the days of the Lord himself and his apostles especially, were permitted by God to exercise a direct influence over the souls and bodies of certain men." The long article on 'Miracles' traverses the most controverted topic connected with the Bible at the present day. Though it is written by a thoughtful prelate, one cannot but see that he is far from satisfied with the common belief, and is scarcely fixed in his opinion of the credibility of miracles. Whatever the editor may say, the fact is unquestionable that he has allowed poaching on the very ground whence his preface would intimate that it has been excluded. Points of controversial divinity are touched again and again. Entire articles discuss them. So far, the Dictionary is a sectarian book. What else could it be, coming as it does from numerous Episcopalian theologians supposed to have given their *assent* and *consent* to the Athanasian and other creeds?

Besides, not only are there irrelevant articles, there is abundance of irrelevant matter in many. The vicious practice of introducing notes to any extent, mars the appearance of the pages. It serves besides as a medium for nibbling and petty criticisms, for personal matters, for contradictions of other writers, tedious minutiae, and the display of an erudition showing nothing but industry. Assuredly the book would have been better without notes, especially such as extend to a great length, containing personalities or invectives. The 'Samaritan Pentateuch' is largely accompanied with matters which serve for display more than for use. The same remark applies to 'Targums.' In the article on 'Ancient Greek Versions' the writer indulges in a gratuitous attack on Dr. W. L. Alexander, for which he sends his readers to a note. The notes on Peter and his epistles are disfigured by a series of sharp remarks on critics whom the writer brands as sceptics, and are pervaded by a bad spirit; a remark which applies to 'Prophet.' If irrelevant matters and personalities had been confined to the notes, we should not have much complained. But they are not. They have intruded into the very body of the writing with unwelcome faces. Thus in the description of ancient Syriac versions, there is a long statement about a plan proposed by one Canon Rogers, followed by remarks about Canon Cureton, which occupies space very needlessly. The writer should not fill an ordinary octavo page or more with talking about a departed friend and his proposal. Soon after we are treated to nearly a page of self vindication and glorification. The contributor seems to be a loose, gossiping, self-sufficient individual, having a pugnacious spirit not cast in the best christian mould. Of nibbling criticism accompanied with self-sufficiency we meet with specimens in the article 'Selah,' 'The

Book of Proverbs,' 'Tammuz,' and others. The compiler says of Fürst that he is a lexicographer who cannot be contented to confess his ignorance of what is unknown; of Roediger, in the very next sentence, that his etymology of תַּמְזֻז is unsound, being evidently contrived to connect the name Tammuz with the general tradition respecting it. Speaking of Gesenius, Ewald, and Fürst, we read, "while etymologists have recourse to such shifts as these, it can scarcely be expected that the true meaning of the word will be evolved by their investigations." Of Davidson's explanation of Selah we are told, it is "mere conjecture based on an etymology which, in any other language than Hebrew, would at once be rejected as unsound." The true scholar is known by his modesty. The same contributor indulges in a little idle display under "Mines, Mining," where, in ignorance of the right explanation of the process by which the golden calf was reduced to powder, he repeats the absurd hypothesis of Goguet or Stahl, and then loses himself in vague language with a quotation from Kalisch.

Still farther, a strong tendency is observable to overload the articles with references; a feature which spoils continuous easy reading, and is all but useless. And many of the references are incorrect. An example of what we mean is furnished by the article 'Divination,' whence we extract the following short paragraph:

"תַּמְזֻז, Mic. v. 12; 2 Kings xxi. 6; *observans somnia*; A. V. 'an observer of times;' κληδονιζόμενος (always in LXX., except in Levit. xix. 26, where probably they followed a different reading, from תַּמְזֻז a bird, ὀρνιθοσκοπεῖν) = ὁ ἐκ τῶν λαλουμένων στοχαζόμενος, *Lex. Cyr.*; ἀπὸ ἀκοῆς, *Hesych.* It is derived from תַּמַּץ, to cover, and may mean generally 'using hidden arts' (Is. ii. 6; Jerem. xxvii. 9). If the LXX. understand it correctly, it refers to that λόγων παρατήρησις (Suid.), which was common among the Jews, and which they called Bath Kol; of which remarkable instances are found in Genes. xxiv. 14; 1 Sam. xiv. 9, 10; 1 Kings xx. 33. After the extinction of the spirit of prophecy it was considered by the Jews as a sort of substitute for the loss. For a curious dissertation on it see Lightfoot, *ad Matth.* iii. 13. A belief in the significance of chance words was very prevalent among the Egyptians (Clem. Alex. *Strom.* i. 304; Plut. *de Is.* 14), and the accidental sigh of the engineer was sufficient to prevent even Amasis from removing the monolithic shrine to Sais (Wilkinson, *Anc. Egypt.* iv. 144). The universality of the belief among the ancients is known to every scholar (Cic. *de Div.* i.; Herod. ii. 90; Virg. *Æn.* vii. 116, &c.). From the general theory of the possibility of such omens sprang the use of the Sortes Biblicæ, &c. (Niceph. Greg. viii. Aug. Ep. 119; Prideaux, *Connect.* ii. 376, &c.; Cardan, *de Varietate*, p. 1040)."

The contributor in question errs both here and elsewhere, in introducing a heap of unnecessary references.

Again, one would hardly have expected bad English from any of the contributors. Yet there are specimens of composition of which a boy might be ashamed. Ill-constructed sentences, the improper use of words, and loose propositions, meet the reader's eye. An editor should have corrected these. The fault is not common. A few contributors only are chargeable with it. Here are two or three sentences :

"The proof that this version was made from the Hebrew is two-fold : we have the direct statements of Ephraem, who compares it in places with the Hebrew, and speaks of this origin as a fact ; and who is confirmed (if that had been needful) by later Syrian writers ; we find the same thing as evident from the internal examination of the version itself" ('Versions, ancient (Syriac)').

"It is highly improbable that any part of the Syriac version is older than the advent of our Lord ; those who placed it under Abgarus, king of Edessa, seem to have argued on the account that the Syrian people then received Christianity ; and thus they supposed that a version of the Scriptures was a necessary accompaniment of such conversion" (Ibid.).

"From Ephraem having mentioned *translators* of this version, it has been concluded that it was the work of several ; a thing probable enough in itself, but which could hardly be proved from the occurrence of a casual phrase, nor yet from variations in the rendering of the same Hebrew word ; such variations being found in almost all translations, even when made by one person—that of Jerome, for instance ; and which it would be almost impossible to avoid, especially before the time when concordances and lexicons were at hand" (Ibid.).

The contributor in question has yet to learn the art of composition.

We remark, moreover, that some of the writers indulge in a mystical allegorising tone, which bespeaks a deficiency of critical ability. The bane of critical theology has been the introduction of double senses and secondary meanings. Type-making is not yet banished from hermeneutics, notwithstanding Bishop Marsh's wise limitation of the practice. A spiritualising process is very natural to a spiritual mind, which longs to put an ulterior sense into a passage to give it instructive fullness and power. But the scientific theologian must carefully avoid the snare, keeping his imagination within the sober limits of hermeneutical rules. Cocceian methods must be discarded as adverse to the investigation of the one meaning intended by the inspired writers. Observe the following :

"A yet higher parallel, however, presents itself. In a deeper sense than that of the patristic divines, the life of the prophet was a type of that of Christ. In both there is the same early manifestations of the consciousness of a divine mission. The persecution which drove the prophet from Anathoth has its counterpart in that of the men of

Nazareth. His protests against the priests and prophets are the forerunners of the woes against the Scribes and Pharisees. His lamentations over the coming miseries of his country answer to the tears that were shed over the holy city by the Son of Man. His sufferings come nearest, of those of the whole army of martyrs, to those of the Teacher, against whom princes and priests and elders and people were gathered together. He saw more clearly than others that new Covenant, with all its gifts of spiritual life and power, which was proclaimed and ratified in the death upon the cross. On the assumption that Jeremiah, not David, was the author of the twenty-second psalm, the words uttered in the agony of the crucifixion would point to a still deeper and more pervading analogy."

The article 'Old Testament' is thoroughly pervaded by this allegorising interpretation. We find in it fanciful stuff like the following:

"So is it with the devouring of Jonah; which many would consign to the region of parable or myth, not apparently from any result of criticism, which is indeed at a loss to find an origin for the story save in fact, but simply from the unwillingness to give credit to an event the extraordinary character of which must have been patent from the first. But if the divine purpose were to prefigure in a striking and effective manner the passage of our Saviour through the darkness of the tomb, how could any ordinary event, akin to ordinary human experience, adequately represent that of which we have no experience? The utmost perils of the royal Psalmist required, in Psalm xviii., to be heightened and compacted together by the aid of extraneous imagery in order that they might typify the horrors of death. Those same horrors were more definitely prefigured by the incarceration of Jonah: it was a marvellous type, but not more marvellous than the antitype which it foreshadowed: it testified by its very wondrousness that there are gloomy terrors beyond any of which this world supplies the experience, but over which Christ should triumph, as Jonah was delivered from the belly of the fish."

It could not be expected that the contributors should avoid falling into mistakes. All that should be looked for is the occurrence of few. Yet there are many. A complete list of them would surprise the reader. Sometimes there are marks of haste or carelessness. Oftener, perhaps, they arise from rashness or ignorance, thus:

"The commentaries of Umbreit, Vaibinger, Lange, Stickel, Hahn, Hirzel, De Wette, Knobel, and Vatke are generally characterised by diligence and ingenuity; but have for the most part a *strong rationalist tendency, especially the three last*" (Article 'Job').

Lange's commentary on Job is a myth. De Wette, Knobel, and Vatke did not write commentaries on Job—not one of them. Yet this contributor tells us even *the sort of commentaries* they composed, specifying their strong rationalistic ten-

dency. It is bad enough to assign them imaginary ones; it is worse to stigmatise those imaginary commentaries with an odious epithet. The writer in question has neither knowledge, good judgment, nor charity. He says: "The great work of Albert Schultens on Job (A.D. 1737) far surpasses all preceding and contemporary expositions, nor has the writer as yet been surpassed in knowledge of the Hebrew and cognate languages." The man who speaks thus knows little of modern Hebrew scholars, many of whom far surpass Schultens in both respects. He tells us that Schaff, Neander, De Wette, Steiger, and Wieseler have maintained that the Babylon mentioned in 1 Peter is Rome; whereas the last four hold the reverse (Article 'Peter'). In like manner, he gives as Augustine's interpretation of the words "on this rock will I build my church (Matthew xvi. 18)," "our Lord addresses Peter as the type or representative of the church, in his capacity of chief disciple;" whereas Augustine understands the rock on which the church is built to be Christ himself, not Peter (*Retractat. lib. i. cap. xxi.*).

"If we except a few of the Talmudical writers (Bava Bathra, R. Moses Kimchi), who assigned it to the age of Hezekiah" (Article 'Canticles').

Bava Bathra is a treatise, not a writer.

In the "Second Epistle to the Thessalonians" Schrader is given as one denying the authenticity. On the contrary, he holds it (Paulus, Theil, i. p. 90, &c.).

The forged book of Jasher, published at Bristol in 1751, is erroneously said to have been reprinted at Bristol in 1827, and to have been published again in 1833. It was reprinted in 1829; and no subsequent edition has been published (Article 'Book of Jasher').

Again, they make remarks which are needlessly offensive to German and other scholars. Courtesy is due to those who have devoted themselves with earnest purpose to the investigation of the sacred records, though their conclusions may differ from ours. We deprecate the free use of the terms *rationalist* and *neologian*, which Englishmen employ, often needlessly, and oftener still incorrectly. How customary is it to join in one sweeping category critics whose principles and methods are widely divergent! The terms in question are ill understood among us. They tell, indeed, on the populace as nicknames or words of reproach; but the feelings of scholars should be tenderly dealt with. No sober-minded inquirer after truth will fling epithets of this nature. By all means let us be large-hearted and charitable in an evil-judging generation. All Germans are not the infidels they are often called. If they take another view of the nature and extent of inspiration than the stereotyped English

one, they have a right to hold it, since the exercise of private judgment is as free to them as to us. Possibly, too, they may be as honest in their convictions as noisy sticklers for tradition. Every approach to Protestant *infallibility* must be repudiated; for what else is that high assumption which identifies a man's own creed with the Bible itself? It is easy to denounce the persons from whom we differ. The weapons of vituperation are cheap. In proportion to one's ignorance of the principles of the denounced are the foam and bluster spurted out. How often is unacquaintedness with the Hebrew alphabet considered no disqualification for railing against a man whose critical investigations conduct him to conclusions opposite to those passing current in the little circle of some narrow sect, which boasts of its freedom from the trammels of creeds, and persecutes the while! A written creed may be a safeguard against persecution; an unwritten one an engine of Romish-like inquisition. It should be stated, however, in justice to these writers, that they deal sparingly in the language of invective. A few occasionally apply a passing epithet, and assign inferior motives. Thus we find observations like these:

"Ewald, whose translation and commentary are remarkable for accurate learning and originality of genius, *but also for contempt of all who believe in the inspiration of Scripture*. The Vorrede is most painful in tone."

"M. Renan has lately given an excellent translation in French, with an introduction, which, *notwithstanding its thoroughly sceptical character*," &c. (Article 'Job').

"Their judgments in the critical question before us is determined, not by their scholarship, *but avowedly by the prepossessions of their unbelief*" (Article 'Isaiah').

"De Wette and *his school* chose to set down every thing that savoured of a miracle as proof of later authorship" (Article 'Exodus').

"This style of criticism [Zunz's on Ezekiel] is very much on the increase, and we have had some audacious instances of it lately" (Article 'Ezekiel').

"The opinion that these books were compiled 'towards the end of the Babylonian exile' is doubtless also adopted in order to weaken as much as possible the force of this testimony (De Wette). As regards the weight to be given to the judgment of critics of 'the liberal school' on such questions, it may be observed by the way that they commence every such investigation with this axiom as a starting-point—'Nothing supernatural can be true.' All prophecy is of course comprehended under this axiom. Every writing, therefore, containing any reference to the captivity of the Jews, as 1 Kings viii. 46, 47, ix. 7, 8, *must* have been written after the events referred to. No events of a supernatural kind *could* be attested in contemporary historical documents. All the narratives therefore in which such events are narrated do not belong to the ancient annals, but *must* be of later growth; and

so on. How far the mind of a critic, who has such an axiom to start with, is free to appreciate the other and more delicate kinds of evidence by which the date of documents is decided, it is easy to perceive" (Article '1 and 2 Kings').

De Wette was as honest a critic and as free from prepossessions as the motive-attributing writer.

"From those fictions, originating with an obscure and heretical sect, have been derived some of the most mischievous speculations of modern rationalists," &c. (Article 'Peter').

The length of the articles is by no means proportioned to their importance. This applies especially to the second and third volumes, where the editor appears to have allowed his servants full scope for their lucubrations. Thus 'Tammuz' is longer than 'Second Thessalonians,' although all we know of the former is, that it is equivalent to Adonis. The word 'Selah' occupies the same space as the following topics relating to Luke's Gospel, viz.—the purpose for which it was written, language and style, quotations from the Old Testament, integrity, and contents. Mary the Virgin is discussed at nearly double the length of the book of Revelation; ancient Syriac versions fill up almost the same number of pages as the biography and books of Samuel, though the former might have been fully discussed in six pages; the article 'Writing,' which is confined to that art among the Hebrew race, is three times the length of the one on the Epistle to the Romans; Pontius Pilate is honoured with a space equal to Nehemiah's; and 'Muth-labben,' part of the title of Psalm ix., is longer than 'Potter's-field.' Instances of such glaring disproportion between the length of articles and the importance of their subjects might be multiplied.

The book is too bulky, and the matter of which it consists needs sifting. One volume would contain all that is valuable in it, to which extent it should be reduced. Its character is anomalous, because it is unsatisfactory to scholars, who do not need it, and too lengthy, not to say learned, for intelligent readers of the Bible unacquainted with Greek and Hebrew. Being rightly suited to neither class, the editor so far has missed his aim. Winer's *Realwörterbuch* has marks of more digested learning, and of greater independence in investigation. Divested of its lumber, the *Dictionary of the Bible* might perhaps be a permanent book; but the valuable and useless are so interwoven that there is little hope of their being separated. The editor has done something for the promotion of biblical learning in this country, for which we are grateful. He might have done better, had he not accommodated the book to the average level of English theology. We differ widely from many of the views he has sanctioned, which are too conservative,

supporting what the higher criticism has exploded. But the work will do good notwithstanding. Both verbal and plenary inspiration are contradicted in it, though there could not have been any intention to impugn the latter. A similar book of far higher pretensions and value—a Dictionary not merely abreast, but in advance, of its day—will appear in a happier future, when sectarian bigotry will have ceased to bark; when increasing intelligence and liberality will make it safe to assert opinions over which the ban of heresy now hangs; when dignitaries of the Established Church will encourage the expression of honest thought respecting the Bible; when the conclusions of sound criticism will be acknowledged by all who claim credit for the smallest amount of learning; when superstition shall have been cleared away by the light of truth, and the consciousness of the divine in man is no longer overwhelmed with a useless load of external evidence. We are grateful for a small instalment, but long for a satisfying work to strengthen our spirits, wearied as they are with the platitudes of the religious press, which identify theology and religion and effectually extinguish divine charity.

ART. IV.—MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN GREECE.

History of Greece under Foreign Domination. (Greece under the Romans; the Byzantine and Greek Empires; Mediæval Greece and Trebizond; Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination; History of the Greek Revolution.) By George Finlay, LL.D., &c. Seven volumes. Edinburgh and London, 1844-61.

Σπυρίδωνος Τρικούπη Ἱστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς Ἐπαναστάσεως. Τόμοι δ'. Ἐν Λονδίῳ. 1853-6.

Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Vorträgen. Von G. G. Gervinus. Fünfter und Sechster Band. (*Geschichte des Aufstandes und der Wiedergeburt von Griechenland.*) Leipzig, 1861-2.

Insurrection et Régénération de la Grèce, par G. G. Gervinus. Traduction Française par J. F. Minssen et Léonidas Sgouta. Deux tomes. Paris, 1863.

THE different feelings with which public opinion in England has, for forty years past, looked on the revolutions and other affairs of Greece, form a curious chapter in the history of the fluctuations of the popular mind. Forty years ago philhellenism was one of the most prominent and distinctive signs of liberal sentiment. No sympathy could be too strong for the Greek rising in arms against the barbarian who held him as a captive

in his own land, for the Christian rising in arms against the infidel who had made the life of one large portion of Christendom nothing short of a life-long martyrdom. The cause of Greece was in truth a noble and a righteous one, and the sympathy of Western Europe was in the main as well directed as it was generous. The uprising of Greece against her oppressors had in it all that could attract in a like movement in Italy or Poland, while it had further charms to which the cause of Italy or Poland could lay no claim. The practical wrongs of Greece were greater than those of either Italy or Poland, while the name of Greece appealed to all the nobler feelings of men's hearts in a way that that of Poland, or even that of Italy, could not do. In fact, it might have been better for the cause of Greece if the sentimental attractions of her name had been less strong. The modern Greeks have lost at least as much as they have gained from the burden of an illustrious ancestry. Among the Greeks themselves a vague remembrance of days long past—of days whose direct practical effect on modern affairs is slight indeed—has stood in the way of the development of a true and healthy national life. Among their Western friends, again, many expected far too much; they expected to see all the virtues and all the wisdom of the brightest days of Greece spring up at once among men just delivered from Turkish bondage. The expectation was utterly unreasonable; an unreasonable expectation has been in a great measure disappointed, and this disappointment has led to a tone of depreciation towards every thing Greek, which is quite as unreasonable as the exaggerated expectations of the old philhellenes. Those who, because of the greatness of ancient Greece, expected impossible wonders from a regenerate Greece, did their favourites incalculable damage in the long-run. They forgot the natural effects of so many ages of slavery; they forgot how utterly different was the highest position which a regenerate Greece could hope to occupy in the modern world from that which old Greece held in the brilliant days of Athens. They forgot, indeed, the very nature of the greatness of old Greece; they forgot how closely connected the virtues of the old Greeks were with their vices, how closely allied the strength of their commonwealth was to its weakness. Old Greece was in fact what Christian Europe is now: it was its own civilised world. Small as was its geographical extent, we must remember how small was the extent of the then known world. Greece and the Greek colonies occupied, even in geographical extent, a proportion of it hardly inferior to that which Europe and European colonies occupy in the vastly extended world of our times. If we confine ourselves to the old continent, the present supremacy of the European element is certainly not more marked than the ancient supremacy of the Greek element all round the Medi-

terranean sea. Among themselves, the Greek cities, continental and insular, formed a system like the system of states in modern Europe: the dealings of one Greek city with another were dealings strictly international; the valour and wisdom of the old Greeks was for the most part displayed in hostile dealings with Grecian enemies. The greatness of Greece was bound up with the system of city commonwealths, small in physical extent and resources, but greater than the contemporary barbaric empires, in the same way that the smallest European kingdom is greater than China or Japan. The modern Greeks were unlucky in all their models. Those which were supplied by their own ancient history were clearly unsuitable to their condition, and those which were supplied by contemporary European states have proved equally unsuitable. Greece has suffered alike from blind classical revivalism and from blind imitation of Western ideas and institutions. She has not had the opportunity of gradually developing, like other European states, from a healthy barbarism into a healthy civilisation. Elements which in Western Europe have been separated by centuries have in Greece been brought together side by side. The real wonder is, not that Greece has not made the miraculous progress which her too sanguine friends expected of her, but that, under so many disadvantages, she has contrived to make any progress at all. That Greece has made no progress is a malicious calumny, but it is certain that she has not made the progress which under happier auspices she might have made. The difficult position in which the country was placed, the personal faults and mistakes of many of the Greek leaders, the almost greater faults and mistakes of English, French, Russian, and Bavarian protectors and meddlers, all helped more completely to disappoint expectations which never could have been realised to the full. The bestowal of an incongruous form of government, the choice of an utterly incompetent king, the destruction instead of the development of the old local institutions of the country,—evils which were partly the work of Greek and partly of foreign hands,—all tended to check the prosperity and the reputation of the country. More had been expected of Greece than she could possibly do, and she therefore got less credit than she deserved for what she actually did. The period of exaggerated expectation was followed, as a natural reaction, by a period of no less exaggerated contempt.

The dislike towards Greece on the part of Englishmen naturally reached its height during the frenzy of the Russian war. Diplomats had taught us that the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire was a political necessity, and men at once leaped to the conclusion that every thing Turkish was to be loved, and every thing Greek hated, for its own sake. That the majority of Greeks sympathised with their co-religionists, the

enemies of their enemies, though the mere result of the commonest laws of our nature, was set down as a sign of some monstrous national depravity. In all matters relating to Greeks and Turks we reversed the rules by which our sympathies were guided in other parts of the world. Elsewhere our feelings always lay with the oppressor and against the oppressed; east of the Adriatic the sympathies of liberal England were bound to lie with the oppressor and against his victim. Let Poland rebel against Russia, let Hungary or Italy rebel against Austria, and the cause was at once acknowledged as the cause of righteousness and freedom. But a Greek, an Albanian, a Bulgarian, who drew the sword against his Turkish master was looked on as an ungrateful traitor, to be scourged back again into allegiance to his lawful sovereign. Schamyl and his Circassians were heroes, patriots, martyrs, for resisting the aggression of the Muscovite; but the Vladika of Montenegro was a mere chief of rebels and brigands for still keeping up the long battle of five hundred years against the ceaseless aggressions of the Ottoman. For liberated Italy to stretch out her hand to her enslaved fellow-countrymen was confessedly a righteous act. No scruple of international law was regarded when an Italian king appropriated the crowns of his neighbours, or when an Italian adventurer drove a legitimate monarch from his hereditary capital. But for liberated Greece to do the like by her enslaved neighbours was a thing not to be tolerated for a moment. It was enough if Europe allowed her to retain her own existence, and did not give her back again to the mercy of her offended master. To this day, if a Hellenic Garibaldi were to march to Larissa, and proclaim the independence of Thessaly, it would seem to nearly all professional politicians to be an act of a wholly different kind from that which all liberal Europe applauded when a Bourbon and not an Ottoman was the victim.

We do not forget that there was a difference between the two cases, both in the general European aspect, and in many of their particular circumstances. When we were once, rightly or wrongly, committed to the cause of Turkey, it unavoidably followed that we were bound to discourage much in the eastern peninsula which we encouraged, or at least did not discourage, in the western. The attempt on the part of the Greek government to annex Thessaly and Epeiros in 1854 was an act, in itself, of exactly the same character as the past campaigns of Charles Albert, and the subsequent campaigns of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. But governments bound to the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, and not bound to the independence and integrity of Austria or Naples, could not avoid

hindering the one, while they could allow, or even encourage, the other. The Greek movement of 1854 was inconvenient from our momentary point of view; it was, as the event proved, ill-judged even from a Greek point of view; it had some special discreditable circumstances about its origin and the way in which it was carried out; still it shows how completely most men are guided by merely temporary considerations, that nearly every one at the time, and probably very many now, failed to see that such a movement was in itself the exact parallel of earlier and later events which they most righteously admired and rejoiced in.

This feeling of dislike towards Greece, a feeling as unreasonable and far less generous than the exaggerated philhellenism which it supplanted, seems to have had its day; and it is to be hoped that it will not be itself succeeded by any violent reaction, but that we may now be enabled to weigh the balance of good and evil in the affairs of Greece as well as in the affairs of any other country. Since the Russian war, and very much through the results of the Russian war, the relations between Greece and England have completely changed. The Greeks have found out how little Russia is able to do for them, and how unnatural, after all, is the connexion between an encroaching despotism and a regenerate nation striving after freedom and an increase of territory. They have come back to that natural instinct which, in the first stages of the War of Independence, led the nation—not the Hetairia, perhaps, but the nation—to look to England as its natural ally. One of the purest and most necessary revolutions in history delivered Greece from her incompetent king—a king, be it ever remembered, whom Greece had not chosen for herself, but whom the collective wisdom of Europe had given her. The expulsion of Otho was the national condemnation of Otho's policy. The universal cry for an English king was the expression of the national desire for a policy of quite another kind. There is not much to be said for the wisdom of placing an untried boy, be he Bavarian, English, or Danish, in the most difficult post in Europe; still, as both Greece and the rest of Europe seem to have agreed that all kings of Greece are to be chosen from among the younger members of reigning houses, it is a most speaking fact that the universal voice of Greece called for a king from the reigning house of England, and not from any other. A feeling so universal and so deeply-rooted in the heart of a whole people could not possibly have been the result of any very refined policy. No doubt a wish for the annexation of the Ionian Islands was mixed up with the universal demand for Prince Alfred in the room of Otho; but the cry for English connexion, whether

in 1821 or in 1862, meant a great deal besides. It was one of the most genuine and honourable tributes that one nation ever paid to another. We had turned the cold shoulder towards Greece for years; we had treated her, to use the mildest language, with a harshness which would account for any amount of national dislike; and yet, as soon as Greece was free to choose for herself, it was towards England that every Greek heart instinctively turned. Prince Alfred was denied to the Greeks; but there can be no doubt that the close connexion which at present exists between the courts of Denmark and England has had its share in producing the popular joy with which King George has been received in his new kingdom. We have no great faith in dynastic connexions; they seldom prove, and they seldom ought to prove, of any weight in determining the policy of nations; but there is no doubt that they greatly influence popular feeling, and they may at least serve as the straws which show which way the wind blows. Now an English connexion and an English policy for Greece mean a great deal. If they mean the acquisition of the Ionian Islands, they mean also the relinquishment, at least for the present, of all attempts on those Hellenic provinces which are still under the yoke. That Thessaly, Epeiros, and Crete are some day to be set free, no Greek doubts; but Greece is beginning to see that the real way to win them is not by any immediate warlike aggression. The liberated portion of Greece is in exactly the same position in which Piedmont was five years back. But Piedmont did not annex the other states of Italy till she had distinctly made herself the model Italian state. It is for the Greek kingdom to walk in the same path, to make the condition of liberated Greece so palpably better than that of enslaved Greece, that Thessaly and Epeiros must some day annex themselves by a process so manifestly just and natural that no diplomatist in Europe can have the face to set himself against it. During the whole year which has passed since the expulsion of Otho the conduct of the Greek nation has been as praiseworthy as its conduct almost always has been, whenever the nation has had free scope to act for itself. Throughout Greek history for many ages nothing is more conspicuous than the marked superiority of the people at large to their leaders, who seem commonly to have been given them by some unlucky chance. The expulsion of Otho was preëminently the work of the whole nation; it was honourably distinguished from most revolutions by being the work neither of a military class nor yet of the mob of a capital. A year has followed, during which Greece has had nothing which could be called a government, but during which the Greek people have behaved with astonishing forbearance and self-command. There has been much selfish caballing among political leaders; there

have been some disgraceful excesses on the part of the soldiers ; but the attitude of the mass of the people has been such as to inspire the brightest hopes for them whenever they find what, since Philopimên and Lykortas, they never have found, leaders worthy of them. The young Danish prince may or may not prove to be the destined regenerator, but, at any rate, he has, in the mass of his people, good materials to work upon. But we must not allow ourselves to be led away by the too sanguine hopes of our fathers, or we shall be disappointed as they were. We must not overlook the enormous difficulties, external and internal, with which a ruler of Greece is surrounded. Not the least of these is to be found in the relations of Greece to the other nations which are still under the Turkish yoke. Whatever system may finally take the place of the decaying Ottoman empire, the Greeks must remember that they are only one nation among several, and that they must claim for themselves no superiority over Servians or Bulgarians on any ground of past greatness, whether Hellenic or Byzantine. The other nations which have suffered and struggled alongside of them must not for a moment be led to suspect that there is any thought of merely subjecting them to a Greek instead of a Turkish master. The Greeks may fairly aspire to the first place among the nations of South-eastern Europe ; but if so, they must prove themselves to be the first by a marked superiority in good government at home and by strict discharge of every obligation to foreign powers. Any narrow philhellenism, grounded on mere classical sentimentalism, will be purely mischievous. Modern Greece has a distinct nationality, she has a history of her own, and she is rapidly forming a literature. A people among whom the deeds of Botzarês and Kanarês are recorded by the pen of Trikoups have really something more substantial to dwell upon than those memories of the distant past which they should be content to share with the rest of the civilised world.

The last few years have produced several important histories of the Greek War of Independence, whose names we have placed at the head of this article, and to a general criticism of which we propose to devote a few pages. But they must not lead us to cast wholly out of sight an older guide, who till lately was the standard English authority on the subject, and who is certainly not rendered useless by the writers of greater power and wider objects who have followed him. General Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution* is a work of sterling value, but of a value of a different kind from that which belongs to the histories of Trikoups and Finlay. These last are contemporaries and actors as well as Gordon, but they are contemporaries

and actors writing long after, from the point of view natural to those who write long after. As Gordon could reap no benefit, such as they have had open to them, from the experience of later years, neither does he pretend to their deeper political research and wider historical knowledge. But as the straightforward narrative of an honest soldier, keen in observation, impartial in judgment, vigorous if not always elegant in composition, his history takes a high place as one of the best specimens of a good class. It is an "original authority" in the truest and best meaning of the words.

Among the later writers on the subject, the first place in time and, looking solely at the history of the War of Independence, the first place in importance is due to the great work which stands second on our list, the History of Spyridon Trikoupês, lately Hellenic Minister in England. There is something unusually attractive in a history of regenerate Greece written in Greek by a Greek, himself an actor in the scenes which he describes, and recording them in a tongue which the student of Thucydides and Polybios will hardly look upon as a distinct language. The book, in fact, has far more in common with ancient or mediæval histories than with most writings of our own day. A Greek writing for Greeks, the primary object of Trikoupês has been to give a full and accurate narrative of the greatest event in the modern history of his country. This gives his work a wholly different character from that of historians who deal with events of remote ages. He has not to criticise or to speculate, but to record what he saw with his own eyes, or learned from the mouth of eye-witnesses. But his liberal spirit and his familiarity with the general politics of Europe, raise him high above the character of a mere chronicler, and entitle him to claim a place in the class which includes Thucydides, Villani, and Clarendon. In point of language, Trikoupês professes to fill a mean place between the barbaric tongue of the popular ballads and the over-hellenisation of some contemporary writers. Some such style as this is probably practically the best to adopt in the existing condition of Greece. But speaking as mere students of old Greek, we could wish that his language approached nearer to one or other of the extremes which he avoids. The language of the klephtic songs, even that of some of the documents quoted in the history, is a distinct language. We understand a word here and there, but that is all. We should no more find fault with it for not being the tongue of Demosthenês than with Wallachian for not being the tongue of Cicero. If we wish to understand it, we must set to work with a grammar and dictionary, just as if it were so much Bulgarian or Skipetar. But the language of Trikoupês is perfectly intelligible to any one familiar with ancient Greek, as soon as he has accustomed himself to a

few hitherto unknown idioms, and to a few words of foreign origin. But the result of this is that we judge it as ancient Greek, and that, when it deviates from the type, we set it down as bad Hellenic, and not as a distinct language. We know that this is an unfair judgment, but with a Western scholar it is inevitable. But when we are once reconciled to his language, we shall find his style always clear and vigorous: especially so in descriptions of naval warfare, and still more so in the narration of political affairs. With little pretence to rhetoric or ornamental diction, the style of Trikoups not uncommonly rises into natural eloquence of a high order. At other times we discern a vein of quiet humour, which, however, never interferes with a dignified treatment of his subject. The descriptions of the martyrdom of the Patriarch Gregory, in the first volume, and of the death and character of Lord Byron, in the third, are passages which may be read with satisfaction even after the masterpieces of Grecian literature. But the gems of the book are the narratives of the two sieges of Mesolongi. That city, the most illustrious spot in the annals of the Revolution, is the native place of our author, and its name seems always to kindle in him those warm feelings of local patriotism which have ever been strong in the Grecian bosom.

We have just mentioned calmness and impartiality as characteristics of Trikoups' history. We of course do not expect from him any superhuman amount of those qualities; but we think that he displays them in as high a degree as we have any right to ask for, and we feel quite sure that he never wilfully deviates from honest narrative and impartial judgment. In fact, we understand that his candid treatment both of friends and enemies has rendered his book less popular in his own country than we should otherwise have expected. In the too numerous cases which he has to record of Greeks disgracing their cause by deeds of cruelty or perfidy, we never find him either concealing or palliating the crime. In the opposite case, rare certainly, but not quite unknown, of humane and honourable dealing on the part of Turks, we never find him withholding the merited meed of applause. As for the internal politics of Greece, whether in our own day or thirty years back, they appear to a Western reader a chaos, hard to understand and harder to remember; but, as far as we can trust ourselves within such a labyrinth, we should say that our historian fairly holds the balance between contending factions. On the whole, the history of Trikoups is one of which the literature of modern Greece may be fairly and honourably proud.

With Trikoups the history of the War of Independence is of course his main, or rather his only, subject. With Mr. Finlay the case is widely different. To him the war which rescued a

part of Greece from Ottoman bondage is simply one act in the mighty drama of which he has at last completed his record, the *History of Greece under Foreign Domination*. If the history of Trikoupi is one which does honour to the literature of Greece, the history of Mr. Finlay is one which does honour to the general literature of Europe. It is one of the greatest and most sterling works of our age. Its great merits are indeed balanced by great defects, and its defects and its merits alike tend to exclude its author from that universal popularity which falls to the lot of some of his equals and some of his inferiors. But looking at all its circumstances, the vastness of its conception and the difficulties of its execution, it is the greatest work which British historical literature has produced since the days of Gibbon. Other writers have taken up subjects which were acceptable either to the world in general or to large classes of readers, and they have been cheered during their work by the goodwill and applause, sometimes of a whole admiring nation, in any case of a considerable body of admiring scholars. Mr. Finlay has toiled on alone, producing volume after volume on a subject for which few even among professed scholars cared; it is only gradually that he has obtained a hearing, and has at last painfully risen to some slight degree of that reputation which his works make only his due. Probably no great historical work ever so completely owed its origin to the practical phenomena of the modern world. Mr. Finlay was a British philhellen, an actor in the War of Independence, who, like several others of his brethren, remained in Greece after the end of the war, and has since looked on Greece as his adopted country. He had the bad luck to be mixed up in our squabbles with King Otho's government a dozen years back, and his name thereby got into the mouths of many who seemed to have no notion whatever that the Scotch gentleman who had a question about a garden near the king's palace was actually one of the greatest of living historians. Living in Greece, a man of keen observant mind, though not a professed scholar, Mr. Finlay was led to meditate deeply on the condition of the land in which he lived, and to trace up the causes of what he saw to their origin two thousand years back. The result has been an amount and a kind of research which is perhaps without parallel, and its embodiment in a series of volumes, which form the most thoroughly original history in our language. It is easy, in reading Mr. Finlay's works, to see how much they have both gained and lost by the peculiar circumstances under which they have been written. Had they been written in a Western capital or a Western university, they would probably have been greatly improved in point of form. The opinion of scholars would have led to some changes, and

the opinion of the general public would have led to some others. But the book would have lost incomparably more than it would have gained. No work produced by either an ordinary scholar or an ordinary politician could ever approach to the native strength and originality of the work of the solitary thinker, studying, musing on, and recording the events of two thousand years, in order to solve the problems which he saw at his own door. The strength and the weakness of Mr. Finlay are so closely connected that we can hardly wish any thing in his writings to be different from what it is.

Mr. Finlay's general subject is the History of Greece under Foreign Domination. This period of foreign domination he reckons to extend from the Roman Conquest—or, in a certain sense, from the establishment of the ascendancy of Macedonia—down to the Revolution of 1843, when Kallergês extorted the constitution of the Greek kingdom from the Bavarian Otho. Probably no other historian, save those who have undertaken the vain task of grappling with "Universal History," has ever designed and accomplished so vast a task. Mr. Finlay's amount of matter falls short of that of Gibbon, but his narrative takes in nearly double the number of years. The misfortune is, that Mr. Finlay does not seem to have clearly traced out his design from the beginning. He has not published one continuous work in several volumes, forming a consecutive coherent narrative, but several distinct works, on subjects closely connected with each other, and which together take in the whole of his vast theme, but which still overlap too much to form a single regular history. This is perhaps inherent in the nature of the subject. The history of the modern Greek nation almost unavoidably grows, at one stage of the story, into a history of the Byzantine Empire. Two volumes, then, of Mr. Finlay's series consist of a history of the Byzantine Empire. But the whole latter part of this history, all after the fall of the old Empire in 1204, runs along side by side with the volume devoted to Mediæval Greece and to the strange outlying fragment which formed the Empire of Trebizond. A certain amount of confusion and repetition unavoidably follows. The two streams, however, meet together in the volume on Greece under Othoman and Venetian domination, which is followed by the two containing the History of the Greek Revolution, which complete the series.

It is curious to compare the history of the War of Independence as told by Trikoups with the history of the same events as told by Mr. Finlay. The differences as to matters of fact are really very small, that is, they seem very small to us at our distance. The contradictions are only such as are always to be found when two witnesses tell the same story, however

competent and however honest both of them may be. But the difference in the way of telling is something marvellous. Tri-koupês is a Greek, and, though thoroughly honest, he of course puts the Greek cause in the fairest light that he honestly can. Mr. Finlay, on the other hand, seems at first sight to write as the enemy of Greece; at all events, he writes a great deal of which the enemies of Greece may easily take advantage. He is really one of the truest friends of Greece, and he writes as such; but certain tendencies, which show themselves only now and then in his earlier narrative, find in his later volumes the opportunity for their full development. Mr. Finlay is naturally a harsh judge; he is never unfair, but he is always severe; he has also a strong turn towards a bitter and sarcastic way of speaking. In fact, he deals with men and their actions pretty much in the spirit of Cato the Censor. In this frame of mind he smites every body; but, as he has more to do with Greeks than with men of any other nation, he does more in the way of smiting Greeks than in that of smiting any other nation. Moreover, we think it is clear that Mr. Finlay, like other philhellenes, having formed expectations of Greece which have been disappointed, is inclined to look on many things with a feeling of bitterness into which those who are removed from the scene of action cannot wholly enter. But it is certain that, while Mr. Finlay thus smites his Greeks right and left, he does not smite Greeks exclusively. Englishmen fare quite as badly as Greeks, and Bavarians fare decidedly worse. For Mr. Finlay does spare some Greeks and some Englishmen, while he does not spare a single Bavarian. And when he ceases for a while from his biting vein, he gives deep and weighty judgments in favour of Greece, which far outbalance any amount of incidental sarcasm. His volume on Venetian and Othoman Domination ends with an unanswerable vindication of the Greek Revolution alike in point of justice and in point of policy. This, it should be remembered, was written in 1856, when Greece was at the height of her unpopularity in England, and when it was fashionable to speak with utter contempt of the Revolution and its heroes. In his two concluding volumes, bitter as he is against most of the Greek leaders, he frequently pauses to express, in passages which are the more emphatic from their contrast with much that surrounds them, his admiration of the true patriotism, the constancy, the heroic endurance of the mass of the people. He winds up his task with the deliberate judgment, not only that Greece has gained by her Revolution, but that, notwithstanding all that has been done foolishly, all that has been left undone, the progress of Greece when he wrote—before the expulsion of Otho—has been as great as, under the circumstances, could be reason-

ably looked for. The man who sets forth such judgments as these is no enemy of the Greek nation; he is simply a friend who carries out in an extreme form the doctrine that he who spareth the rod hateth his son.

The work of Professor Gervinus differs alike from Gordon, Trikoups, and Finlay, in being the work, not of an actor, but of one who contemplates events from a considerable distance both of time and place. His book reaps of course the advantages and disadvantages of such a position. If he does not possess the advantages of an eye-witness, he is also free from the temptations of an eye-witness. If he cannot speak with the authority of Mr. Finlay in his graver moments, his work is free from those bitter and sarcastic passages which we hold to be blots on Mr. Finlay's general narrative. His story is clear, fair, and vigorously told, though it wants the life of either the *Ætolian* or the Scottish narrator. As Professor Gervinus's narrative is part of a larger work, the *History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century*, he looks on matters from a somewhat different point of view from either of the other writers, and he devotes more space than either of them to the diplomatic transactions between the various European powers which went on so long side by side with the warfare of Greek and Turk. And dull work, to be sure, it is to turn from the fire-ships of Kanarès, or the self-immolation of Olympian George, to read how ambassadors wearied the world with notes and points and all the jargon of their art, in the vain attempt to reconcile Sultan Mahmoud, fresh from his bath of blood, now with the artful claims of his Muscovite rival, now with the high resolve of liberated Hellas to live or die independent of his detested yoke.

The subject of Mr. Finlay's series may be said to be the history of the Modern Greek nation. That that nation is not of pure Hellenic origin may as well be freely confessed at the outset. How far it is Hellenic, and how far not, we shall examine presently. By Greeks—*Hellènes*—at the present day we understand all, of whatever origin, who at once speak the Greek language and profess the Orthodox form of Christianity. In the East, where nationality and religion are so closely identified, the religious qualification is as necessary as the linguistic; and there can be no doubt that the Greek church, with all its faults, has done more than any other one cause to preserve the nationality of the Greek people.

The modern Greek nation, then, is strictly an artificial nation, whose origin might be traced up to a very early period of ancient Grecian history. We might trace the growth of such a nation through the three periods of Hellenic colonisation, Mace-

donian conquest, and Roman or Byzantine domination. The extension of the Greek language and of Greek civilisation to whole nations not strictly of Greek descent first began in the colonies of Sicily and Asia Minor. In the days of Thucydides the distinction between Sikel and the Sikeliot, the barbarian native and the Hellenic intruder, was still strongly marked. In the days of Cicero it had wholly vanished, and all the inhabitants of Sicily were alike looked upon as Greeks. In Asia the native languages gradually died out, and at this day whatever in Anatolia is not Turkish or Armenian is Greek. Sicily has a history of its own. In the East the process of hellenisation was extended and strengthened by the conquests of Alexander, and was finally consummated by the establishment of the imperial power of Rome in a Grecian city. During the Macedonian period the political degradation of Greece itself was accompanied by the widest extension of the intellectual empire of the Greek mind. Greek orators, poets, and philosophers gradually ceased to be inspired by any real Hellenic patriotism; but Macedonian kings and their Greek or Greek-speaking ministers bore rule over some of the finest regions of the world, and carried the tongue and arts and arms of Greece wherever their rule extended. These tendencies were brought to their full development in the Byzantine period. The Roman Empire fixed its chief seat in the Greek city of Byzantium. Constantinople, the New Rome, the seat of Roman political power, supplanted Alexandria as the centre of Greek literature and theology. The Latin and the Eastern provinces were gradually lost. The heretical regions of Syria and Egypt fell away at the first touch of the Saracen. Latin Africa yielded to his power, after a gallant and protracted struggle. The Spanish possessions of the Empire were recovered by the Goth. Northern Italy became, under the Frank, the seat of a new Roman Empire. The monarchy of Constantinople, strengthened rather than weakened by its losses, thus became nearly coextensive with a nation, Greek in creed and language, if not in actual blood, but whose whole political life, like its national designation, was derived from a Roman source. This artificial Greek nation, defined by language and religion, is the Greek nation which exists at the present day. In the artificial nation thus formed it is probable that the Hellenic element preponderates in actual amount, as it has undoubtedly contributed a language, a national character, and at last again a name to the whole. It has, however, received large infusions from the surrounding nations. The old population of Epeiros, Macedonia, and the western coast of Asia, was probably closely allied to the Greeks, and it sank almost imperceptibly into the general Greek mass. It is

more remarkable that the great Thracian race, once conspicuously barbarous, must have been either wholly extirpated or wholly hellenised. Its ancient seats are now occupied partly by Greeks, partly by Turks, Slaves, and Bulgarians, who have entered them in comparatively recent times. And from the seventh century onwards the Greek nation has received a large intermixture of Albanian, Slavonian, and Wallachian elements, and there may be doubtless some stray drops of Frankish, Venetian, Genoese, and Turkish blood, but not in sufficient abundance greatly to affect the general mass. It follows, then, that the modern Greek is a not pure Hellen; still, after all, the Greek nation is nearly as pure as most other European nations. It is quite as truly Hellenic as the English nation is Anglo-Saxon. In continental Greece, the foreign elements may perhaps be proportionately greater than in England; but the Greeks of many of the islands, among whom neither Slave, Albanian, nor Turk ever settled, must be one of the purest races in Europe. The Greek nation is still Greek for all practical purposes; it matters not whether the ancestors of this or that particular Greek may have been Slaves or Skipetars.

But we must not forget that Hellenic feeling, and even the Hellenic name, remained obscured for considerably more than a thousand years. When the Greek became entitled to the nominal privileges of a Roman citizen, he gradually learned to prefer his political to his ethnological designation. When he adopted the Christian faith, he was taught to regard the ancestral name of his race as bearing a taint of ancestral heathenism. The Byzantine monarchy, we need hardly again repeat, never recognised any national name but Roman; and till the classical revival which helped to produce the revolution, the modern Greek called himself by no name but *Roman* and *Christian* (*Ρωμαῖος* and *Χριστιανός*). Greek and Roman had become convertible terms; only the latter was a cherished and honourable title, the former was a contemptuous appellation confined to the mouths of enemies. Even at this day Roman rather than Greek still remains the name in use wherever classical and Hellenic revivalism has not penetrated. The Roman name, as the one name of the land, was even transferred to alien conquerors, Eastern and Western. The first Turkish princes of Lesser Asia bore the title of Sultans of Rome; the Frank lords of Constantinople were Emperors of Romania, and it was the Roman Empire of which one-fourth and one-eighth were allotted to the lordship of blind old Dandolo. To this day *Roman* remains the formal designation of the Greek church in the Ottoman dominions, and its chief is still patriarch, not of Byzantium or of Constantinople, but of New Rome. Finally, we need hardly add that

Romaic is the name of the popular language, and Romaika the name of the popular dance, of the present Hellenic people.

While feelings like these were prevalent, it is not wonderful that old Hellas sank into comparative insignificance during the whole Byzantine period. Under the Macedonian Kings Alexandria and Antioch became the great centres of Greek intellectual life; under the Byzantine Emperors their function was gradually transferred to the new imperial city. Athens lingered on as a sort of Pagan university till Justinian deprived her of her last philosophers. Greece thus became a mere province, and not one of the most important provinces, of the great Byzantine Empire. It is rarely indeed that we find old Hellas playing an important part in the revolutions of the Empire, and as rarely that we find it honoured with an imperial visit. Either Greek nationality or Greek orthodoxy once supplied in the eighth century an unsuccessful competitor for the crown of the Isaurian Leo; but, while the Roman monarchy was continually ruled by Africans, Slavonians, and Armenians, the sceptre of the Cæsars passed but once into pure Hellenic hands, in the person of the lovely, orthodox, and savage Eirênê. Once only do we remember that Hellenic ground was trodden by the foot of an Emperor, till in the last age of all Peloponnêsos had become the greatest province of the Empire. Basil the Bulgarian slayer, the stern and merciless conqueror, whose mind was utterly untouched by any feeling for Hellenic art or literature, strangely selected the Athenian Akropolis as the scene of his thanksgiving for the deliverance of the Empire which he had saved. From the days of Iphikratês and Timotheos to those of Odysseus and Gouras, Athens never beheld another triumph celebrated by men who at least spoke her tongue, however little they may have recked of her ancient glories.

By far the most important question which the history of the old Hellas presents during the long period of Byzantine rule relates to the foreign elements which, in the course of those ages, mingled with the true Hellenic population. Besides the races, kindred or alien, which have been either wholly hellenised or wholly extirpated, the Greek race has had, and still has, three neighbours whose blood has been largely mingled with that of the Hellênes, but which also exist as distinct nations. These are the Wallachians, the Albanians, and the Slaves, including the Bulgarians under the head of Slaves. The Wallachian intermixture has not been very extensive, being chiefly confined to a few districts near Pindos; but the other two races have had a most important influence upon the history of the Byzantine Empire in general, and upon its Hellenic provinces in particular. The Albanian element in modern Greece

is manifest to all men. Many of the noblest heroes of the Revolution, men like Mark Botzarès and Andrew Miaoulès, were not of Greek, but of Albanian descent. Neither the mountaineers of Souli nor the seamen of Hydra and Spetza could lay any claim to pure Hellenic blood. Indeed, in a full third of continental Greece the Albanian blood is predominant, and the Albanian tongue is still far from being extinct. In fact, those Albanians who cleave to their old Orthodox faith, and who have not fallen away either to the Pope or to the Prophet, seem to be fully content to merge their nationality in that of the Hellènes. The position of the Slaves is more difficult. The Albanians are still visible in the land, and their appearance in Greece is an historical event, dating from days not remote from the Ottoman conquest. But there is no visible Slavonic element in modern Greece; nothing remains to bear witness to the former existence of a Slavonic population except some traces in local nomenclature. Yet there was a time when Peloponnêsos was a Slavonic peninsula, when a Byzantine Emperor could say that the whole country was slavonised and become barbarous, and when a Western traveller could most appropriately describe a Peloponnesian city as being "in the Slavonian land."

On expressions like these has been founded the theory of Fallmerayer, which, as is well known, represents the modern Greeks of Peloponnêsos as not Hellenic at all, but as merely byzantinised Slaves, or at most as Byzantine colonists in a Slavonic country. This question has been examined by Mr. Finlay with his usual ability in one of the early chapters of his "*Mediæval Greece*." The real state of the case seems to be this. During the unsettled times from the sixth to the eighth century, the Slavonian tribes came pouring into the Empire, sometimes as open enemies, sometimes as permitted colonists, sometimes as individual adventurers, who, like Justinian and Belisarius, occasionally grew into the restorers and legislators of the Roman monarchy. They not only occupied those regions, like Servia and Bosnia, which are still wholly their own, but they also invaded the inland districts of Thrace and Macedonia, whence they penetrated into Hellas itself. Considering the frightful depopulation of Greece in the early days of the Roman Empire, and the later devastations of Goths and Avars, we may well believe that the Slavonian immigrants often found whole districts ready for occupation without disturbing any existing Hellenic population. But the cities and their immediate districts always remained Greek; and when greater security was established under the firm rule of the Iconoclast and Macedonian Emperors, the Hellenic element appears to have

again extended itself from the cities over the whole peninsula. Rebellions of the Peloponnesian Slaves were on several occasions suppressed by the Byzantine armies; and these formidable immigrants, whether by extinction, assimilation, or reduction to slavery, gradually vanished from the Hellenic soil. Some tribes however long retained their national being, and a Slavonic dialect was spoken in some Peloponnesian districts down to the fifteenth century. Since that time a common bondage and common enemies have united and assimilated the two races; the last remnants of the Peloponnesian Slaves have been content to merge themselves into the more advanced and vigorous nationality of the Hellenes.

The overthrow of the Peloponnesian Slaves coincides with the most brilliant period of the Byzantine monarchy. It was soon followed by that great and beneficial exploit of Nikêphoros Phôkas, the recovery of Crete from the Saracen pirates, who had for a century and a half carried terror through the *Ægean*. Greece, it is probable, partook of an unusual share of the general prosperity. Her own immediate enemies by land and sea were overthrown; the advancing Turk might threaten recovered Antioch, and the rebellious Bulgarian might be a formidable neighbour to the imperial city; but centuries had to elapse before Greece beheld a Moslem foe, and the empire of the Bulgarian Samuel barely grazed her northern frontier. In the tenth and eleventh centuries the Emperor of the Romans was undisputed lord of the Mediterranean; and his subjects of old Hellas could, as in earlier and in later ages, betake themselves to those commercial pursuits in which their race has always been so preëminent. Monemvasia, Corinth, even inland Thebes, were flourishing seats of the manufacture and trade in silk. In the middle of the twelfth century a terrible blow was to come from an unexpected quarter. In the latter half of the preceding century the Normans of Apulia had conquered the Byzantine province in Italy, had landed on the Albanian coast, had vanquished the Emperor Alexios in arms, and had been foiled by him in diplomacy. In the next generation Greece itself was to feel the weight of their weapons, though the sharpness of the wound might be either alleviated or aggravated by the thought that it was partly inflicted by kindred hands. The Norman Roger, King of Sicily, ruled over one of the most prosperous realms on the earth, as it well might be, where the two most civilised races of the time, the Greek and the Saracen, flourished side by side, under a government which allowed to each the full enjoyment of its laws, religion, and language. The Greek element in his dominions supplied him with a powerful fleet, which he employed in cruel devasta-

tions of Greece itself. A Greek admiral, George Antiochénos, the son of Christodoulos, ravaged Euboia and Akarnania, sacked Thebes and Corinth, the great seats of the silk manufacture, and carried off their industrious inhabitants to labour in Sicily for the benefit of a Norman instead of a Byzantine master. The Norman was the more enlightened of the two. The trade of Greece had flourished, but it had flourished in the teeth of imperial monopolies and restrictions. Roger treated his captives with every favour, and transferred an important source of national well-being from Greece to his own dominions.

This terrible blow to the strictly Hellenic provinces was but the forerunner of the complete overthrow of the whole Byzantine Empire. That Empire was now fast becoming more strictly and exclusively Greek. The Emperors and great dignitaries of this age are almost wholly Greek: Doukai, Komnēnoi, Angeloi, fill the throne of the Isaurian Leo and the Slavonian Basil. The whole of the Greek nation, except in Sicily, was subject to their rule, and they were fast losing all their subjects who did not belong to the Greek nation. In fact, before the close of the twelfth century, the final loss of Servia and Bulgaria left the Roman Empire of the East very nearly coextensive with the geographical disposition of the Greek race in our own day.

But from this period the Greek race was doomed no longer to retain even its political unity, much less its commanding position among the nations of Europe. The first blow was struck when Richard, the Angevin tyrant of England, seized on Cyprus, then held by a usurper of imperial descent, and established it as a Frank kingdom under the house of Lusignan. Then came the more terrible event of the year 1204, when a band of Western pirates, calling themselves Crusaders, overthrew the Roman Empire, sacked the city of the Cæsars, and began that bondage of the Greek nation under a foreign yoke which has lasted down to our own times.

The design of the conquerors was to establish a great Frank Empire at Constantinople, with subordinate Kingdoms and Duchies holding of the Emperor by a feudal tenure. But this scheme utterly failed; all that they did was to destroy the old Byzantine Empire, and so pave the way for the incursions of the Ottoman. The Empire was broken in pieces, and it has never been completely reunited; states innumerable, Greek and Frank, at once arose out of its ruins. The Frank Empire of Constantinople proved a very ephemeral power, and the Frank Kingdom of Thessalonica proved a power more ephemeral still. Both were swallowed up within a very short time by the revived Greek Empire at Nikaia. But in Greece itself and the islands the Frankish power was more lasting. The Frank Duchy of

Athens outlived the Greek Empire of Constantinople, and that of Naxos was not brought under the Ottoman yoke till the reign of Selim the Second. The Venetian Republic too, we need not say, remained mistress of no inconsiderable portion of the Greek nation down to the time of her own final destruction.

Independent Greek states also arose. At Trebizond, on the furthest verge of Greek speech and Roman dominion, a Greek or Roman Empire lingered on after Constantinople had fallen, the last fragment of independent Hellenism which the advancing Ottoman found to devour. In Epeiros, too, Greek Despots ruled for a while over a state comprising a mixed population of Greeks, Albanians, and Wallachs. In the fourteenth century a large portion, not only of Macedonia, but also of Epeiros and Thessaly, formed part of the transient Servian Empire of Stephen Dushan, the reproduction of the earlier Kingdom of the Bulgarian Samuel. But it is Peloponnêsos which fairly claims the largest share of our notice, as it was there that the chief struggle between the Greek and Latin races took place.

In the partition of the Empire in 1204, the great Hellenic peninsula became converted into the Frank Principality of Achaia, and, in the course of the first half of the thirteenth century, the Princes of the houses of Champlitte and Villehardouin extended their power over the whole country. Under them Peloponnêsos was feudalised; the rural districts formed the domains of Frank barons; but, just as during the earlier Slavonic occupation, the cities suffered but little. They still remained Greek; in conformity with the general system of Western Europe, they retained considerable municipal independence; indeed, we may well believe that they enjoyed more independence under a loose feudal monarchy than they had done under the centralising system of the Byzantine administration. But soon after Peloponnêsos had been thus strangely changed into a Frankish principality, its prince, William of Villehardouin, joined with the Greek Despot of Epeiros in a war against the Emperor Michael Palaiologos, who had just recovered Constantinople. On the field of Pelagonia the Byzantine eagles gained one of their latest triumphs; the Prince of Achaia became a captive, and regained his freedom only by ceding to the Empire a large portion of ancient Laconia, including his own foundation and capital of Misthra. As soon as their national head had thus regained a footing in the peninsula, the national feelings of the Greeks began to gather round the Byzantine province, and the remnant of the Slavonians willingly joined their orthodox brethren in warfare against the schismatic Franks. As the imperial frontier fell back in Thrace, it advanced in Hellas, till at the end of the fourteenth century the

Byzantine possessions in Peloponnêses took in nearly the whole peninsula, and were of far greater extent than the small district which still surrounded Constantinople. The province was commonly governed by Despots of the imperial family, but early in the fifteenth century was deemed of sufficient importance to be, for the first time for ages, trodden by the foot of Cæsar Augustus himself. The Emperor Manuel Palaiologos visited the peninsula on an errand of reform; among other regulations, he settled Albanian colonists in many of the rural districts, which had again become desolate during the long struggle with the Franks. But the annals of his wretched dynasty were no more honourable in Peloponnêses than they were at Byzantium. Misgovernment of their subjects, civil wars between rival princes, abject truckling to the infidel enemy, alternate with Turkish invasions and Albanian insurrections. Even the name of the last Constantine appears in connexion with deeds which it requires all the glory of his heroic end to atone for. Yet one could rather wish that he had fallen in some mountain pass of Peloponnêses, leading on the forlorn-hope of the Hellenic race, than die as he did in the ranks of foreign mercenaries, the martyr of fanatics who betrayed him. Mahomet the Conqueror found at Constantinople a prince without a people; in Peloponnêses he found a people without a prince. Despots and Archontes crouched at his feet, but the heart of the Hellenic people was as sound in 1460 as it was in 1821. Greeks, Albanians, and Slaves alike dared to withstand the torrent beneath which their wretched rulers had sunk; and Mahomet and his lieutenants had abundant opportunities of displaying the cruelty and perfidy of their race. The defence of Salmeniko was a worthy forerunner of the defence of Mesolongi, and Palaiologos*. Graitzas and his heroic garrison showed forth the last sparks of a flame which was again to kindle into life among the comrades of Nikêtas and Mark Botzarês.

After the Turkish conquest of Peloponnêses and of the Empire of Trebizond, no portion of the Greek nation retained an independent political being. Mahomet the Conqueror died in possession of the whole Greek mainland, with the exception of those points which were still held by Venice. Several of the Ægean islands still obeyed Frank Dukes; the Knights of St. John still ruled at Rhodes; but all were gathered in during the course of the sixteenth century, and at its close the Greek race was divided in very unequal proportions between Ottoman and Venetian masters. The Republic had then only lately lost Cyprus,

* He was not of the imperial family, and must not be confounded, as he sometimes has been, with the miserable Despot Thomas. See Finlay, *Mediæval Greece*, p. 315.

and besides several other points, insular and continental, it retained the great islands of Crete and Corfu. In the ceaseless wars between Turkey and Venice, the frontier of the Republic constantly fell back, save for one moment, when Venice, at the end of the seventeenth century, expelled the Ottoman from the whole of Peloponnêsos. The short Venetian occupation of the peninsula greatly contributed, in Mr. Finlay's judgment, towards promoting the advancement of the Greek people. Generally speaking, as he allows, no government, unless it were that her Ottoman rival, could be worse than that of Venice in her Eastern dependencies. Not capricious or bloody, like that of the Turks, it was more deliberately and systematically corrupting. Neither Crete nor the Ionian Islands can report much good of the dominion of St. Murk. But the conquest of Peloponnêsos was effected in a moment of recovered dignity, by the agency of the last great man that the Republic produced, the last of her princes who has won for his name a place in the pages of history. The spirit of Morosini was impressed on his conquest; the Peloponnesian Greeks now gained thirty years of better government than they had probably ever enjoyed since the days of the Macedonian emperors. In short, Mr. Finlay places the Venetians of this period, as rulers of Greeks, far above, not only their Ottoman, but their Bavarian and their English masters.

The chief business of Mr. Finlay's history lies with Greeks and not with Turks; but he has produced, in the first chapter of his "*Othoman and Venetian Domination*," the best general sketch of the Turkish government to be found in the English language. He clearly brings out the thoroughly artificial nature of the Ottoman people, and shows how completely the institution of the tribute-children was the very keystone of the Ottoman dominion. The Greeks were an artificial nation, inasmuch as various non-hellenic nations had adopted the language and culture of Greece. But the Ottomans were an artificial nation in a far truer sense; they were a nation which drew all its strength from the constant accession of individual proselytes from other creeds and races. During the most glorious days of Ottoman greatness the native Turks were well-nigh reduced to the condition of a subject caste. Manumitted bondmen from the East, voluntary renegades from the West, Greek and Slavonian tribute-children, directed the councils and commanded the armies of the Sultans. A Grand-Vizier or a Capitan Pasha born in the faith of Islam was absolutely noted as a portent. Never did the craft and subtlety of devil or man devise such a tremendous engine of tyranny. The chains of the conquered nations were riveted by their own hands. Their best blood was drawn away to provide against any degeneracy in the blood of their con-

querors. Their strongest and fairest children, the most vigorous frames and the most precocious intellects, those whom nature had marked out as the chiefs and liberators of their own race, were carried off, to become the special instruments of their degradation. This fearful institution, combined with the marvellous hereditary greatness of the ruling family, preserved the House of Othoman from the ordinary fate of Oriental dynasties. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Turks surpassed most European nations both in military discipline and in civil administration. Nor could they be said to be behind other nations even in religious toleration. Heavy as was the yoke which pressed upon the Christian in Turkey, it was lighter than that which pressed upon the Flemish Protestant or the English Papist. His religion consigned him to civil degradation, it exposed him to much irregular oppression; but its mere exercise did not, as a matter of ordinary course, conduct him to the stake or the scaffold.

In fact, even the unlucky expression of Montesquieu, that the Greeks were better off under the Turkish Sultans than under the Byzantine Emperors may be admitted, if we understand it as meaning only that the Greeks were better off under *some* Sultans than they had been under *some* Emperors. Mr. Finlay says, with every appearance of probability, that when the first horrors of the conquest had gone by, the Ottoman sway was for a while actually felt to be a relief. The government of the Sultans was at its highest pitch of excellence just at the time when the government of the Emperors had reached its lowest pitch of degradation. Fiscal oppression, civil wars, Turkish inroads, formed a greater mass of misery than was involved in the payment of kharatch, or even in subjection to the tribute of children. It was better to be subject to the Sultan out and out than to have one's lands annually devastated and one's family dragged into slavery. And under the vigorous administration of the great Sultans, the daily local oppression of the Christians was far less than it became under the miserable despots who succeeded them. Mahomet II. was an unscrupulous and perfidious tyrant, but he was also a profound statesman, who knew that tyranny, when carried beyond a certain point, defeats its own end. Both he and several of his successors fully understood that the prosperity and even the existence of the Moslem domination rested on the maintenance of a subject race, who must neither be exterminated nor oppressed beyond endurance. We may fairly set down the period from the conquest to the death of Solomon the Magnificent—known among his own people by the worthier title of Solomon the Lawgiver—as a time of less misery for the Greek nation than the last century of their national independence under the contemptible Palaiologi.

But this state of things was in its own nature transient. The constitution of the Ottoman Empire and the principles of the Mahometan religion forbade permanent improvement, and almost necessarily involved retrogression. The series of the great Sultans ended with Solomon. The external splendour of the empire was still preserved, but its internal administration became corrupted. The wretched tyrants and voluptuaries who now held the sceptre were utterly incapable of maintaining the same amount of good government as their predecessors. They lost their influence over remote provinces and powerful lieutenants, and the mass of daily local oppression always increases when the protecting hand of the central power is withdrawn. Add to this that, even in the best times, the principles of the Mahommedan law prescribe a thoroughly vicious administration of justice; add also, that even the great Sultans, much less than their successors, were not free from a vice which Christian Byzantium learned only in its last decline—that system of fraudulent dealing with the coinage, which is really productive of quite as much misery as more open and ferocious acts of tyranny. This particular form of mal-administration of course affected all the subjects of the empire, but it must have fallen most heavily upon the Greeks, as interfering with the commercial instincts of their race. In short, the whole empire declined, but the evils of its decline were felt most severely by the Christian population. The early part of the seventeenth century seems to mark the climax of their misery and degradation.

The Greek inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire formed two widely distinct classes. The distinction existed in the fifteenth century, and it exists to the present day. The Byzantine hierarchy and nobility, the Grand Dukes and Patriarchs of the imperial city, deserted, if they did not betray, an Emperor of whom they were unworthy. The heroic peasantry of old Hellas braved the might of Mahomet himself, and fell gloriously beneath the weight of irresistible power. So in the Revolution of our own times, it was not the Phanariot aristocracy of Constantinople, but the klephts of the mountains and the merchant-seamen of the *Ægean*, who won back the liberties of Greece from the grasp of the barbarian. A Constantine Palaiologos in the one age, an Alexander Mavrokordatos in the other, may redeem the official Byzantine class from the charge of utter degradation; but little indeed in either century did Greece owe to those who seemed marked out as her natural leaders. Throughout the land the high prelacy and nobility were too often the willing slaves of the oppressor, while the flame of patriotism still smouldered on in the breasts of the brave and honest peasant, and of the simple priest, who shared alike the virtues and the failings

of his flock. The peculiar state of things under the Ottoman dominion gave the higher clergy of the Orthodox Church an amount of authority which they could never have enjoyed under any Christian government. The policy of Mahomet II. recognised the Patriarch as the head of the conquered nation ; he left its internal management to him and to the rest of the hierarchy, and held them responsible for its obedience. The fathers of the Christian Church were thus strangely converted into agents of infidel domination. Intrigue and simony procured their appointment and procured their deposition. Placed in immediate contact with a despotic and barbarous government, their tenure even of life and personal liberty was precarious indeed. But so long as they could preserve life and office, their offices clothed them with an amount of power which was more frequently used for evil than for good. The Greek Church has, indeed, preserved the Greek nation ; but it is to the virtuous and patriotic, however illiterate, rural clergy, rather than to the learned and dignified occupants of the patriarchal throne, that the merit of the good work must be ascribed. The genuine and healthy life of the nation was preserved almost exclusively among those classes whom their superiors, alike Christian and Moslem, spiritual and temporal, too often united to oppress.

We have said that a permanent improvement in the principles of the Ottoman government was impossible in the nature of things. The temporary reforms wrought by one or two enlightened and tolerant Grand-Viziers could bring about no lasting benefit ; yet, towards the end of the seventeenth century, several circumstances combined to hold out brighter prospects to the Eastern Christians. The amount of irregular local oppression did not diminish, and probably increased with the increasing weakness of the central government ; but the greatest of all signs of hope now appeared. The tribute of children was gradually discontinued. The Mussulman population had now greatly increased, less perhaps by the natural multiplication of the native Turks than by the apostasy of large bodies of Christians. The Janissaries were now beginning to form a hereditary caste, and they preferred to have vacancies filled up from among their own children rather than from among the children of their infidel kinsmen. And doubtless the native Turks generally would look with favour on a change which in fact delivered them from the yoke of a renegade oligarchy. From all these causes, the tribute gradually fell into disuse. During the latter half of the seventeenth century it was rarely resorted to, and only one levy was made after the beginning of the eighteenth. The Christians were thus at last released from this horrible impost. Their domestic feelings were no longer thus cruelly outraged ; and, more than this,

the stoutest hearts and strongest arms of their race were no longer pressed into the service of their tyrants, but were left free to become the leaders of their own people. The Revolution could never have taken place under a system which would have transferred its leaders to the opposite side. Under Solomon the Lawgiver, Mavrokordatos would have been a Grand-Vizier, and Miaoulès a Capitan Pasha.

The extension of Greek commerce, which has been going on down to the present moment, dates also from the seventeenth century. Intelligent Greeks were thus led to settle in foreign lands; they learned their arts and civilisation, and were led to look with a patriotic eye upon the wrongs of their own country. Even the growth of the Phanariot aristocracy, though it could confer no direct benefit on the mass of the people, still conferred a sort of dignity upon the nation. The Porte was now driven by sheer necessity to employ a portion of its Greek subjects in positions of high importance. Without their aid it was impossible for the Sultans to carry on any diplomatic intercourse with European powers. Greeks therefore acted as Ottoman Ambassadors abroad, and filled the important office of Chief Dragoman at home. Greeks too were now appointed to fill the tributary thrones of Moldavia and Wallachia. Thus grew up the order of the princes and nobles of the Phanar, men who far more frequently displayed the vices than the virtues of their race, but whose exaltation was still a sign of the approach of better times. If Greeks were capable of representing the Porte in its foreign relations, if they were worthy to rule over foreign principalities, it was no unnatural inference that they were worthy and capable of ruling over their own land, and of dispensing altogether with the presence of their alien masters.

Far more beneficial to the bulk of the people, though less brilliant to the imagination, was the general improvement which began to take place in the condition of the agricultural population. As the Turkish feudal system declined, as money became better understood to be the true representative of value, serfdom or prædial bondage gradually died out. The Greek peasant thus became a free tenant—often, indeed, a free owner of land. He was still the political slave of the Sultan, he still had small chance of redress against irregular local oppression; but he was no longer the personal bond-slave of an individual master. The spirit of the nation gradually rose; intercourse with the West became more common; the study of the old Greek poetry and history began to revive. As the stores of old Hellenic literature were opened, as a new Hellenic literature rose into being, the Greek learned what men born on his own soil and speaking his own tongue had done in defence of Grecian

freedom against barbarian despots. As he turned the pages of Herodotus and Æschylus, as he listened to the song of his own Rhégas, the thought could not but arise, May not we do and dare as much against a foe compared with whom the kings and satraps of old were civilised and merciful? As time rolled on, a nation of their own creed began to threaten their old enemy. Little indeed has Russia ever directly done for Greece as Greece; many a time has she incited Greeks to revolt, and then left them to the mercy of their offended masters. But she at least taught them to feel their own strength and importance; and an extended career, military, civil, and mercantile, was opened to individual Greeks who entered the Russian service or settled in the Russian territory. At home, too, there was much which might encourage hopes of successful resistance. The Klephts preserved their wild independence in the mountains, and could be even nominally restrained only by the hands of Christian *Armatoles*.* Then came Ali Pasha, a rebel against the Turk, a tyrant towards the Greek, a cruel oppressor of Christian and Moslem alike. Yet his career on the whole advanced the Greek cause. The lion of Jôannina was indeed one of the most blood-thirsty and faithless of tyrants, but he was at least not a Mahomedan fanatic. He employed Moslems to wreak his vengeance on Christians, and Christians to wreak his vengeance on Moslems. If he had any definite scheme of policy beyond his own personal aggrandisement, it was to subject Greek and Turk alike to the rising power of Albania. Yet, with all his crimes, he was the first to give something like regular government to districts which had hitherto been given up to perfect anarchy. His whole career showed how well the imperial power might be defied; and, as an enemy to the Porte, his last days were spent in alliance with his fellow-insurgents. Meanwhile the heroes of Souli and Parga had shown what Christian hearts could do and suffer in the cause of Christian independence. Servia had cast off the yoke of the oppressor, and Montenegro then, as for five hundred years past, resisted alike his claims and his invasions. Warriors, too, of their own blood had fought under the banners both of France and England, and a nominal independence, under a government at least better than that of Turkey or Venice, had been given to a portion of their own race, within sight of their own shores. National patriotism began to take the place of mere sectarian fanaticism. Greeks began to recognise the claim of brotherhood among all of their own race, and even to acknowledge something of more distant kindred among Christians of other sects and countries. The Hellên, so long disguised

* *Ἀρματολοί* = armed men; a sort of military police in the nominal service of the Porte.

under the names of Roman and of Christian, began to discover that Christianity did not, as interested Patriarchs had so often taught him, enforce submission to the Infidel as a religious duty. He woke also, sometimes perhaps too vividly, to the undoubted truth that the inheritance of Hellenic blood and speech was something which might well raise a nobler pride than his worn-out and imaginary connexion with the masters of the world.

We have now reached the time of the Greek Revolution, the way for which was paved by all these different causes of improvement in the condition of the Greek people. As usual in such cases, the insurrection did not take place when oppression was at its height. At such moments a nation cannot revolt; it is only when its wrongs have been considerably lightened that it has strength for the effort. And as Greece did not revolt till her condition was largely bettered, so the parts of Greece which were the foremost in the struggle were precisely those where the yoke pressed most lightly, where local independence and local prosperity were greater than elsewhere. It was precisely because Hydra, Spetza, and Psara enjoyed so large an amount of local freedom that they dared to venture all in the cause of national independence.

In estimating the character of the Revolution, we must bear in mind the difficulties under which the Greeks laboured, and the wide differences between the circumstances of their revolt and those of the other events in European history with which it seems most natural to compare it. Such are the revolts of Switzerland against Albert of Austria, of the Netherlands against Philip of Spain, of the American colonies against our George the Third. In none of these cases had the external domination lasted so long or proved so bitter as that of the Ottomans in Greece. In all of them there was an earlier settled order of things to fall back upon; there were familiar institutions and authorities which only needed reviving or clothing with additional powers. In Greece there was nothing of the kind. The only bond of union was afforded by the secret society, the famous *Hetairia*, by which the Revolution was planned. The Greeks had no national centre, no traditional authority, to restore or to develop. Ottoman barbarism had trampled every thing in pieces, except those rude municipalities which, valuable as they were in many respects, must have greatly tended to strengthen the spirit of local isolation. A political system had to be reared up from the ground while the nation was engaged in a struggle for life and death; and it had to be so planned as to approve itself to the most opposite classes and to reconcile the most opposite interests.

What was there in common between Klephts and Phanariots, except that both of them practised extortion in different forms? How was either to fraternise with the industrious peasant who knew nothing of the world beyond his own valley, or with the soldier or merchant who had traversed every country in Europe? An army had to be raised from districts divided by local antipathies; an army which had not to fight in any political quarrel for the peace of Europe or for the balance of power, but to avenge the wrongs of centuries upon cruel personal oppressors. It is no very great wonder, then, if it was found difficult to realise every conflicting requirement; if the course of the revolution was stained by some political follies, by some military excesses, by many instances of local and personal jealousy. Crushed down and barbarised by so fearful a yoke, the real wonder is that the Greeks succeeded so well as they did, that they formed so near an approach to a regular government, that they showed as much as they did show of patriotism and disinterestedness. Nor need we be either over-astonished or over-horrified, if some statesmen and some captains were stained by avarice and selfishness; or if armies of peasants and brigands occasionally violated the laws of war, and even now and then turned their swords against one another.

To similar causes—perhaps as much as any to the connexion of the Revolution with the Hetairia—was owing the greatest misfortune of regenerate Greece, namely that the Greek Revolution produced no one man clearly marked out to take the lead among his people. Greece had no William the Silent, no Washington, hardly even a Czerny George. Such a man must be at once statesman and soldier; and he is by no means the worse for possessing hereditary influence. But for any man to have united all the qualities necessary in a general leader of regenerate Greece would have been a moral miracle. The qualities which rendered a man acceptable to one class rendered him unacceptable to others. Mavrokordatos, a Byzantine civilian; Dēmétrios Hypsilantès, a civilised European soldier; Kolokotrônès, a captain of Klephts; Mavromichalès, the prince of the local Peloponnesian aristocracy; Kountouriotès from Hydra, and Metaxas from Kephallènia,—how could such an incongruous mixture either agree in submission to a single head or pull together as members of a harmonious republic? The real marvel is, that they were any how able to liberate their country, to defend it for four years against the whole power of the Ottoman; that Mavrokordatos secured as much obedience as he did for the central power; that Kolokotrônès and his Antarts* did not

* The rebellious military party who produced the civil war of 1824,—there were undoubted faults on both sides.

inflict far greater damage upon the common cause. Undoubtedly, among the leading characters of the Revolution, among the men who played a prominent political part, Mavrokordatos was the one most entitled to honour, the one who best deserved to be the leader of his country. But when we consider how even Washington and William of Orange were thwarted by local and party jealousies, we shall at once see that Mavrokordatos could never have commanded obedience as King or Dictator. His views may have been a little too europeanised for the people with whom he dealt, and his course may not have been perfectly free from Phanariot intrigue; but in his whole career he was the representative of humanity and moderation, of regular civil government, as opposed to either military or aristocratic license. These qualifications, however, made him odious to Klephtic captains, and not especially acceptable to Peloponnesian Archontes. Among the people of Western Greece, perhaps the best continental specimens of the race, he won the popularity which he deserved. As a civilian playing the soldier, he might easily be an object of ridicule both to regular and irregular warriors; but if he manifested no special strategic talent, he displayed some of the highest natural qualities of the soldier. The hero of the first siege of Mesolongi can never be mentioned without honour.

But if Mavrokordatos failed, still less could any other Greek have filled the post of general leader. Any of the civil party would have been only an inferior Mavrokordatos; the heads of the military party were sufficient scourges as it was. We say the heads, because no fame was ever purer than that of some of the subordinate military actors, men who smote the Infidel by land or sea, but who took but little part in political dissensions. Such on land was Mark Botzarès, such on sea were Constantine Kanarès, Andrew Miaoulès, and not a few others of those brave and devoted men whose merchant-brigs became the terror of barbarian frigates. But Klephts and Hodjibashis would have had no more love for a Hydriot than a Phanariot chief; and the noble old admiral might not perchance have succeeded as a statesman. Phormiòn, Nelson, and Miaoulès are immortal, but their glory was not won, and perhaps it might have been jeopardied, in the Pnyx, the House of Commons, or the Assembly of Epidauros.

We have above implied that the righteous cause of Greece was disfigured by many acts of cruelty and perfidy. That is to say, as Trikoups forcibly puts it, the Greeks often showed themselves but too apt proficient in the school of their Turkish masters. But there is this marked difference between the two cases. The cruelty and perfidy of the Turks was constant, it was deliberate, it was shared in by the highest personages in the

empire, Sultan Mahmoud himself being the most conspicuous of all. That of the Greeks was the natural result of their position. The war was necessarily fought with irregular troops, and we know what irregular troops have been in all ages. Instances of the most heroic valour alternate with ludicrous tales of panic cowardice; the most devoted attachment to their chiefs is diversified by an utter contempt of discipline, and by occasional recklessness of the very cause in which they fight. Such troops will occasionally indulge in deeds of needless slaughter, and will not always regard the capitulations signed by their commanders. But no act of treachery can be brought home to any of the great Greek leaders of any party; in this respect the hands of Kolokotrônês are as clean as those of Mavrokordatos. They could not always restrain their undisciplined hosts, but they always did their best to save men entitled to the benefit of a capitulation. Treachery was seldom deliberate even with the wildest hordes of Maina or Albania; in the worst case, the massacre of the Turks who surrendered at Athens, the guilt rested far more with the modern Athenians than with the warriors or statesmen of any party.

The character of the Greek Revolution would be entirely mistaken if it is supposed, as we believe it often is, that the insurrection was confined to the narrow limits of the present Kingdom. The Kingdom, indeed, pretty well answers to that portion of continental Greece which unassisted Greeks proved capable of defending against unassisted Turks. But the movement was a general one of the whole Greek race; except those portions of it which were either morally or physically incapable of joining in it. A rising could hardly be expected in Asia among a Turkish majority, or at Constantinople under the eye of Sultan Mahmoud. But all European Greece rose; Macedonia, Chalkidikê, Thessaly, Crete, Psara,—regions which Western diplomacy regards as inseparable portions of the empire of the Sultan,—had as great a share in the first stages of the Revolution as Hydra or Maina. The Turks succeeded in recovering Macedonia; they won a wilderness without inhabitants on the rock of Psara; but Macedonians and Psariots still shone on their respective elements as long as the war continued. Not all the power of the English Harmost could restrain the Greeks of Kephallênia and Zakynthos from showing in the earlier Peloponnesian campaigns; and at a later date it was by the help of the people of either island that Mesolongi was enabled to endure through her last glorious struggle. Nor was the movement merely Hellenic; it included the Christian Albanian equally with the Greek. Botzarês and Miaoulês, the mountaineer of Souli and the seaman of Hydra, were among the noblest champions of Greece, but they had no claim to a Grecian

lineage. The Wallachs of Pindos were represented in Grecian councils in the person of John Kôlettês; even more distant lands contributed to the holy cause: Bulgaria forgot the wrongs of her blinded children of an earlier day; the countrymen of Samuel fought side by side with the countrymen of Basil; and Hadji-Chrêstos won no mean place among the warriors of Hellas. The united efforts of Greeks and Albanians succeeded, during 1821, in liberating all Greece south of Thermopylæ, and in the three following years, in successfully defending it against repeated Ottoman invasions. Four beleaguered fortresses alone represented the Turkish power in Peloponnêsos. When the Satrap of Egypt condescended to support the falling power of his master, their combined forces were too much for the insurgents to resist. Yet even on land the progress of Ibrahim was checked by occasional reverses; and the Greek fleet, with its band of Hellenic and Philhellenic heroes, still sailed in triumph over the Ægæan, while all continental Greece seemed doomed to relapse into its old slavery. Turkey had been obliged to seek foreign aid; the time was come for Greece to receive it also; the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia crushed the naval power of the Infidel at Navarino, and the arms of France expelled him—we trust for ever—from the mountains and valleys of Peloponnêsos.

The portion of the War of Independence which it is most difficult to justify is the invasion of Moldo-Wallachia by Alexander Hysêlantês in its earliest stage. All that can be said for it is, that it acted as an important diversion of the Ottoman power from Greece itself. Yet one would have wished such heroes as Olympian George and the gallant youths of the Sacred Band to have shed their blood more directly for Greece itself; and there are many points which hinder us from looking with the same sympathy on a Greek war in Moldavia as on a Greek war in Attica or Peloponnêsos. In Moldo-Wallachia the cause was not a national movement; the Greeks were there as much alien rulers as the Turks themselves. The war in the Principalities was stained by some of the worst of the acts of cruelty which disgraced the Greek cause, and they came nearer than any other to being the acts of the actual commanders. Alexander Hysêlantês, who should have given the Greeks a model of the character of a civilised European general, proved no more capable and no more honourable than an irreclaimable Klepht like Kolokotrônês. He thoroughly misarranged every thing; and his acts at least implied approval of the cold-blooded murder of the Turks at Jassy, a deed which was even a deeper disgrace to the Greek cause than all the atrocities with which ungovernable multitudes paid off the wrongs of four hundred years in the horrible sack of Tripolitza.

But of the great Revolution we must not attempt any com-

plete narrative. The time would fail either to narrate all the exciting scenes or to develop all the political reflections which the annals of the War of Independence suggest. How Botzarès died in the night-attack on Karpenësi; how the defenders of Psara overwhelmed friend and foe in one common overthrow; how the forlorn-hope of Mesolongi clave their bloody path through the thickest ranks of the Egyptian legions; how the good ship *Arës* in the harbour of Pylos fought her way victoriously through the fire of the whole barbarian navy; how, again, Kara Ali revelled in the devastation of Chios; how the Turks of Smyrna murdered the righteous expounder of their own law, who refused his sanction to massacre unoffending Christians; how Sultan Mahmoud, the mirror of reforming despots, drank, day by day, his fill of innocent blood; how the Patriarch Gregory died like an ancient martyr, hanged, fresh from the paschal rites, before the gates of his own palace,—all this we must leave for the new Polybios of regenerate Greece to recount in the same tongue which told how Aratos burst asunder the bonds of Macedon, as Mavrokordatos and his fellows have rent the heavier fetters of the Ottoman. His narrative continues through the administration of Kapodistrias, and down to the momentary recognition of Prince Leopold as sovereign of Greece. For the remaining history, down to the establishment of the constitution of 1843, we must go to the narrative of Mr. Finlay.

In estimating the condition of Greece since her acquisition of independence, it is difficult to avoid exaggerated statements on one side or the other, and almost more difficult to attribute the various phenomena of good and evil to the causes to which they really belong. No reasonable friend of Greece will deny that the progress of Greece has not been what her ardent friends once expected; that she has disappointed all their unreasonable and some of their reasonable hopes; in short, that Greece has not gained so much by her Revolution as she might have been fairly expected to gain. But it is utterly unfair to infer from this, as people used to infer some years back, that Greece has gained nothing by her Revolution, and that she had better have stayed under the Ottoman yoke. Again, admitting the actual shortcomings of Greece in many respects, it is unfair to leap to the conclusion that such shortcomings are necessarily any ground for condemnation of Greece. Some of them undoubtedly do afford ground for such condemnation; they arise directly from faults in the Greek national character, or from the misconduct of particular Greek statesmen. But much that the friend of Greece regrets, and that the enemy of Greece rejoices over, is simply the unavoidable effect of circumstances, or the direct

result of the interference of foreign powers. Let Greece bear the blame of whatever has been blameworthy in her own conduct, but let her not bear the further blame of all the errors of Russians, Turks, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Bavarians.

Greece, for instance, used to be always twitted with being a "petty state," and with being under the misgovernment of such a king as Otho. To this it was answer enough that Greece neither fixed her own frontier nor chose her own king. But if any one asks why Greece has not, during the twenty years that she has possessed a constitutional government, abolished the old barbarous system of taxation, why she has not spent on making roads the money which has been squandered on the fooleries of a court, why she has maintained a large and useless army instead of training, like Switzerland, every man to be a soldier in time of need,—to these questions, and others like them, the friend of Greece must answer by confessing that Greece has been deeply to blame. All that he can do is to remind accusers that other nations have their faults and follies as well as Greece, that Greece has throughout been labouring under special difficulties; and that it is not fair to judge a young and struggling nation by exactly the same rules as those which we apply to old and long-established powers.

We give these as specimens of the false and the true accusations which have been brought against the Greek kingdom. It would be easy to multiply both classes very largely. They may be briefly summed up by saying that, on the one hand, the affairs of Greece have been largely ordered by foreigners, for whose errors Greece is not fairly accountable, and, on the other hand, that, so far as Greece has had her destinies in her own power, she has too often neglected those dull every-day improvements, which are of the greatest internal value, but which make no show in the eyes of the world. Schools, universities, a free parliament, a free press, are all very praiseworthy; but good roads, improved agriculture, a free local administration, are at least as necessary to national well-being. A court and an army, in the present condition of Greece, might well be got rid of altogether.

The two great errors of Greece for which Greece is in any degree responsible are the land-tax in kind and the centralised system of government. For neither of these is Greece wholly responsible, but she is so in part. The land-tax, that barbarous institution, which has done more than any thing else to impoverish and depopulate all eastern Europe and western Asia, is a curse which has been handed on from the old Ottoman despotism. Neither Bavarians nor Greeks are guilty of its invention; but surely either Bavarians or Greeks might have contrived to get rid of it long before now. The centralisation of the government

was mainly the work of the Bavarian regency ; but the Greeks, by accepting it then and ever since, may be fairly thought to have made themselves accomplices. A mere glance at the map of Greece, the slightest acquaintance with Greek history in any age, is enough to show that the constitution of Greece, if not actually federal, should at least be of a kind which would allow the highest degree of local and municipal freedom. The carelessness of the Turks, who at least had no political theories, had allowed much local freedom to exist. The subject race, so long as it remained subject, was allowed to manage its internal affairs for itself. The condition of the Greeks, in various parts of the empire, ranged from that of mere bond-slaves of an intruding horde to that of free republicans, paying only a tribute of money or soldiers to an external suzerain. The maritime islands contributed their contingent to the Sultan's fleet, and then were left to their own internal management, to their natural aristocratic or democratic tendencies, almost as freely as a Swiss canton. This state of nearly full independence was indeed exceptional, but every where there were old municipalities, rude indeed and corrupted, needing much improvement and much development, but which should have been improved and developed instead of being utterly swept away. The legislation of Greece in this respect has been led astray by the spirit of imitation, and the choice of bad models to imitate. The whole local administration has been reconstructed after that cut-and-dried Continental system which leaves hardly any real local independence. Like the freedom of so many other countries, modern Greek freedom begins at the wrong end ; a highly democratic constitution of the national government is united with a local system which makes the citizen in ordinary every-day matters actually less free than under some despotisms. Here is ground for real censure, matter for real reformation. No one has shown himself a truer friend of Greece than Mr. Finlay has done, by enlarging with his whole power on these two most important points. That his harsh way of putting every thing makes him unpopular in Greece we can readily believe ; but Greece will do well to take many of his counsels to heart, however unpalatable may be the form into which they are thrown.

The boundary of the Kingdom was not fixed by the Greeks, and it may have been found impossible to include a larger portion of the Greek nation within its limits. As we have already said, the present Kingdom does pretty nearly answer to that part of Greece which the Greeks held permanently against the Turks till the Egyptian invasion turned the balance. Still it is a matter at least for regret that Greece, if she was to be a Kingdom, was not allowed such an extent as would have made her a

respectable kingdom of the second class. The purely artificial frontier now drawn between the enslaved and liberated portions of Greece has been mischievous in many ways. It cannot fail to stir up constant national heartburnings; and it has been found a practical evil in affording retreats and modes of escape to the brigands who are the curse of both countries. On the other hand, looking beyond Greece itself, and taking in the general interest and probable future of South-eastern Europe in general, it becomes a matter of grave doubt whether it was desirable to make Greece an independent kingdom at all. To have preserved, like Servia and Wallachia, like Ragusa in former days, some slight and nominal vassalage to the Porte might have been a sacrifice of Greek national pride, it might even have in some measure checked Greek national development; but we can hardly doubt that it would have tended to the general advantage of the Byzantine peninsula. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of those regions, whether a Christian Empire or a Christian Federation is to take the place of the decaying Ottoman power, there can be no doubt that it is in the mean while most desirable that all the subject nations should feel themselves to be members of one body, ready to take their place side by side in any system which may arise upon the overthrow of their tyrants. For a portion of one nation to have acquired complete independence, to have become, as far as diplomacy is concerned, as alien from all the others as Spain or Sweden, may be an immediate gain for those directly concerned, but it will certainly be found to be a loss when the general condition of eastern Christendom has to be decided.

One comfort, however, we have as Englishmen. If we have had our share in past times in leading Greece astray, we have wiped out the wrong by doing more than any other European nation has done to render Greece powerful and independent. Nowhere is the change of tone with regard to Greek affairs more conspicuous than with regard to the cession of the Ionian Islands. A couple of years back all was bluster. In defiance of all law and all history, they were affirmed to be parts of the British Empire, and not one inch of that empire would the British people ever surrender. Of the blusterers of that time some now approve, others acquiesce, the most discontented only faintly grumble. Men have found out that protection does not imply empire, and that there is neither profit nor glory in reigning over unwilling subjects. The general facts of the case are as plain as facts can be. When the connexion of England with the islands first began, English connexion was a privilege. To be under the protection, or even under the direct sovereignty, of England was better than to be under the sovereignty either

of Turkey or of Venice. While all other Greeks were the Rayahs of the Turk, those Greeks who were under British rule were the best off of all Greeks. Heavy as might be the hand of "King Tom," it was at least lighter than the hand of Sultan Mahmoud. But as soon as an independent Greek state arose close to their shores, the instinct of nationality at once called for union with that Greek state. It is in vain to say that the Islands have been, in all that relates to material prosperity, better governed than the Kingdom. So they doubtless have been; but human nature is such that men had rather govern themselves ill than be governed well by strangers. As in all other such cases, the better the local government, the greater the degree of local freedom, the stronger will be the desire for national independence. England has done her duty by resigning a burdensome and unprofitable trust, which merely supplied her enemies with a retort whenever she complained of the foreign rulers of other lands. By the cession of the Seven Islands the Kingdom acquires an addition of territory which, under any tolerable government, ought to add greatly to its stability and its European position. That Greece may use well this great accession to her dominions, that she may show herself worthy of future accessions of territory at the cost of her old enemy, must be the earnest wish of every real lover of freedom throughout the world.

ART. V.—ETON REFORM.

The Statutes of King's College, Cambridge, and of Eton College.
Longman and Co., 1850.

THAT the public schools of England stand in need of much and searching reform, is an assertion which few will deny, save those whose interest it is to keep them untouched, whose pockets and whose reputation would alike suffer if changes were introduced for the future, and the past fully disclosed. Yet, in spite of all their shortcomings, these schools are practically admitted to furnish the best existing education attainable by the higher and upper-middle classes of this country. They repeat, exemplify, and in some cases exaggerate, the excellencies and defects of our whole social state: they have grown, like our constitution itself, in silence and unmarked; and it may well be doubted whether a new school, formed on theoretically the best possible plan, would not be found more faulty in the working than those four or five whose names rise naturally to the mind when we speak

of public schools. It would, moreover, be difficult, if not impossible, to carry on such a school at all without the aid of earlier traditions. Marlborough, Cheltenham, and the Wellington Colleges, have drawn their head-masters from among men trained at the earlier foundations. Radley, Bradfield, Lancing, and such like schools, are avowedly copies of Eton and Winchester, and are often most faithful to those very features which least deserved retention.

The deep conviction, then, in the public mind, first, that these schools are the best, and next, that the best are faulty, is the reason why, two years since, such deep interest was felt in the labours of the Public-School Commissioners, and why their Report has so long been awaited with anxiety by so many—with hope by reformers, and fear by the upholders of the present system.

The Commission was well and fairly chosen. It was understood that one nobleman placed on it was a strong advocate for classical as the basis of all other education, while another considered Latin and Greek composition as needless, if not mischievous. There was a Professor of Greek, and an ex-Professor of Modern History; a possible future Chancellor of the Exchequer, to look to the finances of the colleges; a secretary, clever, caustic, and critical, to restrain the eagerness of many who desired to give evidence, and sift with care evidence when given; and all the members of the Commission were men whose praise or blame would have real weight, and could not possibly be disregarded. No doubt the Report might have appeared much sooner, had the Commission been composed of less various and more harmonious elements; but the search for truth would not have been so thorough, nor would their conclusions have been so valuable as they must now prove, should the Report, which will, it is now rumoured, be made public next month, be at all unanimous.

We are not among those who have regretted the delay, or whose interest in the subject has grown more slack. We would wish, if it be possible, to revive the curiosity of those who have forgotten to be curious, and to remind reformers that a cause is not lost though the decision of it be long deferred. Time has been afforded by the delay for those who came to the work with preconceived opinions to modify them,—for those who, perhaps, entered the Commission as advocates to give a calm verdict against the very side they once thought themselves bound to support. The same lapse of time has brought changes to some of the subjects of inquiry. At Harrow the head-master was too fresh to his work for any one to feel certain whether the rule of so young a man would work for good or ill. At Eton

the provost died, the head-master became provost, and one of the fellows head-master, after the Commission had issued questions to the authorities, and before the answers had been returned. It was yet uncertain whether the high reputation of Rugby would or would not decline in consequence of the outcry raised by religious bigotry against the supposed opinions of him who ruled it so admirably. Winchester was just extending a slight experiment, already made, in the establishment of boarding houses under the management of the assistant-masters, somewhat on the plan of the other great schools. And no doubt alterations which have been made, or might have been made as a further consequence of these changes, will not have been without their effect on the Report.

If the advice of the Commissioners, whatever that advice may be, were to be binding on the authorities of the public schools, any observations of ours would at this time be out of place. It would be but fair to keep silence till the changes were introduced, and till a fair trial had been given them. It is moreover abundantly certain that no words from without will avail to change the Report or modify the advice. But the Commissioners can do no more than state the facts at which they have arrived, and their interpretation of them; recommend for the future, and award praise or blame for the past. Their conclusions are sure to be disputed, and the real reform will have to be carried out by Parliament or by the authorities themselves of the schools, even if eventually it should be the same as that recommended by the Commissioners. There is also the possibility that nothing, or next to nothing, may be recommended. Little as we are disposed to trust mere rumour about a sealed report, there is too much probability in that which says that Eton is to be let alone; and we must at least be prepared for the need that the whole subjects involved should be opened up afresh and debated *coram publico*, whether within or without the walls of Parliament.

The questions issued by the Commission were supposed by many to show that a very great degree of ignorance with regard to the subject-matter existed among those who had to deal with it. However this may have been, such ignorance undoubtedly exists among the public at large. Men know very little of the real working of the institutions which helped to educate them, and to which they intrust their sons. This, then, is the time to speak, in the hope that our words may serve in some small measure to clear what is obscure, and enable our readers to judge for themselves what is needed, and how far the Report of the Commissioners, when it shall appear, may go towards supplying the need.

We take Eton as our text for various reasons. Though Winchester was the earliest of our great foundations, Eton not long after was considered an improvement on the same idea; "the one," as said a Wykehamist not long since at an Eton dinner, "Editio Prima, the other Editio Secunda, auctior, et longe emendatior." It again is, as we thoroughly believe, the one needing most radical reform; and yet is in some respects the greatest and the best. If in some the worst, it is only because *corruptio optimi pessima*; it is the school whose abuses, real or supposed, produced the Commission; it is that at which there is the most open and avowed conflict of opinion among the authorities; and lastly, to be quite honest, it is the school about which we know the most.

We must beg our reader's attention while we describe what Eton was in the intention of King Henry VI., the founder, and what it now is. Unless these things be clear, the needs of the future, the various conflicting interests, the passionate desire for reform existing at Eton side by side with the hatred and scorn of all change, cannot be understood.

It was founded, according to a beautiful passage in the preamble to the statutes, "for the praise, glory, and honour of the Name of the Crucified One, and of His most glorious Mother the Virgin Mary, for the support and exaltation of the Christian Faith, the setting forward of Holy Church, the increase of Divine Worship, and of the liberal Arts, Sciences, and Faculties." It consisted of a provost, seventy poor and indigent scholars, ten fellows, ten chaplains, ten clerks, hired and to be removed at will (of the provost?), sixteen choristers, one master and one under-master, both also removable, and lastly, thirteen poor and infirm old men. For the whole of these are laid down rules, stringent, and now impossible to observe, yet at the time very admirable, and what we should look for in a well-regulated religious, almost monastic, establishment of the period. For divine worship the rules are extremely minute, and the consciences of each and every member of the college are solemnly charged before the Highest that no prescribed prayer or service be omitted; if, however, unavoidably omitted, the lost prayers were to be made up on the succeeding day. In these prayers the name of the founder had, as was likely and right, a conspicuous place. To each office, at each mass, when each member rose in the morning, when he laid him down at night, there was added, whatever might be the other devotions, a prayer for the founder's soul, marking in a touching way the storm-wearied king's desire for peace, and the longing for a rest in the eternal heavens, which had been denied him here on earth; marking also in the plainest way the fact that the perpetual intercession

for his soul's repose was one main reason for the foundation of Eton College, as it had also been for that of King's College in the University of Cambridge, then and still closely connected with Eton, as New College with Winchester, by their founder William of Wykeham.

We do not, of course, find the same state of things now existing. All regard to the wishes of the king ceased, necessarily, to be paid at the Reformation. No change which can now be imagined, even to the sweeping away of the collegiate part of the establishment, can be so great as was the discontinuance of masses for the repose of the founder's soul. And we would beg those who now talk about the wishes of their pious benefactor, and regard all change as something near akin to sacrilege, to remember that the needs and belief of the time, which they regard as sufficient to justify their own cold service, and the dreary homilies addressed to the boys in place of the gorgeous sacrifice of the Mass, justify, *à fortiori*, all lesser alterations. Except that the ten fellows have dwindled, happily, to seven; that the twenty chaplains and clerks have become three "conducts," who are also curates of the parish, while the "singing men," who represent the remainder, are really the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; that the thirteen poor men have been transmuted into ten old women, and turned out of the college into a dank back-yard of the town,—the constitution of Eton remains much what it originally was. The seventy collegers are still the nucleus of the school; the rest of the boys, numbering somewhere about eight hundred, are there, in theory, on sufferance, and are the head-master's private pupils. He, of course, calls in other gentlemen to aid him in the work of teaching; but of these the college, officially, knows nothing. At once, therefore, arises the singular fact, that by far the greater number of those persons of whom we think when Eton is mentioned are not even recognised as having any real position in the place, by that small minority who hold in their hands for the time being the build-ings, revenues, patronage, and government of the whole establishment. We do not deny that a more liberal spirit than once existed has grown up among individuals on the foundation. Perhaps no one of the fellows would now, as once they did, affect to regard the assistant-masters as men who, as such, had no relations whatever with the college; but the fact remains the same—that the majority of Eton teachers have no voice whatever in the management of Eton, no share in the revenues; that none of the patronage falls to them; and that only a very few can hope to rest one day in the slumbrous, not to say slothful, ease of the cloisters as fellows of Eton College. Even the head and lower masters take no part in the deliberations of the provost and

fellows—are, in fact, no part of the governing body of the college.

It is clear from the statutes that the office of provost was intended to be one of very considerable honour and dignity, and it is indeed a high and useful one. We attribute but small importance to the intent of the founder. The course of time has so drifted us away, without possibility of return, from what then was considered so needful, that, having once explained what was the general purpose and scheme of the college, we care little to fall back on its details. And it is not for us to know what was the answer of the college to the inquiry into the provost's duties as at present understood or performed. But if the masters of a great school are to teach their boys, and to exercise due supervision, they have not the time to go much away from their work, or mix, save in the holidays, with the world at large. Much criticism on their doings, many valuable indications of the currents of thought and opinion must pass them by, while amid their limes and elms they bend all their powers, as the most part of them do, to train those intrusted to them. Therefore, some one like the provost, guiding and governing all that is done in the little republic, yet with sufficient leisure to mingle in the stir of the world; of intellect and manners which should make him welcome in all societies of the great, or the learned, or the wise; of insight and liberal opinions to interpret what he shall there learn, and bring it to bear on his home-work, yet of age not to be carried away by each popular phase of thought, and of resolve to hold his own,—may be a most valuable element in Eton affairs. This in a measure, though but in small measure, was Provost Hawtrey. The fact that for some time previous to the close of his life his intellects were failing, and that it is impossible to say how long the sad state of health which his death mercifully ended had really weakened his mind, should make us look with great tenderness on the acts of his provostship; but the fact remains, that we look in vain for any measure of liberal and comprehensive reform during the years that he was at the head of Eton; and we notice this the more, knowing that when first he was head-master, still young and fresh for his work, he was a great and successful innovator. Perhaps the cause of his after inactivity is also one among many which have withheld the present provost, a far wiser and more truly liberal man than his predecessor, from any sound and practical reform. They were both head-masters, both carried out great changes in that capacity, both have seen other men where they were so useful. Provost Hawtrey, at an age when he had grown, as old men do, to distrust further change, not only believed honestly that what he had himself done was sufficient, but saw the coming inquiry

with a terror which would have been comic, had it not been sad. The present provost has still more excuse for folding his hands, partly because it is uncertain, as we said, what the Commissioners may advise, but far more from the fact, which we shall presently notice at greater length, that every step made by his successor in the head-mastership has been steadily directed backwards towards those abuses of the past which he himself had done so much to leave behind.

The sister college of King's, at Cambridge, has had the wisdom, in framing her new statutes, to decide that in future her provost need not be even in orders. We dare not hope that Eton will do the like, but we trust to see the matter settled for her, and that the still further step may be taken, for which there are precedents, of choosing in future the provosts from those who, if Etonians at all, have not spent their lives within sound of the chimes of Eton or of King's. Let us once more have such men as were Savile and Wotton and Rous; men trained in various schools of life and literature, in arts and politics and diplomacy, who might in such a post find restful work, and train others for like honourable careers. Let us have such men as the late Sir George Lewis, himself an Etonian; or if the provost must be a clergyman, like Deans Milman and Stanley. A retired schoolmaster, how excellent soever he may be, is as a rule most thoroughly unfit to judge fairly and advise impartially the actions of his successor.

There is perhaps no human being who has less to do officially, in return for an official income, than a fellow of Eton College. Two of them, indeed, are bursars, charged with the management of the estates and funds of the college. But these, after all, are not larger or more numerous than those of many a nobleman, whose affairs are managed by himself, and a lawyer holding probably half a dozen similar agencies. And we shall be much surprised if the cumbrous way in which Eton accounts have been kept, the dense obscurity which hangs over them even when drawn out on paper, do not prove among the most astonishing features of the appendix to the Report, and set people thinking that the functions of bursars are not so very onerous. But allowing that two men, however selected, of activity and financial ability may be needful for the management of college property, we come to the plain questions: "Are the fellows of Eton necessary or useful as they now are? Can their retention as they now are be even justified on any grounds whatsoever?"

We believe that the public voice of England has pretty well decided that our colleges and schools shall be used for *education*, and that the whole staff and revenue shall tend more or less directly to this result. It has said that it will not tolerate the

dregs of monasticism; in obedience to it the chapters of our cathedrals have been reduced to a working body. How do the fellows of Eton aid the work of education there carried on? or do they, on the contrary, retard it?

Their duties, say they, are to advise the provost. This might, one thinks, as easily be done, and done far better, by those who are the workers and not the drones of the pleasant hive,—the head, lower, and assistant masters. They preach in the college chapel; but how shall they,—who never mix with the boys, who have long since left behind them all the cares and duties and pleasures of a tutor's life,—speak to the boys about their special duties and temptations? Boy-life, it is true, is the same now that it was in former days; but school-trials, or rather the special channels through which those trials come, vary from year to year. It is understood that the fellows assert that even this office of preaching is not theirs of obligation, but only that they are kind enough so to lighten the labours of the provost; and, if this be so, then are they doubly inexcusable in keeping out of the college pulpit the only men who could speak to the boys with authority they would respect, and affection they would credit. Above all, the office of preaching should fall on the head-master. It is to him that parents look, and to his assistants under him, for the religious training of their sons. Let any one read a sermon of Dr. Temple, of Mr. Butler, of Dr. Moberly, and then go and hear—for happily no fellow of Eton has printed his sermons—the discourses delivered to the boys; let him also find, as he will, that the present head-master has never since he became such occupied the pulpit; neither has the lower master nor any one of the assistants; and let his theology be what it may, we think that he will come away with the feeling that the sermons of those men we have named are better for boys to hear than discourses which bring contempt on the very name of sermon, so weak, so silly are the majority of those delivered in Eton-College chapel. The reason is plain: a man unknown to his congregation is preaching to those he does not know; his trials are not theirs, and he is driven to fall back on dismal platitudes and quasi-orthodox moral essays, or perhaps to warm up the chill embers of a discourse once addressed to the labourers of a Suffolk or Buckingham village: for, in addition to the fellowship, most of the fellows of Eton hold a good college living, on which they reside the greater part of the year. The duties resolve themselves into a four-months' residence at Eton, during which time they are expected to attend chapel each day, and be present occasionally at a college meeting.

The number of chaplains, or *socii conductitii*, has already been diminished, no doubt on the ground that they were not re-

quired; which is true. On the same ground, it seems to us that the fellowships, at least as they now are, should be abolished also. Only one plea for their retention deserves a moment's serious consideration. It is said that they afford retiring pensions for assistant-masters who have done good service, and that so good a staff of teachers would not be forthcoming if they could not look to some such reward for their labours. But is it a fact that the Eton masters are of a higher stamp than those of other schools at which no such provision exists? Surely Rugby and Harrow, at all events, can show men of as high degrees, of as varied attainments, as their sister school can boast; nor, indeed, while Eton classical assistant-masterships are offered exclusively to Eton men, is it likely they will be of so high a class as where the field is open to all comers. As a fact, moreover, the Eton fellowships are not given to the men who have deserved best of the school. They are given by the college to those who have courted, or at least never thwarted, the college; they have been bestowed in some instances on men whose work has been a failure: in one at least the election was a piece of the most unblushing nepotism; while the latest elected fellow, a retired colonial bishop, had, one would have thought, a sufficient pension already.

Nor must it be forgotten that there is an increasingly large number of laymen engaged, as elsewhere, at Eton in the work of tuition. If a retiring pension be provided, it should be of such a nature as to be open to all. It is really needed by none. The incomes of the assistant-masters are high, and amply sufficient to enable them to lay-by money; they are far larger than their contemporaries and peers have for the most part in other stations in life; and we are not even sure but that were the incomes smaller, a still more frequent infusion of new blood into the school system, as some men withdrew to other fields of labour, would not be rather an improvement than an evil. We are not unconscious of the excellence and liberality of some among the present body of fellows. If, on the one hand, it may be said that Eton affairs have narrowly escaped—if indeed they have escaped—the danger of being ruled by a family clique; if their sons and nephews and sons-in-law and sons' curates can be provided for by fellows of Eton, while assistant-masters are passed by; if it can be said that prizes which should be used for the advantage of the many are really made the inheritance of a few,—the recent gifts made from within the college body to chapel, hall, and schools, may be cast into the balance on the other side. But we venture to doubt if virtue or munificence can compensate for a radical evil,—the existence of a society of men whose only reforms have been forced on them by the spirit of the age,

who lade the school with burdens grievous to be borne, and touch them not with one of their fingers.

With a knot of absolutely idle men to advise a provost, himself in most cases predisposed to resist change, a head-master who wishes to keep pace with the needs of the time will have to work against a weight of at least passive resistance. But if he be himself conservative or reactionary, indolent or careless, content rather to wait what may be done for him than to be up and doing for himself, there is no power within the walls of Eton which can rouse him to action. He can always shelter himself behind the known sluggishness of the college, and there exists no recognised means by which the opinions of his subordinates can be brought to bear on him. For, as we have said, the head and lower masters are alone officially connected with the college. The lower master has his own *imperium in imperio*, and is also one of the tutors; but, except what he may gain by his own character or family influence, has little to do with the school at large. The assistant-masters are not under a despotism, in which perhaps they would acquiesce, for less responsibility would be theirs, and they would at least have definite orders to execute. They are not a republic; for men working together though they be, there is no meeting each week, or even each school-time, for mutual counsel. The upper-school assistants have indeed a hurried interview with the head-master before each lesson, which breaks in on that lesson and renders the school unpunctual; but of systematic consultation by the whole staff of masters there is no vestige. Men supposed to be engaged in a common work may pass whole weeks without exchanging a word, may unconsciously be even working against each other. For want of some such communication and interchange of opinions, the masters at Eton, perhaps more than at any other school, are broken up into parties, and there may exist among many, as now, a state of chronic dissatisfaction with what is done or left undone by the head-master, while there is no way in which they can represent their grievances, or discuss with him and each other the best mode of redressing them. For this same reason, and for want of a provost who represents, or at least gathers, the opinion of the public, it is quite possible that strong distrust and disapproval of the course of a head-master may be felt without the walls, and he still remain fixed in his confidence that all is well, that no storm is brewing, that to innovations which shall be proposed by the Commissioners or in Parliament he will be able to oppose the calm dignity of a complete present success. At the risk of seeming unduly personal, we must examine with some closeness the manner in which the head-master of Eton has performed his duties.

When the late provost died, the college named Bishop Chapman, the crown chose Dr. Goodford as his successor. It is much to be regretted that the latter thought it his duty, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands, to leave a position for which he proved himself so admirably fitted. He accepted that honour for which, as we have said, a late head-master is the least qualified; he left to his successor no easy task to follow in his steps. It was doubtful who that successor would be. The lower master declined it, or refused to be put in nomination, whichever phrase or whatever other phrase may best explain the certain fact that he would have been head-master but for the unmistakable expression of public opinion. The senior assistants were men notoriously unequal to the task; some were too young, another too diffident, the best of all a layman. It was quite certain that the college would not go beyond the narrow circle of Eton, though some daring spirits among the younger masters, unsubdued as yet by routine, dared think of and even communicate with the head-master of Marlborough. Mr. Balston was a fellow, had retired to his rest earlier than most assistant-masters, was a good scholar, not as yet, it might be hoped, given over to the traditions of the college. He seemed the *only* man to be found; and, loth to accept it, was induced to do so by pressure from the electors on the one hand, and the assistants he was to rule on the other. This fact, and this also that Eton is waiting for her sentence, should make us deal tenderly with what has been done, or rather undone, since he became head-master. Yet the interests of the school require that the truth should be spoken.

We believe that some tables will be found in the Eton evidence, when published, which will show the university honours gained in the past few years by Eton men. It will be seen that the number and quality of these steadily increased under Dr. Goodford. His constant plan was to raise the standard of the work done as school-work, not to leave it to each boy's tutor to read with him such subjects as he might choose, but more and more to make all that was done a part of his work as an Eton boy. He revised and remodelled the work of the two senior divisions, and increased it; he made the final examination of the school, that which decided the step from the middle to the upper portion of the fifth form, a reality, and added to the course a searching and efficient paper in modern history; he established an additional school-examination; he placed boys in order of merit, and did not allow those who were plainly unfit for a higher form to pass to it. Towards the end of his time he printed and sent to the parents of boys the result of the terminal examination, or "collections" as they are called, and—greatest of all

reforms—he sanctioned the appointment of a book-committee, to go thoroughly into the whole question of the books read at Eton, and the editions of them, which are far below what they should be. Let it be remembered, that in all this he worked up hill, and that his own labours, his own hours of study, were really enormous. Mr. Balston has, in so far as lay in him, reversed the whole of this.

The collection-lists are no longer printed; it is said, on the ground that the head-master deems it not right to send the report of one boy to the parent of another; an argument which would destroy all reports of competitive examinations, from the university class-lists downwards. The days of examinations for the various removes are diminished from six days to three. His own work is thus lessened, and far less certain results are attained; the standard is pitched much lower, nor are the boys placed strictly in order of merit. In fact, the whole system is against competition. The book-committee has ceased to exist; known and approved books, such as Kennedy's *Greek Grammar*, are still unaccepted, in spite of the wishes of the assistants. Some extracts from the Greek tragedians, incorporated in a new edition of the *Eton Poetæ Græci*, is the solitary thing done to set against so much undone.

Such is the preparation that the college and their nominee have made for what they consider a hostile and destructive Commission. It is evident that this state of things depresses the masters, who are the salt of the school, who carry on the real business, and who, sometimes querulously, sometimes angrily discontented with things as they are, keep Eton from settling down on its lees. There are of course among so large a body better and worse teachers; but we do not wish here to be personal. In the case of the head-master, we must criticise what he is and does, or hold our tongues altogether; in the case of his assistants, the number of a man's pupils, their success, and if he be a house-master, the character of the house he holds, speak plainly as to his efficiency, zeal, and popularity.

It seems to us a mistake that the masters should depend so entirely as is now the case on emoluments derived from pupils. The only sum given to a master as such—by the head-master, not by the college, who are officially, as has been said, unaware of his existence—is about 45*l.* a year. For each pupil he has 21*l.*, except in the case of collegers, who pay only 10*l.* 10*s.* for tuition. A young man, therefore, fresh from college endeavours at once to get as many pupils as he can, otherwise his mastership is of no value to him. He may be, and probably is, an admirable school-teacher, for which his high university honours and his fresh literary culture fit him; but he is almost

certainly too young to be the fatherly guide and friend of many boys; and, as the sum paid for *tuition* is small, but that paid for board in a tutor's house is high, leaving, where there are many boys, a large margin of profit, the young master is anxiously looking out for a house often before he is fit to guide it and undertake the cares and responsibilities of so onerous an office. A sum paid to each master for the work done in school, and independently of his pupils, of such an amount as he might reasonably expect in a good curacy, or during the early stages of a career at the bar,—say from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year,—would enable many a young man to surmount the difficulties incident to his new sphere before he became burdened with duties for which he was not yet strong enough. We cannot but think that the suppression of fellowships might provide at least for the younger men till such time as they are fit for the charge of a house or any considerable number of pupils.

It is with pleasure that we turn for a while from the Eton authorities to those among whom their work lies—the boys. The English public schoolboy is a being of whom England may be proud; there is nothing like him elsewhere. In America, we are told, boys exist not; the male sex passes at once from childhood into premature manhood. The youth of the Continent are drilled out of all natural development in the Lycée or a Kriegsschule, or fall under the withering blight of an ecclesiastical seminary. We are thankful that so far the Wellington College seems to have kept clear of the one kind of danger, mainly because the masters are not military men. We wish that certain other recent foundations were equally free from the dangers of the second class. A real public schoolboy is what he is because not coerced by too much rule. He is trained by the influence of his teachers, and moulded yet more by the tone of the school. The tone of the school, again, is that of the age, always being, as must be expected, a little lower than that of average home-circles. In the dim days, to which reach back the memories of old ladies who tell stories of boys roasted at slow fires, or bumped to jellies against the boles of trees, the manners of our schools were coarse and brutal, because refinement was unknown in the homes of the country squire and country parson, whose sons were their chief denizens. If a fight at school was not then as now, hot temper issuing in hot blows at the moment, soon ended, soon forgotten, but a deliberate encounter planned for hours or even days, during which evil passions were nursed with care, and the chances of peace-making hindered, duelling was still the custom of gentlemen, the only way of concluding most quarrels. If, again, Eton collegers had till lately a name for roughness and barbarism not wholly un-

deserved, if body and spirit alike of tender and delicate boys failed under the indecencies and iniquities remembered but too well by men who have scarce passed middle life,—what refinement or courtesy could be expected in a room which was like a workhouse ward without its few comforts, where boys were left to themselves unheeded from dark to dawn? Now things are different. Homes have grown gentler, and boys more civilised; masters are the friends of their pupils, who do not regard them as their natural enemies; a schoolboy's room is the abode of a gentleman, and youth is not regarded as a time of lawless noise and riot. In all outward appearance England may be proud of her youth.

Yet all who have to do with boys, if they think, and face the problems that meet them, know that all cannot be so fair as it seems: if budding manhood is full of grace and beauty and the promise of the future, so also is it the time of strong temptation. Then passion is powerful, and wills and judgments are weak; then is need of a cautious yet bold guide and adviser in all things moral and religious; then also come the aids and the dangers to the intellectual as well as the spiritual life. Let it be granted, and we do grant it fully, that the material on which schools are to work is improved, that our public schools afford the best intellectual, moral, and religious training now attainable; but we do not grant that large improvements are not still desirable, and we think them also attainable at Eton as elsewhere, though there are, we admit, difficulties in the way.

Till within very recent years the whole course of study at Eton was classical, with the exception of a lesson given in geography once a week, during one year of a boy's sojourn at the school. Even instruction in the ordinary rules of arithmetic was considered as beyond the teaching guaranteed, and was charged separately and above the stipulated sum to the few who attended the classes of the "writing-master;" history was absolutely ignored, except as it might incidentally coincide with the geographical lesson of which we have spoken; no modern language was or is a part of the necessary course of instruction. We are not among those who undervalue classical learning. We believe that a knowledge of at least one dead language is most useful in forming habits of accurate scholarship, in training the mind to appreciate subtle distinctions of language, in poetry, in oratory, which evaporate in the looser talk of modern nations. We do not deny the treasures of thought and feeling stored up in the works of the great writers of Greece and Rome. We do not forget that the one has given us our whole philosophy, and the other all our law. But at the same time we dispute the need

of this same classical training for all and for a like period. Were it possible that each man should in his after-life follow out that which is theoretically the best course of education, it might be well at school to lay merely the foundation of one part of the future edifice solidly and completely. But since this is not possible, and since the practical English mind will not waste itself in pursuit of the ideal, there is a steadily increasing demand that our sons should be taught what best may fit them for successful after-life in the great competitive race in which all, not born to fortune, must run. We may not like this race, but we must engage in it; we cannot set aside the facts of the age. The giant scholars of older days would not find their place now, if they could exist at all; there have arisen whole branches of science of which they never dreamed. In a school which shall truly mould the intellect to cope with the needs of a coming time, there should, we think, be a foundation of one classical language laid in the lower forms, and carried on more or less through the school. But when a boy's powers begin to develop, there should be room given in which he may follow the bent of his mind, whether in the direction of modern languages, history, and general literature, or the mathematical or the physical sciences, or whether he shall go on to study Greek and Latin still more deeply, that he may keep up in his more fortunate leisure those studies which most men are obliged and content to forget. But what need to insist on these things in our dull periods, when Milton has said all that can be said thereon in words which can never die, and to which time has lent new force?

It was hoped that at Eton a great step was made in the right direction when arithmetic and mathematics were made a part of the ordinary work; but, by a most unfortunate arrangement, which looks only too much like a family job, the funds available for the purpose of providing masters to teach these subjects have been so unequally divided that the best men have seldom been found able or willing to fill the mathematical assistant-masterships. Eton classical conservatism has received them ill; their work has been thwarted by active opposition and silent coldness. Their pupils are "private" pupils; themselves are still regarded as "extra" masters. They have no authority out of the schoolroom; if they attain to the holding a house for boarders, they are considered in the light of Dames, and charge a lower price for the accommodation afforded. Clergymen though they may be, they have no moral or religious authority over the boys in their houses. They rarely succeed in identifying themselves with the school and its ways; and as they are alien to, so have they no influence on, the spirit of the place. Still worse

is the case with regard to modern languages; modern history seems dropping out of its place in the school examinations under the present rule, and physical science is absolutely ignored. We could say much more on these points, had we not reason to know that the questions of the Commissioners were most searching on all of them, and especially that the revelations of the state of the mathematical teaching and teachers will be very complete. We hope that the appendix may be found to contain an answer reported to have been given by the French master, that he could only describe himself as an "objet de luxe."

There is yet another matter, besides the neglect of important subjects, which seems to us to mar the true intellectual training of an Eton boy. There are not masters and tutors enough for the number they have to teach. It may be, indeed, that if the taught could be, as at some schools, equally divided among the teachers, there might be found to be a sufficient number of the latter; but where so much is left to the tutor and so little to the system, where reasons other than the selection of the very best men who could be found have had their influence in the appointment of masters, there are some who can never obtain an average number of pupils, while others are almost forced to undertake more than they can really educate. How is it possible that one man, in addition to the work of teaching in school, can correct the Latin and Greek compositions of some fifty to sixty, or even seventy, lads each week, so as in any degree to do them or himself justice? How is it possible there should be left to him leisure, or mind, or temper for his own culture and recreation, or for his pupils' guidance and help beyond the walls of the pupil-room and class-room? A step was made in the right direction by Dr. Goodford. He made a rule that no new master should enter on his duties without a distinct engagement, or at least understanding, that his pupils were in no case to exceed forty; but it is notorious that this rule has been evaded, if, indeed, it has not proved a dead letter. Many of the tutors have themselves fixed a limit to their pupils, and this has frequently coincided with that of Dr. Goodford; but here also the number seems too high. We know that Eton masters are *over-worked*; we know that, except in the case of clever and willing boys, their pupils are *under-worked*, because it is simply impossible that one man, in addition to his other occupation and needful relaxation, should give individual attention to so large a number.

And it is the more difficult because the present system appears to suppose Eton masters should be omniscient. There is little or no division of labour. At other schools we hear of masters for composition, for natural science; not that other men

are ignorant of these things, or take no part in their teaching; but where one is responsible for a department,—where one is an acknowledged authority on any branch of learning, the whole school-machine works far more easily than where each man is supposed to be all-accomplished,—at all points equally armed with the rest. The absurdity of the arrangement by which each Eton master rises in the school with his seniority is in part the cause of this. Were any one to look very closely into the working of the school, it is possible he might find among the instructors of the higher forms some well qualified to grind grammar into little boys, but surely for nothing more. He would certainly find men fully equipped with all the most modern refinements of scholarship utterly wasted in teaching *Æsop* and *Ovid*.

Yet the intellectual training which a boy may get at a public school is not the main reason for which parents send their boys thither. They expect that in such a miniature world their children shall be fitted to cope with the larger world they shall one day enter; they are sure that with the increasing knowledge of books will come also the knowledge of good and evil; they think that on the whole such knowledge can more innocuously be attained where the honourable tradition of years has produced a gentleman-like tone, than in a private school, where no tradition is possible; and they acquiesce easily enough in the assertions that the tone of such and such a school is good, from the great difficulty which the moral training of their boys presents to them, and the instinctive wish to put the duty on others.

There is perhaps no subject on earth on which men's opinions are so divided as on the question how far it is right or expedient to restrain boys from evil habits and associations; how far it is right to warn against the coming dangers of life; how far and how long to keep away from the young mind the knowledge of evil; where the advice of the teacher and the confidence of the pupil should end. "My object," said once the founder of a modern college, "is to turn out my boys with minds as pure and clean as a sheet of white paper;" a good plan, no doubt, were it on the one hand possible, and if on the other it were not found that men who have run the wildest careers at the universities or in the army were for the most part those on whom the great world and its temptations and sins has there for the first time burst. We ourselves hold the precisely contrary opinion, that all those complex moral questions which must rush on boys and young men, and from which come their greatest dangers, ought to be subjects of distinct warning and advice from parent or tutor. We fully admit the great difficulty which exists in giving this advice in such a way as not to teach evil—a

difficulty which has always been held to furnish a strong argument against the Catholic system of confession ; but it is one from which those have no right to shrink who undertake to educate the young. If they do shrink from it, evils which might have been checked in the bud by a word of wise counsel bring forth only too often evil fruit, the shame and sorrow of a lifetime. It is impossible to speak more openly on subjects of this nature. But we do not deal with school-life as it is if we pass them by without a word. From time to time vague rumours reach the public ear of immorality in one or other of our great schools, which has been checked by sending away boys or causing them to be removed, thereby fixing a stigma on them for life. In all but the rarest cases we fully believe such dismissal of a boy to be a confession of weakness and incompetence. We have the strongest opinion that by a vigilant master, the friend of his boys, indications of evil may almost always be discovered at once. We believe that a kindly word will most frequently avail to check it, and that it need scarce ever be made a school-offence. But if a master ignores the fact of any dangers to purity and good morals existing in a society of some hundreds of boys ; if he only recognises them when he can no longer be blind ; if he visit with harshness some words unfit to have been spoken, because he chances to know them officially, and refrains from counsel on deeds far more evil,—we can scarce wonder that his once lax rule has to grow suddenly severe, and that boys are dismissed or removed more often than of old. We are speaking with reference now to schools in general, and not to one only. We believe that, as a rule, low morality in a school is rather the result of a want of vigilance and loving care on the part of the master than the inherent evil of individual boys. A trustful tutor, in the same way, will find truthful boys ; he who is suspicious makes liars by the dozen. For this reason is it that we regard the liberty and tacit *parole d'honneur* of Eton and other great public schools as so valuable ; for this reason we regard with dislike any fresh restrictions which may be from time to time imposed. Undue stringency begets cunning ; as where, to quote an amusing case, a new head-master makes a ridiculous rule of increased severity against boys being seen in Windsor fair : straightway the school purchases penny masks, and boys who once would not have dared or cared to leave their games in the playing-fields flock to Windsor under cover of their pantomimic disguise.

But far beyond the influence of any master is that of a boy's own companions on his moral growth. His character is formed far more in his games and his friendships than in his reading or in his tutor's study :

“Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.”

There is a beauty in a schoolboy companionship which exists in no other relation of life. It is so warm and cordial, so frank and fearless in its confidences, so lightly made,—and so fleeting. Boys grow together for a while, and are all-in-all to each other. Then comes in the change as they begin to develop in differing directions, and each seeks a new spiritual wedlock, for scarce less close is the tie between school-friends. The rivalry of games, the wholesome competition to be the first, or among the first, in any pursuit, rarely ruffles the smooth waters of such a union, but, on the contrary, does much to aid it:

“They toil at games, they play with books;
They love the winner of the race,
If only he that prospers looks
At prizes with a simple grace.”

In the intercourse of boys with each other we see scant room for improvement at Eton. The fagging system is thoroughly wholesome as now administered, and we believe that the evidence given before the Commission will be in favour of the retention of it, almost without exception. In one only point would we invite the assistance of opinion from without to break down a barrier which exists to free-trade in companionship, and equality in games and amusements. The collegers and oppidans, though more united than of old, are still more apart than are the members of differing houses. This should not be; for both are losers. The severe competitive examination necessary for entrance into college is a guarantee that each boy on the foundation is above the average in intellectual attainment. The two sets of boys spring generally from the same class; there now exists no social inferiority on the part of the collegers. Their mode of life is now the same with that of boys in a tutor's house; their rooms as good; their position in the school always one of great weight. Yet their boat and other clubs are not the same as those of the oppidans; and though something has been done towards a fusion, much yet remains to be done. The disuse of the inconvenient and ugly gown worn by the collegers, marking a social difference which does not exist, would be one great aid to amalgamation, but involving a change which the Eton authorities will of themselves never make.

The moral and the religious education of a boy are, or ought to be, one and the same. We mean, that he should be kept so far as may be from all controversies and religious parties, in which he must almost necessarily engage, to one of which almost unavoidably join himself, as life goes on. What is required of him as a Christian gentleman is not dogmatic theology, but upright,

pure, merciful, brave conduct, and simple trust in God. He will of course become by degrees conscious of the distinct religious tone which may exist in his home; and it is not to be expected that his school-reading of the Greek Testament with his tutor, and the sermons he may hear in his school-chapel, should be divested of all special doctrinal colouring. We imagine, moreover, that even those who dissent from the Church of England are on the whole content that the public schools should be rather identified with her than that each section of English Christianity should have a special seminary. But we desire strongly that the theological teaching at these schools should be at least on no narrower basis than is the Church of England, and we should regret extremely if any party views came to be adopted by a considerable majority, or if any timid and overwrought concern for orthodoxy were to cause men of bolder opinions to be regarded, or to regard themselves, as out of place among the ranks of teachers. So far as the services and the preaching are concerned, we would have the one musical and short, the other short also, manly, stirring, and utterly unsectarian; but we should wish to see among the masters a perfect freedom of opinion expressed, when needed, in the way of biblical criticism, or on the theological questions of the day, so far as these may come into the school-work, or the work of the pupil-room. We believe that a nervous dread of offending against supposed orthodoxy has, and does withhold many men in our schools, and especially at Eton, from expressing their opinions; while from want of guidance boys have run into great extravagances of religious fervour. The Sunday teaching of Eton pupil-rooms is simply negative. It ought not so to be. There are at Eton men of all shades of religious opinion. Let them be known for what they are, and let them speak out as they think without railing, without bitterness. Then will parents know to whom they intrust their sons, and room may be afforded for those without the English Church to send their children in larger numbers than they have hitherto done. Can it be this nervousness of orthodoxy that withholds the fellows from suffering any to preach who really know boys' needs and opinions? If it be so, they are playing a dangerous game: boys are slow to understand the dangers, if there be any, which lie in free thought, and keen to note the ridiculous, even though it be spoken on a sacred subject and within a consecrated spot.

It is not only in the matter of sermons that Eton-College chapel falls short of the due influence which the outward symbols and ordinances of religion should hold on the minds of the young. There are many excellent people who think that a daily service in chapel has a favourable influence on the tone of the school. It is the custom at Winchester to begin each day with

a chapel service; and the example has been followed by many more recent foundations. At Rugby, on the contrary, the daily prayers are said in the school, and the chapel is reserved for the more solemn seasons and occasions of prayer. Each of these systems has a meaning, and is founded on an intelligible principle. At Eton the public prayers in school have long been abandoned, and quasi-family prayers are offered in each house both morning and evening, save, strangely enough, that the collegers do not assemble for prayers on any morning but Sunday. There are two daily services in the chapel at hours when few can attend, except on holidays, and the rule of school-worship appears to be, that boys go to chapel when they have nothing else to do. The afternoon prayer, at three o'clock, is, and is regarded by the boys, simply in the light of a roll-call. The chillness of the service, the break-in on all pursuits which it entails, tends to make boys dislike church-going; and as it proceeds on no system, we hope to see the present state of things altered. An *early daily* service would at least find boys fresher and more ready for sacred influences, and might do good, provided it were *short*. We doubt much if it is well to model the school-calendar on the ecclesiastical. Every saint's-day as noted in the English Church calendar is a holiday, every eve a half-holiday; this makes the work of the week in which such days occur irregular and unsatisfactory. Holidays are given for such events as domestic incidents in the family of a fellow—the birth or marriage of his son or daughter; in remembrance of a gift of the Delphin Classics to the boys' library by King George IV., "the useless present of a royal rake;" while none are given at Eton, as at other schools, in honour of university distinctions ably won by her scholars.

We believe that when the appendix to the Report is published, most valuable suggestions of reform will be found made by some of the assistant-masters now working at Eton. It would not be fair to seem to anticipate these, or by adopting any individual recommendations lead our readers to infer, what is not the case, that any one connected with Eton has consciously had any hand in the preparation of this Article. Yet, from what we have said, it will be clear to all that two or three points appear to us as those without which all other change would be well-nigh useless. We cannot but believe that the dissatisfaction so loudly and widely expressed with the rule of the present head-master will cause him to resign. He will deserve the thanks of all for having come forward at a critical period with the best intentions; he will retire with dignity from changes he cannot approve. There exists, we believe, no power for his removal: the visitorship of the College, vested in the Bishop of Lincoln, has long since become a mere name. But even if such a power existed, we

should be sorry to see it exercised. All must feel a certain tenderness for a man forced against his will into a position for which he was not strong enough, for an amiable man goaded into the committal of obstinate errors by a sense of his own incompetence. These, then, seem the all-important measures of change: 1. That the school and college should be one; perhaps by the abolition of fellowships, and the giving the assistant-masters a share in the government. 2. That the provost and head-master should each be the best man who can be found to fill the post, Etonian or non-Etonian, lay or cleric. The provost to be appointed by the Crown, the head-master by the provost and assistant-masters. 3. Once appointed, the head-master in his special work should be unfettered, and the office should, as at Winchester, expire at the end of a definite period. A good head-master would always be reappointed. These changes made, all other needful reforms would follow in due course, and Eton would take the proud position to which she makes so large a claim, in the front of those institutions which train and nurture the intellectual life of our land.

We have made these remarks under a deep sense of their need. English education is in a transitional state, and those who should lead it are clinging to the worn-out traditions of the past, and saying over and over again the formulas of effete creeds; as in theology, so in knowledge of all other kinds. We have need to reconsider what it is an English gentleman ought to know, that he may be fit for the high posts to which his country may call him. There were giants in past days, but they were so through influences alien to the system which professed to train them, and as it were in spite of it. There will be giants of knowledge in the days to come, nor can it be that any system, however theoretically perfect, shall ever raise all minds to the same level, or fill them equally full of all the treasures of wisdom and thought. But at least it is possible to set before all boys and men whatever in art and science and literature, in morals and religion, is pure and lovely and of good report; it is possible to make children gentle and not coarse by school discipline and gentle nurture. Certain institutions claim to do this, and their claim can only be half allowed. To point out where they fail is an ungracious though a needful task; but it may be that a few years hence the patient may bless the hand which applied a remedy now so disagreeable. And if in our attempts at prescription for the sick we shall not be thought to be wholly successful, our examination may at least have gleaned facts on which wiser doctors will proceed, till our public schools shall rise from their hands to run for centuries to come a vigorous and useful career.

ART. VI.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN INDIA.

An Act for establishing High Courts of Judicature in India, Victoria 24-5, cap. 104.

The Indian Penal Code.

The Indian Code of Criminal Procedure.

The Indian Code of Civil Procedure.

WHEN Oude was a native state, and misgovernment was at its worst, fugitives from thence frequently took refuge in British territory; but they generally desired only to encamp on the border, whence they made reprisals in Oude, and were ready to return to their old homes as soon as their proceedings led to an accommodation.

In such a state of things, an intelligent native, well versed in affairs on either side of the border, was asked by a British officer, which the natives really liked best, the British or the Oude administration. "Well," he replied, "the fact is, that the two are pretty nearly equally balanced, and the men of the present generation, on either side of the border, have no great wish to change permanently to the other. On either side they least dread the evils to which they are accustomed. The people on your side, who have been brought up in peace, dread the continual fighting which goes on in Oude; but the Oude people, while accustomed to fighting, dread your courts; they think the risks and uncertainties of litigation worse than the sword."

That we believe to be a very true exposition of native feeling. After all, despite the advantages of a civilised system, the natives, perhaps, like quite as well to be misgoverned in their own way as to be governed in ours. If our revenue system is less exacting, it is at the same time more inevitable and unflinching. If we have abolished vexatious transit duties and similar imposts, we have put on salt a tax of 600 per cent unknown to native governments, and have found other new modes of taxation. Except in Bengal proper, our land assessment has not usually been very light. Our finances, in fact, have not hitherto been so prosperous as to admit of much liberality. The freedom from external invasion is one of those blessings which is hardly realised by a generation which has not known the horrors of Mahratta war. And so, in fact, it is by our internal administration of justice that we are chiefly judged in native minds. They compare our mode of keeping the peace, protecting property, and deciding questions of right, with the sword-law and moral-force punchayets of a native state; and

they are not yet quite clear that the balance of benefit is on our side.

It is not that, when they are accustomed to it, our subjects altogether dislike the litigious system which has grown up in the British-Indian territories. Pugnacity is a great moving principle of the human race. There is in India much of the sort of feeling described by Walter Scott, which leads the man, who can no longer fight his enemy in the old way, to desire above all things to "ding" him in the courts. A large proportion of the population has become well accustomed to the game of law, and enters with much zest into the sport. But the serious question is, whether we are really administering justice, or feeding a morbid appetite for this excitement, which grows on great masses of the people as opium grows on the Chinese—whether in fact we have not created an anarchy as great as that which went before; so that, as in former times the strong men preyed on the weaker, now the cunning and expert prey on the honest and simple. In either case, up to a certain point, the most prominent and powerful portion of the community may be sufficiently well satisfied with the system. But there may be a limit to the endurance of the masses, and great political evils may result. We propose, then, to consider how far the British administration has really administered justice, and how far only held the stakes in the game of law; what has been lately done to remedy those evils which are acknowledged, and what yet remains to be done.

For the purpose of examining past results, we must first divide the subject into Criminal and Civil Justice; and Civil Justice, again, we must subdivide into Regulation and Non-regulation Justice.

Minor differences apart, it may be said that the criminal system has been in the main much the same in all parts of India. Even in the non-regulation districts the criminal regulations have been to a great extent in terms introduced, and in all respects very generally followed. And here we may at once say that the administration of criminal justice throughout the country has been infinitely better than that of civil justice. The subject has always more engaged the attention of the legislature and of the officers of Government. Although the criminal laws till lately lacked completeness, system, and precision, still there had been much very useful legislation. The Mahomedan penal system had been almost entirely superseded by regulation law, and much valuable material had been accumulated, which now forms great part of the substance of the new codes. The main reason for the better character of the criminal courts is found in this very simple fact, that the European officers (with

whom lay most of the criminal business and all the superintendence) were from their earliest youth trained up in the administration of this branch of justice. It is admitted that, with all its faults, the old Company's system produced a race of men of whom the nation had no need to be ashamed. The very first work of the young civilian, when he joined his station as an assistant-magistrate, was to try petty criminal cases, and through all the grades of joint-magistrate, magistrate, sessions-judge, and sudder-judge, he rose in the constant practice of criminal jurisdiction. Thus, then, he acquired much aptitude for that sort of work; and though, as will be presently shown, the difficulties and drawbacks were considerable, still, on the whole, the general result was that the criminal judges did their duty in a very respectable manner. When, some years ago, Mr. J. B. Norton published a selection of Indian judicial absurdities, we heard one of the very highest authorities* in England declare, that however successful the exposure of civil miscarriages, Mr. Norton had entirely failed to make out his extreme case with respect to criminal justice.

Was, then, the effect of the tolerable administration of criminal justice to secure the safety of life and property? We fear that the answer to this question must be a good deal qualified.

The first difficulty of course lay with the police. In a native state there is no organised police whatever; but there is a great concentration of power in the hands of local authorities, untrammelled by rules of law—they have native means of irregularly arriving at the truth which are wanting to us, and working in their own way, they carry with them native public feeling. When they do get hold of a thief, they do not spare him. And so, although there may be much open violence, and certainly not that great immunity from lesser crime which some people would ascribe to native rule, still it may be believed that the minor crimes against property are not allowed to become numerous and harassing to an excessive degree. Under our rule there is an entire change. We have long had a system of police which is in theory admirable. In every district there has been a police force, organised very much after the fashion of modern English police; and in every village was a rural watchman, receiving public allowances, and bound both to watch and to report all occurrences to the nearest station of the regular police. If this system could have been efficiently worked, it is hard to believe but that the results would have been good; and notwithstanding the extreme prejudices against the system, which have perhaps been engendered by a too exclusive refer-

* Lord Campbell.

ence to the districts in which it has been least successful, there has been attained in many districts so much success as to show that all was not bad.

The difficulties were these. The organised district force had no efficient superintendence. It was entirely under the magistrate, constructed and managed by him. He and his assistants had so many judicial and other duties, and were so constantly changed from district to district, that it was absolutely impossible that they could give to the force that minute personal care which is the necessary condition of its success. Consequently the men were enlisted at random from illiterate classes unfit for promotion, and the higher grades were filled, without system, by chance, favour, or strategy. While thus imperfectly constituted and supervised, the paucity of the magistracy threw on the police very large judicial duties. With them it rested to determine who should be sent for trial to the distant magistrate's station, who was raised and declared innocent. They first recorded the evidence, and then they passed a quasi-judicial opinion upon it. They had usurped functions beyond those of any ordinary police.

In that ever-changing civil service, in nine cases out of ten by the time that a good magistrate had got his police well in hand, he was moved to another appointment. Where a good magistrate was for a number of years in the same district, he not unfrequently brought the police to a very fair state of efficiency; but there was a constant tendency to relapse on every change, and no very sustained and uniform good management.

In spite of all disadvantages, this police system did, in those parts of India in which it was most fairly tried by magistrates of experience, under an energetic and efficient government, succeed to a certain extent. Let us take the North-western Provinces and the Punjab as they stood before the mutiny. Life and person were tolerably secure. Murders of a domestic character, especially the common wife-murder of India, no police can prevent; but assassinations and other such crimes attended with severe personal injury were more rare than in most countries. People travelled and slept without great fear of their lives and limbs. Gang-robbery was reduced to extremely narrow limits. It was nowhere, in the provinces of which we speak, a prevalent crime, and the rare instances which occurred were followed up with vigour. But in these, as in all other parts of India, it cannot be denied that, after making every allowance for exaggeration and mere general reporting, it is undoubtedly the case that the common crime of burglary and such like offences are more common than in native states, and that the police altogether fail to cope with them. In the insecure native

dwelling, the crime of the professional burglar, who quietly makes a hole in the wall and abstracts the property without noise or violence, is perhaps less serious than that which the name suggests to English ears—it may be, too, that the natives are more accustomed to it; but it is assuredly a very grave evil that no man can keep his property secure in his house, and that such crimes are in every village of constant occurrence. It must be added, too, that, although not the demons they were painted, the police were sometimes guilty of considerable malpractice and irregularity, particularly with a view to obtain confessions and disclosures.

This picture is that of the provinces in which the system was most successfully worked out. In Bengal proper the difficulties are greater. And by one of the most extraordinary arrangements which it is possible to conceive, while the experienced officers were employed on a high salary in the very mechanical duties of a Bengal collector, the magistracy of those great districts was intrusted to young officers of wholly insufficient experience. In Madras, too, the system seems to have been very loose. And it must be confessed that over a great part of India the crime of gang-robbery remains a frequent disgrace to our rule. It is impossible to imagine a more gigantic evil, against which no care can guard, and which exposes every wealthy and successful man to open robbery and too often to cruel violence. Doubtless, too, in these last-mentioned provinces, the delinquencies of the police have been more frequent and more flagrant; and both in the course of police investigations, and as prosecutors and witnesses in our courts, honest men have been harassed to a degree which has deprived us of the aid of public opinion and public assistance in our efforts to put down crime.

To the deficiencies of the police it must be added that, in a country where evidence is notoriously unsafe, and was dealt with by foreign judges overburdened with many duties, the good English maxim, that the criminal must have the benefit of a doubt, very frequently came into play. And both doubts arising on the evidence and points arising out of the indefiniteness of the law, as well as the want of professional precision in the magistrates, were dealt with by indifferently constituted appellate courts in a manner which gave a succession of chances to the accused. Even when a conviction had stood the test of all the courts, it is very doubtful whether we had discovered any mode of punishment which brought great terror to the native mind. And so, altogether, it cannot be denied that we have, to a certain extent, failed in very well protecting property against crime.

Next let us see the state of civil justice. When we look at a modern map of India, we find that the territories called non-regulation,—the whole Punjab government, Oude, the central provinces, Mysore, British Burmah, Scinde, Assam, and other territories,—form so large a proportion of the British dominions as to render it very necessary to bear in mind, that the system which we shall first examine is that of the regulation provinces only, that is, of the older dominions governed under the “regulations,” properly so called, the enactments of the Indian governments previous to the creation of an imperial legislature for all India in 1834. The judicial regulations of the different old presidencies had been very much assimilated, and, to a certain extent, it may be said that the same state of things prevailed throughout all their territories.

It is not to be denied that the founders of the old Indian system of the last century were great men in their generation; and in nothing were they greater than in the very remarkable code of laws first cast in Warren Hastings’ time, and finally perfected, revised, and enacted in 1793. It is to be wished that we knew more of the history of this great work. For upwards of sixty years these were the laws under which the empire grew to gigantic proportions; many of these are still, unaltered and unimpeached, the laws which regulate great multitudes of people; and much of the remainder has gone to form the new codes. The regulations establishing the system of civil justice have been the least successful portion of the laws of 1793. And yet it can hardly be said that they were ill-conceived in their time; it is rather the failure to adapt them to the march of knowledge and events which has caused all the evil.

No attempt was made to form a code of substantive civil law; that was a time when such things did not exist, when the Code Napoléon was yet unborn, and the laws of France were more various than those of India. It cannot, then, be matter of blame that such a work was not attempted in 1793. But yet the early judges of the generation immediately following the institution of that judicial system—the Colebrookes and Harringtons, and men of that stamp—attained a judicial eminence which has scarcely been emulated in later days; and they did a good deal to settle the principles of native law. The substantive civil law administered in the British dominions in India is simply thus defined:

“In suits regarding succession, inheritance, marriage, caste, and all religious usages and institutions, the Mahommedan laws with respect to Mahommedans, and the Hindoo laws with regard to Hindoos, are to be considered as the general rules by which the judges are to form their decisions. In all other cases the

decisions shall be governed by the principles of justice, equity, and good conscience."

So that in all, except certain special class cases, the sole rule is "justice, equity, and good conscience." Throughout all the subsequent regulations and enactments, there is nowhere the least attempt to regulate, by positive law, questions of contract and civil right; nor have the unprofessional judges established any definite system of judge-made law on these subjects. On almost every great question of contract and dealing between man and man, the courts are still left to the lights of "equity and good conscience," without any guide or fixed rule whatever.

The procedure of the courts was very exactly regulated by the code of 1793 and supplemental enactments; and it is with that system that we are chiefly concerned. It was elaborated with great care and great learning; and when we remember the date, we may probably concede that it is the monument of enlightened minds. But we may best make intelligible the character of the civil procedure, which has affected the whole complexion of our rule in India, when we say that it bears the marks of being taken from a chancery rather than from a common-law model. The plaint was of the nature of a bill in equity, and the long succession of written pleadings was of a similar character. Then, most fatal of all, it was permitted to the judges to allow evidence to be taken by the officers of their courts, and depositions came to be more of the nature of the affidavits in equity courts than of the real open *viva voce* sifting of a common-law court. Still it must be remembered, that in those days, when county courts had not been thought of in England, in India also the courts were rare, and courts for great cases only; the small cases were left to settle themselves in the wonderful way in which they do settle themselves, by punchayet and social arrangement, under the native system of local self-government. The natives were not then so skilled and practised in perjury, the European judges could hardly do all the work, and their ministerial officers were then men of a high grade and position, who acted perhaps somewhat like masters in equity. At any rate, it does not appear that, under the system originally instituted, there were any very great complaints; it was universally deemed to be a success; and the system was extended to all the territories acquired during the thirty or thirty-five years subsequent to 1793. It was not till after that time that doubts arose, in consequence of which the system was not extended to the territories acquired during the last forty years. The fact is, that the evils natural to the system, taking root in a most congenial soil, grew with

increasing rapidity; and especially when our judicial system was vastly extended without alteration in the procedure, that procedure proved most radically unfit for the business of small courts and small cases. With the best intentions, and anticipating European reforms, we gave to the country small local civil courts, presided over by native judges, much sooner than we localised other branches of justice. But to the smallest case in the smallest court was applied, without mitigation, the complex chancery procedure; whence, from comparatively small beginnings, the rank growth of evil weeds has sprung up with such luxuriance as to obscure the very soil.

Unfortunately, the mode of taking evidence permitted to the higher courts was adopted to the full by the lower courts also; and to this day any thing like the tolerable examination of a witness is absolutely unknown. It is the one simple branch of judicial knowledge of which the judges appear to be as ignorant as children. The witnesses are sent into corners with writers of the lowest class, who take down the vaguest statements and assertions, without the remotest semblance of an attempt at reducing it all to any thing that can really be called evidence. Possibly one or two extremely absurd questions are asked by the pleader for the opposite party, and that is all. When the evidence of a batch of witnesses is completed, they are brought up to the judge, verify their depositions, and depart. This probably goes on at intervals till the witness-power of the parties is exhausted, and then the judge takes up the case. We doubtless found the people regardless of judicial sanction, and ready for perjury. But among a people in that stage of national life, is it possible to imagine any greater premium on perjury than such a system, and can we blame them if perjury has become rife beyond example? In fact, witnesses were numbered rather than weighed, and troops of men could be brought to support any false statement without risk or question.

The judges presently discovered the worthlessness of such evidence; but what was their remedy? To sift it more carefully? By no means. They simply came to the conclusion that oral evidence was not worth sifting, being altogether unreliable, and took it more carelessly than ever. At the present day we find in the published judgments nothing more common than this mode of disposing of the evidence:

"The plaintiff has produced twenty-three witnesses, and the defendant twenty-nine; but as they contradict one another, and oral evidence is notoriously untrustworthy, I need not further dwell upon it, and pass on to other considerations."

We believe that this villanous failure properly to take evi-

dence is the great cause of the miscarriage of justice, of the judicial anarchy which prevails, and of the demoralisation of the people.

In depicting the further evils which have grown out of our system, we shall more particularly refer to Bengal proper, where they have reached the ripest stage, where an effeminate people are most prone to cunning arts, and where the accumulation of wealth, after a hundred years of peace, and under the low permanent assessment, has supplied the richest subjects of contention and the most plentiful means of unscrupulous litigation. But in a modified degree the picture applies to all the regulation provinces.

We have said that oral evidence is now very commonly passed over as of little consequence. The next stage is documentary evidence; and here is the great field for native ingenuity. There are no recognised laws of evidence, and the courts are overwhelmed by masses of documents, which can only be imagined to be relevant by the most indirect and remote chain of reasoning. It is in arguing these remote inferences that the subtle native mind delights. "You don't believe direct evidence," the pleader says, "but if the plaintiff's story is untrue, why did he do this in such a year, and why, if the defendant is not false, did his brother do something else in such another year, as shown by my documents?" Very many of these documents are forged, and many more are concocted and prearranged with a view to the suit. An astute Bengalee will patiently spend years in bringing suits against defendants of his own creation, putting in answers to collusive suits and petitions in other people's names (in which incidental allusions are made), and prosecuting many other devices—all with a view to concoct the authentic recorded evidence and mass of documents, upon which alone he thinks that the courts will rely. The consequence is, that in this respect also there is a reaction, and the judge, after disposing of the fifty witnesses in a couple of lines, will go on to say, "Of the forty-nine documents twenty-five appear to me to be forged, and the remaining twenty-four were probably obtained collusively;" and then he proceeds to decide on certain refined inferences and probabilities suggested by himself.

Yet with all this wholesale rejection of evidence, the prosecutions for perjury and forgery are very few indeed. The few convictions for perjury are seldom made out by direct proof, but are generally the cases of wretched men who have been brought over incautiously to contradict their own previous depositions. Practically it may be said that no judge thinks of further sifting the case when he rejects the evidence as false and forged. It is taken as entirely a matter of course, and the judge passes

on to the next case. It is a terrible evil, this general careless judicial scepticism in regard to evidence. If every thing is false, and truth cannot be in any degree sifted from falsehood, where is the use of judges?

But whence this frightful state of things? Even a bad procedure, among a people apt to take advantage of it, could not have led to such utter disorganisation if the system had been watched and worked by competent judges.

Almost the whole of the original civil jurisdiction is exercised by native judges. Many of these men are good and meritorious in their way; but the native mind is prone to subtlety rather than to broad reasoning. The broad principles of general law do not come of themselves; they must be taught. They are scarcely to be found in any books in the English language, much less in the vernacular language. Till of late there have been no schools for native lawyers; and now that such classes do exist to a limited extent, the salaries of the native judges, fixed at a time when our ideas were less liberal than they now are, have been found wholly insufficient to attract good educated men. In fact, a native judge gets less than half the salary of a native deputy magistrate or deputy collector.

That being the condition of the native judges, have they been instructed and improved by the superior courts, by the European appellate judges set over them? We fear not. Those European judges are the senior civil servants. In Madras and Bombay, we believe, that there is a grade of assistant judge, which makes things not quite so bad; but in both divisions of the Bengal Presidency a system is followed, so bad as to be almost incredible. Of all the duties of the civil servants, that which most requires study and a habit of mind to which their ordinary life does not much tend, is the administration of civil justice—a great and most difficult subject. One would suppose that to their early training for such functions most especial attention would be directed. But far from that being so, the system followed is this. A man rising through all the higher and middle grades has not by any possibility the chance of ever seeing a civil case; from that experience he is carefully debarred till, in the latter years of his service, he is suddenly made an appellate judge, alone to guide the decisions of a cluster of original courts. Can any thing more monstrous be imagined? At this moment the abnormal promotion following the mutinies has brought somewhat younger men on the bench; but as promotion usually goes, and will go, we may say that on an average a man is not a judge till he is at least of twenty years' service. Then, for the first time, he commences the study of an entirely new subject. And for that subject can he have much enthusiasm and zeal? He has then

reached the stage of old Indianism when pension and retirement are in sight, and also the stage when, if he has much in him, he hopes to be selected for some superior executive appointment,—commissioner of a division or possibly of a province, secretary to government, or something of that kind. Of the men who are not thus selected, some within a few years retire—others, fewer in number, who are not in a position to do so, remain and become *old judges*, the *stickit* members of the service; for in that grade routine promotion ends. *There* is the sieve where all the heavy weights are stopped and collected, while the lighter particles flow on. Is it possible that a body so constituted can do much to raise the character of the inferior courts? Good men seldom remain long enough to learn their work. But even more than that. It was generally supposed that the old system of making judges of men unfit for any thing else was too monstrous to be continued after exposure. We understand that it still exists. It comes about in this way. The special departments and appointments are filled by men selected from the general body of the service. The executive government claims and exercises this right of selection. It also exercises the right of dispensing, when occasion offers, with the services of those who are not found useful in these departments. A man may not be directly turned out, but he is refused promotion, or he goes on furlough, and on return is not reemployed in his old line, or his appointment is abolished by a rearrangement. In any of these cases he falls into the stream of the regular line of the service, and so is inevitably drifted into a judgeship.

Still further, the direct *pitchforking* of a man into a judgeship is not unknown. We are assured that but the other day, in the year of grace 1863, under the very eyes of the government of India, a man whom the government of Bengal desired to avoid promoting in his own department to be collector of customs, was *forcibly, and in the teeth of his own protest, based on the ground of his total unfitness*, promoted to be a judge in the very metropolitan districts,—of all others, the seat of wealth and litigation. And the abolition of the Company's salt monopoly having put an end to the last of the sinecure appointments which afforded an appropriate provision for bad bargains, the ex-salt agents, returned from their intellectual duties in the Soonderbuns, are provided for as judges!

Even the highest tribunal, the Sudder Court, has not generally been the ambition of the first men; its bench has not usually been long occupied by men very much above mediocrity. The absence of general jurisprudence in the English language is a great misfortune, and the efforts of the Sudder courts seem to have been more frequently directed to the technicalities of pro-

cedure and a somewhat blind system of precedents than to the elimination of first principles. For if any one has ever supposed that, under the law of equity and good conscience, superintended by unprofessional judges, there is given to the suitors a rough common-sense sort of justice, which after all may not be so bad, he is grievously mistaken. The object has been to establish a judicial system; and we have certainly constructed a system, artificial, minute, and complex in the very highest degree. But throughout all grades of the judicial hierarchy, the great error has been that of mistaking technicality for law. It is dangerous to play with some tools, and of many things a little knowledge is injurious. But of all things, a little knowledge of law is apt to be dangerous and injurious. More especially is it so of English law. It is very easy to find technicalities and pleas of form and quirks and quibbles of all kinds, which may be used to throw difficulties in the way of justice. But it requires a good and learned and broad-minded lawyer to be ready to furnish from his armoury the good weapons by which these quirks and quibbles may be met. The English law is a good law, founded on practical experience; but its priests are jealous of exposing its mysteries to vulgar gaze. They are like Brahmins, who exhibit to the world their many-headed gods, but keep their sane and sensible doctrines for private use. Most of the absurdities involved by some technical rule can be met by some other technical rule in which a broad principle of equity is disguised, but only a strong lawyer can brush away all that stands in his path and arrive at the equity behind. And so it has happened that the Indian courts, striving after a legal system, have got so far as the quirks and quibbles, but not so far as the broader and more recondite remedies, and a hugely technical system has resulted. It is not to be denied that the Sudder courts have of late striven much after good—that men have in recent years appeared in them who have made bold strokes and effected much improvement. In the legal hierarchy, the higher we go the broader and more equitable are the views taken, and doubtless the Sudder judges have sometimes much pruned the exuberant technicalities of the lower courts. But they have not been equal to cutting to the roots of the evil, and building up a sustained and connected system.

It was part of the formal system originally designed that the parties should be represented by their advocates. The same system was extended to the lower grade of courts afterwards instituted, and, in accordance with the English law of the day, the parties were debarred from giving evidence in their own cases. Not only was no attempt made, even in the smallest cases, to bring them face to face, but they were practically pre-

vented from so appearing. Every thing was left to a set of practitioners of the lowest and most pettifogging class; and our ideas of a pettifogging English attorney of the old school are but a faint expression of the character of a low Bengalee attorney. No doubt the attempt has been a good deal made to obtain by tests a superior class of pleaders, but it is only in the highest court that we yet have a body of acute and educated men; in the courts of the interior decent pleaders are still rare and few. And, in truth, these pleaders do but a small part of the business. Even in the high court the cases are entirely got up and managed, and in the interior they are still more exclusively directed, by a set of *de facto* practising attorneys called Mooktears. Over these men the courts exercise no control whatever. In theory they affect not to recognise them, in practice the business is openly conducted by these men, who riot in the uncontrolled and unchecked license of low and unscrupulous men whose trade is litigation. No strong judge has interfered to introduce something like the wholesome restraints (especially applicable to the early stages of a legal system) which are embodied in many of the old English rules, such as those which prohibit the sale of choses in action, champerty, maintenance, and other practices—rules which in our day may seem sometimes hard and unnecessary, but which, in Bengalee courts, we may learn to have been necessary and wholesome in a stage of civilisation corresponding to that now existing in India. The subjects of litigation are there openly bought and sold. In most considerable or complex cases, the right has generally passed through several hands before it reaches the man who actually comes into court. A weak or a quiet man sells his right of action to a strong or a litigious man, and so the game is kept up. Then the payment of the professional agent almost always depends on the successful result; and contracts are openly made by which a man undertakes to manage and carry through a lawsuit on condition of receiving a proportion of the property when won. Under such conditions a case comes into court. The pleading invariably commences by trying to upset the case of the opposite party on half a dozen purely technical grounds, for which the system above described has provided endless precedent. The native mooktear is furnished with an inexhaustible armoury of such weapons, and throughout the proceedings he is constantly attempting some surprise of the kind. Unhappily the native judges brought up in the same system, always anxious to show a good number of decided cases in the monthly returns, and dreading the difficulties of an inquiry into the merits, are only too ready to jump at a point of the kind, and till very lately a great proportion of the cases were decided on such grounds. We wish we could say that

even now these practices have ceased. If the Scylla and Charybdis of the technical objections on either side are happily passed, then come the difficulties of the evidence already described.

To this it must be added that the peculiarities of native laws, made for a wholly different state of society, and now applied without amendment or reform to institutions and phases of property unknown to the makers of those laws, give the greatest possible scope for litigation. The peculiarity of the tenure of property by widows and joint families, and the uncertainty of many other rights, give rise to endless substantial doubts. And in Bengal especially there have grown up, under the permanent settlement, enormously valuable rights in the soil, which have never been registered and defined in an authentic way, and which (as they spring up untrained and untrammelled) have taken almost as many shapes as the different forms of vegetation. It is impossible to conceive a more complicated system than that which has arisen out of the commixture of old and new rights, an endless system of subinfeudations under a dozen different names and conditions, and forms of mortgages, leases, and conditional transfers, as numerous as the imagination can devise. Another complication deserves a separate notice, viz. the *Benamée*, or false-name system, which in Bengal has become the established—we might almost say universal—practice of the country, and under which exists a state of things extraordinary beyond all measure. It is simply this, that property is held in the name of any one but the real owner. One man or woman is the ostensible owner before the world, but may really have no interest in the property whatever. The real owner prefers to carry before him this painted figure. Originally the system seems to have arisen out of the desire to enjoy the benefits without incurring the responsibilities of property. Under the old native system, and in the earlier days of our rule, considerable duties and responsibilities attached to landholders. Native ingenuity suggested the device of putting forward as nominal proprietor a man of straw, who would answer all charges, and undergo in his own person the penalties of all failures, frauds, or perjuries; or perhaps a female relation, who could hardly be so severely dealt with; while the scarcely concealed owner behind could always come out and make good his title when it became expedient to do so. Presently, under the technical system, so amenable to difficulties of form, this system was found highly useful in litigation of all kinds. It is most delightfully convenient, when a decree is out against you, to be able to show conclusively that all your property belongs to some one else; whereas, when you desire to show that it is yours, you have in your own keeping the private proofs in abundance.

In a thousand ways you can puzzle and elude your adversary when your property is a mere will-o'-the-wisp; to-day it is A's; to-morrow it is B's; the day after that it is your own, exactly as suits your convenience. Consequently this system has grown into favour, till, as we have said, it has become almost universal. A crooked Bengalee acquires property, but he never thinks of holding it in his own name: it is distributed among his servants, friends, grandmothers, maternal aunts, and other impracticable people of all conditions. A man engaged in a suit about the property has first to prove that it really is held by his opponent. If he overcomes that difficulty and gets a decree, he has then to meet half a dozen new claimants, who start up claiming various interests, and to prove that the property is not theirs. The remedy for this evil would have been to declare at an early stage that the ostensible is to be held the real proprietor; but this has not been done, and the system has gradually come to be entirely recognised by our courts. A man is always at liberty to prove that he is the real owner, and that he put forward the nominal owner as a mask. Every day litigants plead their own fraud in the most unblushing way. "True," a man says, "I formerly asserted and proved that the property was B's, but then there were decrees out against me, as the records of the courts will show. I only temporised to avoid my creditors. I will now clearly show that the property is mine."

Of course, ordinary suits regarding money transactions do not admit of such great complications as those which we have described. In their degree these are tainted with all the difficulties of perjury, forgery, and constant fraud; but the great mass of litigation concerns real property. Almost every man has some kind of interest in one of the many degrees of right in the soil, almost every such right has been the subject of repeated lawsuits, real and collusive, and every one of these furnishes food for any number of future lawsuits. Every holder of a considerable money decree inevitably becomes involved in litigation regarding the right to real property against which he proceeds in execution of his decree. Whenever such property is involved, the number of *exhibits* produced, the number of witnesses, the number of pleas and parties of all sorts, the marches and the counter-marches, and variety of strategies, all are appalling. Our first picture of the conflict of hopelessly contradictory and untrustworthy evidence is in no degree exaggerated.

Given, then, a people prone to falsehood and litigation; a most complicated system of native laws and tenures very ill defined; an inappropriate system of procedure overlaid by a

mass of judge-sanctioned technicalities; a mode of taking evidence above all others calculated to encourage safe falsehood; a system of nominal titles framed only to deceive; indifferent unprofessional judges bound only by doubtful precedents; and a thorough English respect for rule and what is supposed to be law: imagine the persistence in such a system for three-quarters of a century, and then is it surprising that the state of things in Bengal is perfectly frightful; that the people are demoralised beyond their first condition; that all evidence is unreliable; that the courts are choked; and that reform must be the work of a Hercules? In truth, we have much to destroy, and much that must be unlearned, before we can build up a good system.

To the non-regulation provinces the above description in no degree applies. The great advantage possessed by those provinces is negative: they are free from the evils of our own creation; they have not to unlearn before they learn. There is no separate judicial establishment. A rude justice has been dispensed under simple rules by the executive officers, who are especially warned against the technicalities of the old procedure, and who, shutting out the harpies of the law, bring the parties face to face. There are also some positive advantages to be claimed. A very great gain is this—that the young officers, from their earliest employment, have a large experience of civil cases, and acquire a familiarity with them which is wholly wanting to the more pretentious judges of the regulation provinces. Then, in almost all the irregular territories, a grand reform has been effected in the mode of taking evidence: the witness is confronted with the judge, and his evidence is fairly and honestly taken. The vernacular deposition writers being abolished, the sole record of the evidence is in the notes taken by the hand of the judge, who is thereby debarred from the possibility of relapsing in any degree to the old system by getting the evidence at secondhand. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this reform. It may be added, that of late years, in the larger of the non-regulation provinces, judicial commissioners, selected for the purpose and entirely untrammelled by the old procedure, have made great efforts to teach the officers employed in judicial functions something of the broad rules of judicial practice, and to instil into them the judicial mind; to simplify and at the same time systematise the procedure; and to introduce experimentally modern de-mystifications of the law. It is not to be supposed that at best the work of a man of many functions—now a judge, now a collector, now an engineer—can be very perfect or polished; no settled substantial law has been created; but still such progress as has been made is in the

right direction, and this may certainly be claimed, that harm has not been done, and that the non-regulation provinces are ripe for any improvements which may be extended to them.

We have hitherto written without reference to the great judicial reforms contemplated by acts passed in India in 1859 and subsequent years, and by the Imperial Legislature in 1862. Still we have frequently spoken in the present tense; and, in fact, we should not have devoted so much space to detailing by-gone evils. The truth is, that for the most part (as will be seen when we notice the various improvements) the new system has not yet superseded the old; things are at this moment very much as we have described them; and it is necessary to realise existing facts and existing evils to enable us to judge whether the remedies already devised are sufficient. We proceed, then, to notice recent reforms. They have been important in a very high degree. They may be briefly summed up as follows. We may say that four codes have been enacted; two codes of penal law and criminal procedure have put the whole system of criminal justice on a definite, regulated, and simple footing; by an agrarian code, known as Act X. of 1859, it has been sought to regulate the determination of the rights of the various parties claiming an interest in the soil, and to consolidate the laws on that subject; and a code of civil procedure has consolidated and improved that part of the Indian system. A new law of limitation, prescribing very much shorter terms, has greatly curtailed the future license of litigation, and some modern enactments have improved the mode of dealing with the estates of *intestates*, *minors*, *lunatics*, &c. High courts, combining professional knowledge of law with Indian experience, have been established at the three presidencies; a new police system has been almost every where introduced; and there has been, especially in Bengal proper, a very general extension of the *personnel* of the judicial establishments in all branches. The number of courts and facilities to suitors have been increased. Too much credit cannot be given to those who have taken part in the great works above enumerated.

To judge of the effect of the reforms, we shall look at the most important of them a little more particularly.

First, then, as respects criminal justice. We will begin with the police. The theory of the new system is, that the duties of the police are to be altogether separated from judicial duties, and that, constituted as a separate body with officers and an organisation of their own, the police are to carry on their duties in their own way, subject only to the laws and to the very vaguely expressed "general control" of the magistracy.

The new police force was commenced under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances. Taking its origin from the conclusion of the wars of the mutiny, it seemed then to be imagined that its permanent duties must be to deal with a petty guerrilla warfare; a belief which all Indian history, and especially that of late years, has shown to be a mistake. Hence the constitution of the new police was altogether too military. Its avowed models were the Irish police and Sir C. Napier's Scinde frontier police, both extremely bad models for a detective force; and in fact it was at first more military than either. It was for the most part officered by military officers thrown out of employ by the mutiny, and not generally selected for any very special police aptitudes. Indeed, it may be said, that at first (and to a great extent this is still the case) the new police force was but a new native army under another name. There has been a good deal of confusion as to the military and financial part of the matter. Credit has been taken for the reduction of the native army, leaving out of account the great bodies of so-called police armed and drilled as soldiers; while, on the other hand, the police department has constantly tried to show that it really causes no additional expense to the state, though taking into its account as police many irregular regiments of the old system, which at the same time the military authorities take credit for reducing as native troops. The class of native officers employed in the semi-military police was too often illiterate and unfit for civil duties. And the new military superintendents of police, while entertaining an exaggerated popular view of the atrocities of the old force, and altogether rejecting their services, entertained in their ranks a somewhat lower and less educated class of men.

Still it is perhaps best to commence a reform with men who have nothing to unlearn; and to the credit of the officers of police be it said that many of them have entered with a hearty zeal into duties new and foreign to them, and that many have already learnt much and taught much. The tendency, too, of all recent modifications has been to make the police less military, and to bring them into closer *rapprochement* with the civil authorities.

But after all it will not be thought surprising that a force so constituted has not yet become generally effective as a detective force. In that respect they are still considerably behind the old police. If there is somewhat more military roughness towards the people, there is probably less of skilled worry and vexation; they interfere less, and so far there is gain to the people. There still is, and we fear always must be, that occasional jealousy and constant division of power between the magistracy and an organised police (with what our neighbours would call an "autonomy" of its own), which is almost in the nature of things, and

is not peculiar to India. There may be doubts whether in India the division of executive authority is good.

In judicial proceedings the judges look with considerable distrust on the evidence produced by a body whose internal working is screened from them, especially when the same man unites the functions of chief of police and "*Procureur du Roi*." The fact is, that it is a mistake to suppose that large police functions can be distinguished from judicial functions. The man who makes the local inquiry, who decides which man is to be inculpated and which man released, must be a judicial officer; and in India that stage of judicial inquiry is the most important of all. Either you must have judicial commissaries in every village, and make the police mere executors of processes, or the police must be judicial. If judicial, then all their proceedings should be open to the inspection of the superior judicial officers. In France the detective police is known and described as the "*Police Judiciaire*;" and so it must be in all countries in which a public press and open public opinion do not make their proceedings known to all men. Without these the new English system would not be tolerated.

Upon the whole, then, we may conclude that the new police system has not yet added to the security of life and property. But its defects may be remedied; it will improve by practice; it may gradually be brought into more definite connexion with the magistracy, and we would not do otherwise than recommend the fair working out the experiment.

The penal code, in giving definiteness and certainty to crimes and punishments, is an unmixed good, and the code of criminal procedure is, generally speaking, admirable. But, as we have before said, there was already a tolerable criminal system, elaborated and filled up in all its details by the practice of a long course of years. The penal code, by an entire subversion of the old classification of crime, has swept away the old network of constructions and circular orders, and there has not been time for those judicial constructions and explanations which must clothe every code. Some of the provisions regarding the offences which lie nearest to the border between civil and criminal jurisdiction (and these are always the cases most liable to doubt and abuse) are somewhat new, and perhaps broad and almost vague, to an extent which renders their use by raw and inexperienced magistrates a little dangerous and uncertain. And at the present time the magistrates are more than usually raw and inexperienced. There has been since the mutiny an excessive run of promotion, which is certainly injurious, and which makes selection impossible. Men in India no doubt mature early. It may be a clear gain that the judges are men of thirty-five rather than over forty. But it is not a

gain when men of twenty-five become magistrates of great districts; they have not yet reached maturity.

Then the number of magistrates being insufficient, government suddenly awoke to the deficiency, and a very large number of deputy magistrates was appointed without much sifting of qualifications. Immediately following the great losses sustained by the European community in the mutiny, there has been a greatly increased demand for extended agency. One day, it is "more police officers," another "more deputy magistrates," another "more deputy collectors," another "more small-cause courts." The demand has exceeded the supply of qualified persons, and officers have been picked up in a somewhat wholesale way. There is no preliminary test by examination for such uncovenanted officers on their first appointment. When in office, they are subjected, before promotion, to an examination in the vernacular and the more immediate duties of their office,—an examination requiring some attention and cramming, but no general education; and having passed so much, it has been the practice to make them in fact full magistrates, with all the very large powers of an Indian magistrate, and subject to no appeal in petty cases. They are in reality very nearly independent magistrates in smaller districts. Very many of them are not yet fitted well to administer an entirely new code and system, and to exercise such large powers. And it must be added that at present there is an extreme want of supervision of local judicial officers. The judges are heavily worked, are not locomotive, and consider their functions to be purely judicial. The high court is overburdened with arrears; has also not hitherto been locomotive; knows nothing of the local officers, and has little personal control over them. And the lieutenant-governors and executive commissioners of revenue neither see the judicial work, nor consider it to be their duty to supervise the judicial proceedings of the many local officers whom they appoint, and necessarily promote, somewhat at random.

Thus altogether it has happened in the criminal and some other departments, that if there are now greater facilities for obtaining justice, the quality of that justice is in some respects inferior to that which was administered a few years ago, and the new codes have been worked at a disadvantage. Still there is now no pretext of want of time; there has been much improvement in the mode of taking evidence in criminal cases (not all that the code enjoins, but an approach towards it); the people are much less harassed by long distances. Time and care will remedy most of the defects which we have noticed; and altogether we may safely say that the administration of criminal justice is in a fair way to improvement; that no very violent remedies are

called for; and that all that is required is matter of detail, into which we need not here enter.

We have alluded to the consolidation of the law for the adjudication of rights in land, and have called Act X. of 1859—the enactment which has now raised such a storm in India—an agrarian code. It is so in its bulk and the greatness of the subjects with which it deals; but it is not, in respect of exactness of definition and precision of language, a scientifically constructed code. Nor does it deal in detail with all the various tenures of land. It leaves much to be filled up and explained. Still it is in most respects extremely good. With regard to the arrangement of jurisdictions, and the primary tests applied to the higher species of holdings, nothing can be better, so far as it goes.

The great bone of contention respecting which the storm has arisen, is one single clause affecting the lowest class of holders of permanent rights. To understand the matter we must go back. "The land," says Menu, "is his who first tilled it," and to some extent that is still the law of the country. In whatever part of India, under whatever form of revenue administration and landed tenure, we have always and every where, at the bottom of all, the class of old hereditary cultivators of the soil, who have an unquestionable possessory right, subject only to the payment of the accustomed dues. Whether these ryots of the soil deal direct with government, as in Madras; or whether there are grades of superior holders, as in Bengal and Oude; whether they cluster together in strong self-relying village communities, as in some provinces, or whether, as in others, they are disunited and scattered,—still every where there they are—those ancient cultivators, the foundation of every system, the one universal and inevitable condition of the Indian social system, the primary stratum upon which every thing else is built. "It is all very well," said a ryot to a European landholder, "to fight about this and that; after all, a hundred years hence, heaven knows who may be landlord, but we shall be ryots still." The word "ryot" in fact means not a tenant but a subject. And under native governments the term "rent" distinguished from revenue is scarcely known as applied to the land. "Rent" of land, in the same sense as the rent of a house, is hardly found in the vocabulary. The truth is, that the tangible rent was taken by government as revenue. Government took from the superior holder, and the superior holder (if superior holder there was) took from the inferior holder, just as much as each could get; and under the government all classes, superior and inferior, had only a well-established right of hereditary occupancy and management, subject to the payment of revenue. No established

and secure margin between revenue and rent having been allowed to grow up, there could be no private rent-rates. A cultivator paid the established revenue-rates so long as he could; and when he could not, to avoid the liability he made over the land permanently or temporarily to some one else who could. So long as some one paid the established dues, the superior was satisfied and asked no questions.

When the British Government steps in to fix and limit the revenue, and in a long course of years the value of the land increases while the revenue remains stationary, then there arises the distinction between revenue and rent; and when several classes have coexisting rights in the soil, the question is, who is to have the difference, or how is it to be shared? In Bengal, applying the English language to a new state of things, the payments by the superior holders to the government were called in the regulations "revenue," and the payments by the cultivators to the superior holders were called "rent." But the distinct rights of the inferior class were, in general terms, expressly and emphatically reserved and guarded, and the payments of the hereditary cultivators were restricted to the customary and established rates. Unfortunately no detailed registration of inferior rights was effected.

The only distinction in those early times was between "Khoodkast" and "Pyekast" ryots. Khoodkast means "own cultivating," or "himself cultivating," and has generally been translated "resident" ryot. It is applied to the permanent resident ryots of a village, cultivating from father to son the lands of the village. "Pyekast" is temporary cultivation by a stranger, from whom the original occupants can resume the lands when again able to cultivate them. But in olden times the Khoodkast ryots always formed the great mass of cultivators. As time passed, too, cultivation extended: a fact of importance, considering the manner of breaking up new soil in India. The landlord does not do it himself by hired labour, but he gets new ryots or old ryots with increasing families, and he makes with each some such bargain as this: You break up the land; you shall pay nothing the first three years, a small rate the next four years, and after seven years the full customary rates. Thus another occupant ryot is established. In progressive times ryots are valuable, and when one old ryot died out, the landlord was glad to get another on the same terms; and so from time to time changes may have occurred, and new men have gradually been adopted into the resident cultivating community, and handing down their tenures from father to son, have come, without dispute, to be acknowledged as "khoodkast ryots." So, then, it has been that even to the present day a great portion of the soil is cultivated by

these ryots, with acknowledged rights of occupancy, paying customary rates. When it came to defining with precision these rights, two questions presented themselves: *first*, what was the test of the right of hereditary occupancy? and *second*, how were the rent-rates to be settled in case of dispute? Act X. of 1859 was passed when there was no agitation on the subject, and there appears to have been no serious opposition to, or particular notice of, a somewhat arbitrary clause, which enacted that every man who had held, without express stipulation to limit his tenure, for the space of twelve years, should be deemed to have the right of hereditary occupancy. That, just or unjust, was at any rate definite enough. The provision regarding the rate of rent was indefinite in the extreme. Difficulty does not seem to have been suggested or apprehended. But in the very year following the passing of the Act the Indigo difficulties arose. It was suggested to the indigo planters (who had very generally acquired large middle-man rights in the land by sub-infeudation and long leases) that they might compensate themselves by raising their rents. And then commenced that general crusade for enhanced rents of which we have perhaps seen but the commencement.

The old customary due of the ryots, as paid in all the countries of the East, from the time of Joseph the Vizier downwards, was very definite indeed. It consisted simply of a fixed proportion of the produce, generally in India about one-third or two-fifths. These rates were seldom varied—in fact, a change could only occur on occasion of great revolution: it would correspond to a change in the constitution of a European country. This rude system is, however, not fitted to the growth of the more valuable products; and with the advance of agriculture and influx of money the tendency has always been to commute these payments for money-rates. In those fertile alluvial plains of India there is not the same great variety of soil as in a cold, undulating, marshy country; the land in any one neighbourhood can generally be classed in three or four well-known grades. And so, when grain was commuted into money, the customary grain-rates were resolved into “pergunnah” rates very generally known; these pergunnah rates being money-rates of rent for each description of soil, established by custom in each pergunnah or local division. But as the value of the land increased, who was to get the increase? That was never clearly settled. In justice to the native landholders, it must be admitted that they do not seem to have been at all grasping on this point. They have had great respect for custom and native opinion, and have never attempted any general and excessive enhancement. Doubtless, as the ryots became more and more able to pay, the tendency has been to take advantage of any readjustments,

changes of incumbency, and the like, to obtain by mutual arrangement some increase. The result is, that in many instances the old rates have now and then been more or less changed, and the pergunnah rates, always somewhat indefinite, have in many places become very difficult to trace. Still, without very definite rule, the ryots, amid great increase of agricultural prosperity, have managed to hold on at very low customary rates, and have found themselves comparatively well-to-do holders of what appear to them valuable rights in the soil. They were, as Mr. Laing has expressed it, rapidly crystallising into copyholders. Great, then, was their dismay when suddenly European landholders told them that they were only tenants liable to pay full tenant rates, and when, over great tracts of country, notices were issued on hundreds of thousands of ryots, calling on them to treble their rents at one blow. Act X. of 1859 had provided for the case in question no more than this provision. Occupancy ryots were only to be liable to enhancement of former rent when it was shown that the value of the produce of the soil or its productive powers had increased otherwise than by the agency of the ryot. But where such ground of enhancement existed, how was the new rent to be fixed? On that point the law is unfortunately silent. There is no better standard than that it shall be what is "fair and equitable."

The district judge, who, as a special commissioner, was sent at the head of an army of newly-appointed deputy-collectors to adjudicate the claims of the land-holding indigo planters to enhancement, decided that as increase of the value of produce was the ground of enhancement, the enhancement should be *in proportion* to that increase; and finding that of late years agricultural produce had doubled in value, he doubled the rents all round. The landholder (Mr. Hills) was still dissatisfied, and appealed. Sir Barnes Peacock's famous decision is shortly this: The Act says nothing of proportion; that doctrine is inadmissible. The fair and equitable rate is that which, for a series of years, any farmer will and can pay. The landlord is to have the benefit, not of the proportional, but of the positive increase of value. Sir Barnes then takes Malthus's definition of rent to be the profit derived from the land by the sale of the produce, after paying to the farmer the value of his labour and the interest of his capital, and he directs that the rent shall be so calculated. Accordingly the officers employed judicially to determine the rent have ever since been occupied in elaborate calculations of the average produce of each acre, the expenses of ploughing, sowing, weeding, &c. &c., the value of the ryot's labour, the quantity of produce eaten by his bullocks, and so on, till the rent is thus arrived at. It appears, however, in practice, that

such calculations are very uncertain, and no two officers agree in the result at which they arrive. The market value of the land expressed in rent may be ascertained by showing what *bond fide* tenants-at-will will give for a series of years; the actual expenses and profits of the cultivator never can be ascertained with truth and precision. The simple point at issue is only this—are the occupancy ryots to pay privilege rates or full market rates of rent? The question now stands unsettled at the point to which we have brought it down. It is one of tremendous importance; to a great mass of the people perhaps more important than all the rest of our laws and our policy put together. There are signs that, for the present, the parties may tire of litigation, and that some compromise will be made; but no principle is settled, and there will be future trouble.

It seems probable that only by legislation can the question be definitely settled. We shall not recur to the subject again, and shall here only make this suggestion towards a remedy. On the one hand, might not there be an abandonment of the title by twelve years' occupancy, which seems to tend to cumber the soil with a too universal class of tenants without beneficial interests (and yet protected from the ordinary law of supply and demand), and to destroy confidence between landlord and tenant, a stricter test of long hereditary possession, more in accordance with the old law of the country, being substituted; and on the other hand, the class of occupancy ryots being thus brought within the limits of undoubted right, might not the tenure be rendered more definite and beneficiary, a clear, untrammelled, transferable, and improvable property? As the undoubted foundation of all these customary rents is a fixed proportion of grain, it is clear that, under the old system, rent would have risen with the value of grain. Suppose, then, district fiars prices were periodically struck as in Scotland, and increase or decrease of rent awarded according to that standard—that would seem to be simple and easy, and quite in accordance with our own practice. So much being settled, every facility should be given for the enfranchisement of copyholds, that is, their conversion into absolute holdings, subject only to a ground-rent fixed for ever. Possibly, on payment of a fine or a present increase, the rights of the landlord to future uncertain increase might be compromised and satisfied. A general record of rights of all kinds should at the same time be made.

The code of civil procedure is, so far as it goes, an excellent code; applied to courts not already corrupted, it would be in the main as good as could be desired,—and in some points it has greatly improved the Indian practice. But, overlaid upon a system vicious and corrupt in the last degree, the remedy has proved

as yet insufficient to reform the essential characteristics of the courts. There seems to have been in the drawing of the code a certain tenderness for old prejudices and practices, and the use in some of the most important clauses of the little word "may" as distinguished from "shall" has opened the door to very general evasion and neglect of the modern provisions. For instance, the judge *may* summon the parties and examine them, but he is in no case bound to do so; and when one party desires to summon the other as a witness, the summons is not granted as a matter of course: the judge is to consider specially the propriety of the application, and if he decides to summon, he *may* call on the party to be summoned to show cause why he should not be summoned, and so on. On the other hand, the long written pleadings are abolished, but the parties *may* file written statements of their cases. And so it happens that still, in the great majority of cases, not the least attempt is made to bring out the truth by a searching examination of the parties; but by unscrupulous pleadings and written statements designed to mystify, the game of law is carried on as before. On the all-important point of the examination of witnesses, there is generally not the least reform in the civil department; the provision of the law is, that the examination is to be conducted "in the presence, hearing, and under the personal direction and superintendence of the judge." But native judges, wedded to the old system, seem to have satisfied themselves that it is enough if the affidavit is made out by a writer sitting in a corner, while the judge is doing something else; and the universal practice still is to file these careless and useless strings of affidavits, which set all the commonest rules of evidence at defiance, while there is no attempt at the reasonable and proper examination of witnesses. In many other respects the law is openly neglected and disregarded. The truth is, that habit and prejudice are powerful every where, but above all others with natives of India. There has been no efficient supervision over, and disciplinary treatment of, the native judges, to *force* them into the new system, and in practice the main features of judicial procedure are just what they always were. There is still the most entire disregard of the vital elements of truth and justice. There is too much to unlearn to render improvement possible without some very strong and rough measures, trenchant and wholesale. The remedy applied is far too mild for the disease.

Another remedial attempt remains to be noticed. The evils of protracted litigation and appeal on appeal have long been acknowledged. To cure this was devised the system of small-cause courts without appeal. Now, in many respects, such a system has great advantages, but it is tried under most difficult circum-

stances. Two things seem essential to the exercise of unchecked power—*first*, men fitted to fill the post of judges, and *second*, the control of public opinion and the publicity of the press. It is under those conditions that small-cause judges work in England. It is otherwise in India. Government having determined to try the small-cause system in Bengal, at once appointed a number of small-cause judges, and posted them alike in town and in rural districts. These courts have very great powers; in proportion, far beyond those of English small-cause judges. They try absolutely, and without appeal or supervision of any kind, all personal actions of every description up to 500 rupees, which is quite equal, in proportion to value of money, to say 300*l.* in England. Two or three good judges, placed in large towns under the public view, have, we believe, done much good. But for the rest? They are for the most part the old judges of the old courts under a new name, with a sprinkling of Europeans taken from the lower walks of the law, but with very little knowledge of the country. The great difference, then, as compared with the old system, consists in the absence of appeal. Is it to be hoped and expected that the same judges, whose proceedings were superficial and indifferent when they knew that they were subject to the supervision and criticism of the appellate courts, will be more careful, searching, and thorough, when they are relieved from all control and set down in rural districts, where public opinion can scarcely touch them? We much doubt it. More than this, there is some political risk to be considered. Summary courts are, at best, essentially plaintiff's courts. In a country and under a system in which evidence is notoriously untrustworthy, and documents are supposed to be generally forged, this characteristic obtains. The plaintiff chooses his time for the action, not the defendant; he has abundant leisure to prepare his documents, cook his evidence, and get ready his case. Suddenly he comes down in a summary court on an unprepared defendant; the *prima facie* evidence is all on his side; and if the judge be disposed to get through his business in a rapid way, a heavy decree is passed, the execution of which will sweep away many precious rights (perhaps preserved through a lifetime of litigation) before the defendant has breathing time. It has always been popularly said among the natives, that ours is the government of the shopkeeper and the money-lender; we hear that there are signs that this feeling is much increased by the action of some of the small-cause courts. We remember the cause of the Sonthal rebellion. May not similar causes lead to dangerous results elsewhere? May it not be, that if we would have swift justice without appeal, we must first diminish the necessity for appeal by clear laws, efficient courts, and effectual supervision and control?

The new high courts are now fairly at work. Their constitution appears to be excellent. It may simply be described to be this: the causes hitherto disposed of by the judges of the Sudder courts alone are now heard by benches, in which, as much as possible, English professional judges are conjoined with the civilian judges of the old Company's service. Probably the two combined make as good tribunals as it is possible under present circumstances to obtain, and already there can be no doubt that there has been great improvement in the purely judicial work of the highest courts. But as yet those courts are overburdened by arrears left them by their predecessors, and they work under a very painful sense of the want of thorough honest search after the truth in the lower courts, the utter perplexity arising out of the established unbelief in all the evidence of every kind accumulated in such masses, and the feeling of entire uncertainty whether justice is done, when the laws are undefined and the evidence unsifted, and when it is a mere weighing of opposing improbabilities. To men who are not by practice habituated to such things, the task is a heavy one.

Then, as respects supervision of the lower courts, the high courts have not yet done much; their relations with the local governments are altogether undefined and unsatisfactory; they have not yet gone circuits in the interior; the chief justices are new to the judicial organisation of the local courts, and the power of personal control over the judges of those inferior courts is very limited. Hence, it may be broadly said that in this branch of the duty of an Indian superior court the high courts have as yet effected no change.

It only remains to say a word on the means of improving the administration of civil justice. We shall not here attempt to touch on details, but we may in very general terms indicate the quarters to which it appears to us that efforts should be directed.

It is impossible to go backwards; we cannot return from a highly complicated to a simple system. We have created a state of things which makes a patriarchal administration impossible. We must, then, try to improve and adapt to the country a regular legal system.

First, then, and most essential of all, is a clear and accessible substantive law. It is wholly impossible to bring litigation within manageable limits, to check appeals, and diminish the glorious uncertainty of the law, while, as at present, the most artificial and technical of practices is applied to the administration of an utterly undefined and uncertain substantive law, or rather no law; while every judge, ignorant of first principles

and prone to technicality and subtlety, in every case puts his own construction on the law of "equity, justice, and good conscience." That two men seldom agree in the interpretation of that rule is shown by the proportion of reversals on appeal. Neither the education of young lawyers, nor the reform of old ones, is possible till they have some definite law. The great first want is, then, a code of substantive civil law. We are aware that this may be looked on as a bugbear of difficulty, but we doubt if it really be so. Any tolerable code is better than none. Almost all modern codes are founded on the Code Napoléon, which, constructed to supersede a vast variety of varying laws and customs, is extremely cosmopolitan in the character of most of its chapters, and is in most respects singularly applicable to India, where the conflict and commixture of the laws and customs of the Hindoos and Mahommedans present a remarkable analogy to the conflict of German and Roman laws in France before the era of the Code. Many of the laws of the Indo-Germanic race seem to be curiously universal. The Mahommedan law, on the other hand, is artificial, and for the most part Roman. If, then, we could so far abate our pride as to admit that English law is not the only good thing made by God, and that all our dependencies need not wait in the dark till those Kalends of March when the English law shall be codified, might not the Commission sitting in London, taking for a skeleton those chapters of the Code Napoléon on property and contract which are of general application, and comparing their provisions with those of English law, checked by Indian custom, make a very fair working code on these subjects in a very moderate time? Then might not a commission sitting in India very quickly reduce the class laws of the Hindoos and the Mahommedans on the single subject of inheritance (including marriage) to a codified shape, which would save much of the present uncertainty and litigation? Nearly one hundred years' administration of those laws has not brought us to clearness and certainty; but we have reached that stage when a little systematic review of the knowledge which we have acquired would safely lead to an authoritative exposition of the law.

Then there is a great field lying between the proper domains of law and procedure, comprising the rules of pleading and evidence, the law of estoppels, the incidence of the onus of proof, the buying and selling of litigations, and many other subjects respecting which, in the present confusion of the practice of the Indian courts, an authoritative treatise is very much wanted. There is now a conflict between the most vague and uncertain looseness and the application of the letter of English rules made for another system, and for the use of which in India

there is no authority. There should be some means of determining what evidence is admissible—how far a man may contradict his former statements, how far plead his own or his ancestors' frauds, how far claim rights in property which he has put before the world as another's, and many such-like questions. To correct most gross abuses and prune the whole system, very stringent rules on such subjects are urgently required, and it would seem not difficult to frame them, or at least to frame some sort of authoritative exposition of the principles applicable to India. At present the conflict between no rule and the rule of English technical books seems likely to increase the confusion.

One great and most necessary improvement of overwhelming importance is the introduction of a good system of registration, which shall both give security for the genuineness of documents and supply an authentic record of titles. But the Indian legislature appear to be about to take up this subject in earnest, and we shall not anticipate the debates and the action of the next session of the Legislative Council. We will only here say that it is impossible to overrate the enormous importance of the subject.

Next to laws comes the judicial machinery. The popular view of the question, and one which seems to have much influence with the government of India, tends to getting rid of native agency as the cure for the evils of the old system. Against this view we protest. Out of a people naturally as little bound to truth as the Europeans of the Middle Ages, but not, as we found them, hopelessly corrupt or practised in perjury, we have ourselves, by a bad system, made consummate liars and perjurers. So, out of native judges, doubtless more prone to subtleties than Europeans, but still acute and intelligent, we have, by our teaching, made judges to whom form is every thing and justice nothing. But when we have reared this hydra, is it fair that we should turn round and say, "All natives are liars, all native judges are ministers of injustice; we will have none of them"? They are capable of being taught better things under a good system. The native mind has a logical clearness which is some compensation for its subtlety, and the knowledge of the country and the people is an enormous advantage with which we cannot possibly dispense, to say nothing of the comparative cheapness of the one agency, and the insuperable dearness of the other. We believe that the government is honestly ready to spend much money to improve justice. But to obtain really good European agency for all judicial business is simply impossible. We must, then, reform, not destroy.

The reform of evils so deeply rooted is a great task; we must set about it with no light and sparing hand. We must

make root-and-branch work of the present establishments, or we shall never get rid of the taint of long-established disease. We would have, then, a review of all the existing judicial establishments, the pay of the lower grades being at the same time raised to an adequate scale. All the old judges who are too old or too prejudiced to learn should be pensioned off at once. Those who remain must be subjected to the strict supervision and discipline of superiors, who will force them to adopt the new procedure, and that will never be effected till two or three very *severe* examples are made, till two or three victims are crucified in the sight of all, to encourage the others. Then to fill up the ranks we must look to special education. The tolerable legal education now afforded to a limited number in the presidency towns must be extended. Codes and good class-books must be supplied, and in future not only the native judges but the native bar, and not only the native bar but the native attorneys, must be supplied from those who have passed civilised tests. The class of mooktears or attorneys must be brought under a strict discipline. In the rearrangement of the courts, it will probably be desirable that, on many occasions and for many classes of cases, two or three judges should sit together, and that superior judges should go on circuit and sit in the lower courts for the trial of difficult cases. One judge is an excellent check on another. Under the present arrangement of single judges, most loose practices spring up, more especially under a vile system, which prevents even the check of decent officers of the court, by allowing the native judges, for a contract sum, to find their own "omlah" or ministerial officers. Of course honesty and efficiency are sacrificed to number, and every court is full of a set of the lowest harpies (often the relations and connexions of the judges), receiving the most ridiculously nominal pay. The monstrous paper records, which feed these men, must be abbreviated, and one or two proper responsible officers of the court substituted for the old family of prey.

However much we may improve the indigenous judges, both native and East Indian, we must still look to Europeans for much of the higher judicial duty, and for all the work of supervision and control; and for the European element we must still look to the civil service. It is hardly possible to obtain the requisite combination of knowledge of the country and language with educated skill in the ordinary Indian market, except in a rare and casual way, and at a great expense. We must still rely on a system of importation and training; and the great object is to improve the judicial qualifications of the civil service. We would not make a separate judicial service for this reason, that since we have annexed so many kingdoms, and forsworn

the annexation of more, the old political service has lapsed into comparative obscurity, and the prospect of exciting work in taming new kingdoms is scant, while in our own provinces the new police system has relieved the magistracy of very much executive work. Hence, in all the lower and middle grades of the service, the duties become more and more almost exclusively judicial. In the highest grade the duty of supervising judicial offices should, we believe, be added to the functions of all the superior commissioners; and in such, or any other, appointments some knowledge of law and judicial practice will be most beneficial.

The civil service, then, must be a judicial service. Already a good deal has been done to improve the knowledge of law of the young men now sent out; and however inferior when judged by riding test for judicial work, they are certainly more fitted than the old service. Their legal education may still be raised to a higher standard. And in the early stages of their career in India it is most essential that they should be trained in the practice of that civil justice which must form by far the greatest and most difficult part of their duties. A grade of young assistant judges, employed to decide petty cases and superintend the machinery of the courts under the eye of a superior, is indispensably necessary; and experience has already shown that by far the best judges of the small-cause courts are selected civil servants of a few years' standing and experience. If trained to administer fixed laws, under the supervision of courts constituted as the high courts now are, these men will in time become excellent superior judges.

We have only further to remark, that it seems absolutely necessary that some arrangements should be made for distributing the duty of supervising and controlling the inferior courts. The matter—though one of detail, into which we have no intention of entering—is one of the first importance. At present, as we have already intimated, the relations between the high court and the local government being undefined, the district judges omitting supervision, and the local commissioners having no power to supervise, there is no real supervision at all. Therefore it is that the code of civil procedure is altogether ignored, that the proper examination of a witness is a thing unknown, and that all over the country, in districts and places remote from any reliable voice of public opinion, infinite abuses exist. There is a congeries of Augean stables to be cleared. And wherever, as in India, public opinion does not control these matters, abuses can only be checked by a most vigilant and unsparing use of a concentrated superior power, which can not only detect abuses, but also correct them by sharp and con-

spicuous examples. There also seems to be a necessity for a more definite department of justice in connexion with the government of India, in which these subjects may be systematically treated and reviewed.

ART. VII.—JOUBERT ; OR, A FRENCH COLERIDGE.

WHY should we ever treat of any dead authors but the famous ones? Mainly for this reason: because, from these famous personages, home or foreign, whom we all know so well, and of whom so much has been said, the amount of stimulus which they contain for us has been in a great measure disengaged; people have formed their opinion about them, and do not readily change it. One may write of them afresh, combat received opinions about them—even interest one's readers in so doing; but the interest one's readers receive has to do, in general, rather with the treatment than with the subject; they are susceptible of a lively impression rather of the course of the discussion itself—its turns, vivacity, and novelty—than of the genius of the author who is the occasion of it. And yet, what is really precious and inspiring, in all that we get from literature, except this sense of an immediate contact with genius itself, and the stimulus towards what is true and excellent which we derive from it? Now in literature, besides the eminent men of genius who have had their deserts in the way of fame, besides the eminent men of ability who have often had far more than their deserts in the way of fame, there are a certain number of personages who have been real men of genius,—by which we mean, that they have had a genuine organ for what is true and excellent, and are therefore capable of emitting a life-giving stimulus,—but who, for some reason or other, in most cases for very valid reasons, have remained obscure, nay, beyond a narrow circle in their own country, unknown. It is salutary from time to time to come across a genius of this kind, and to extract his honey. Often he has more of it for us, as we have already said, than greater men; for, though it is by no means true that from what is new to us there is most to be learnt, it is yet indisputably true that from what is new to us we in general learn most.

Of a genius of this kind, Joseph Joubert, we are now going to speak. His name is, we believe, almost unknown in England, and even in France, his native country, it is not

famous. M. Sainte-Beuve has given of him one of his incomparable portraits; but—besides that even M. Sainte-Beuve's writings are far less known amongst us than they deserve to be—every country has its own point of view from which a remarkable author may most profitably be seen and studied.

Joseph Joubert was born (and his date should be remarked) in 1754, at Montignac, a little town in Périgord. His father was a doctor with small means and a large family; and Joseph, the eldest, had his own way to make in the world. He was for eight years, as pupil first, and afterwards as an assistant-master, in the public school of Toulouse, then managed by the Jesuits, who seem to have left in him a most favourable opinion, not only of their tact and address, but of their really good qualities as teachers and directors. Compelled by the weakness of his health to give up, at twenty-two, the profession of teaching, he passed two important years of his life in hard study, at home at Montignac; and came in 1778 to try his fortune in the literary world of Paris, then perhaps the most tempting field which has ever yet presented itself to a young man of letters. He knew Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Laharpe; he became intimate with one of the celebrities of the next literary generation, then, like himself, a young man—Chateaubriand's friend, the future Grand Master of the University, Fontanes. But, even then, it began to be remarked of him, that M. Joubert *s'inquiétait de perfection bien plus que de gloire*—"cared far more about perfecting himself than about making himself a reputation." His severity of morals may perhaps have been rendered easier to him by the delicacy of his health; but the delicacy of his health will not by itself account for his changeless preference of being to seeming, knowing to showing, studying to publishing; for what terrible public performers have some invalids been! This preference he retained all through his life, and it is by this that he is characterised. "He has chosen," Chateaubriand (adopting Epicurus's famous words) said of him, "*to hide his life.*" Of a life which its owner was bent on hiding there can be but little to tell. Yet the only two public incidents of Joubert's life, slight as they are, do all concerned in them so much credit that they deserve mention. In 1790 the Constituent Assembly made the office of justice of the peace elective throughout France. The people of Montignac retained such an impression of the character of their young townsman—one of Plutarch's men of virtue, as he had lived amongst them, simple, studious, severe,—that, though he had left them for years, they elected him in his absence without his knowing any thing about it. The appointment little suited Joubert's wishes or tastes; but at such a moment he thought it wrong to decline it. He held

it for two years, the legal term, discharging its duties with a firmness and integrity which were long remembered; and then, when he went out of office, his fellow-townsmen reelected him. But Joubert thought that he had now accomplished his duty towards them, and he went back to the retirement which he loved. That seems to us a little episode of the great French Revolution worth remembering. The sage who was asked by the king, why sages were seen at the doors of kings, but not kings at the doors of sages, replied, that it was because sages knew what was good for them, and kings did not. But at Montignac the king—for in 1790 the people in France was king with a vengeance—knew what was good for him, and came to the door of the sage.

The other incident was this. When Napoleon, in 1809, reorganised the public instruction of France, founded the University, and made M. de Fontanes its grand master, Fontanes had to submit to the Emperor a list of persons to form the council or governing body of the new University. Third on his list, after two distinguished names, Fontanes placed the unknown name of Joubert. "This name," he said, in his accompanying memorandum to the Emperor, "is not known as the two first are; and yet this is the nomination to which I attach most importance. I have known M. Joubert all my life. His character and intelligence are of the very highest order. I shall rejoice if your majesty will accept my guarantee for him." Napoleon trusted his Grand Master, and Joubert became a councillor of the University. It is something that a man, elevated to the highest posts of State, should not forget his obscure friends; or that, if he remembers and places them, he should regard in placing them their merit rather than their obscurity. It is more, in the eyes of those whom the necessities, real or supposed, of a political system had long familiarised with such cynical disregard of fitness in the distribution of office, to see a minister and his master alike zealous, in giving away places, to give them to the best men to be found.

Between 1792 and 1809 Joubert had married. His life was passed between Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, where his wife's family lived,—a pretty little Burgundian town, by which the Lyons railroad now passes,—and Paris. Here, in a house in the Rue St.-Honoré, in a room very high up, and admitting plenty of the light which he so loved,—a room from which he saw, in his own words, "a great deal of sky and very little earth,"—among the treasures of a library collected with infinite pains, taste, and skill, from which every book he thought ill of was rigidly excluded,—he never would possess either a complete Voltaire or a complete Rousseau,—the happiest hours of his life were passed. In the circle of one of those women who leave a sort of perfume

in literary history, and who have the gift of inspiring successive generations of readers with an indescribable regret not to have known them—Pauline de Montmorin, Madame de Beaumont—he had become intimate with nearly all which at that time in the Paris world of letters or of society was most attractive and promising. Amongst his acquaintances one only misses the names of Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant; neither of them was to his taste, and with Madame de Staël he always refused to become acquainted: he thought she had more vehemence than truth, and more heat than light. Years went on, and his friends became conspicuous authors or statesmen; but Joubert remained in the shade. His constitution was of such fragility that how he lived so long, or accomplished so much as he did, is a wonder; his soul had, for its basis of operations, hardly any body at all; both from his stomach and from his chest he seems to have had constant sufferings, though he lived by rule, and was as abstemious as a Hindoo. Often, after overwork in thinking, reading, or talking, he remained for days together in a state of utter prostration—condemned to absolute silence and inaction; too happy if the agitation of his mind would become quiet also, and let him have the repose of which he stood in such need. With this weakness of health, these repeated suspensions of energy, he was incapable of the prolonged contention of spirit necessary for the creation of great works; but he read and thought immensely; he was an unwearied note-taker, a charming letter-writer, above all, an excellent and delightful talker. The gaiety and amenity of his natural disposition were inexhaustible; and his spirit, too, was of astonishing elasticity; he seemed to hold on to life by a single thread only, but that single thread was very tenacious. More and more, as his soul and knowledge ripened more and more, his friends pressed to his room in the Rue St.-Honoré; often he received them in bed, for he seldom rose before three o'clock in the afternoon; and at his bedroom-door, on his bad days, Madame Joubert stood sentry, trying, not always with success, to keep back the thirsty comers from the fountain which was forbidden to flow. Fontanes did nothing in the University without consulting him, and Joubert's ideas and pen were always at his friend's service. When he was in the country, at Villeneuve, the young priests of his neighbourhood used to resort to him, in order to profit by his library and by his conversation. He, like our Coleridge, was particularly qualified to attract men of this kind, and to benefit them: retaining perfect independence of mind, he was religious; he was a religious philosopher. As age came on, his infirmities become more and more overwhelming; some of his friends, too, died; others became so immersed in

politics, that Joubert, who hated politics, saw them seldomer than of old; but the moroseness of age and infirmity never touched him, and he never quarrelled with a friend or lost one. From these miseries he was preserved by that quality in him of which we have already spoken;—a quality which is best expressed by a word, not of common use in English—alas, we have too little in our national character of the quality which this word expresses—his inborn, his constant amenity. He lived till the year 1824. On the 4th of May in that year he died, at the age of seventy. A day or two after his death, M. de Chateaubriand inserted in the *Journal des Débats* a short notice of him, perfect for its feeling, grace, and propriety. *On ne vit dans la mémoire du monde*, he says, and says truly, *que par des travaux pour le monde*—"a man can live in the world's memory only by what he has done for the world." But Chateaubriand used the privilege which his great name gave him to assert, delicately but firmly, Joubert's real and rare merits, and to tell the world what manner of man had just left it.

Joubert's papers were accumulated in boxes and drawers. He had not meant them for publication: it was very difficult to sort them and to prepare them for it. Madame Joubert, his widow, had a scruple about giving them a publicity which her husband, she felt, would never have permitted. But, as her own end approached, the natural desire to leave of so remarkable a spirit some enduring memorial, some memorial to outlast the admiring recollection of the living who were so fast passing away, made her yield to the entreaties of his friends, and allow the printing, but for private circulation only, of a volume of his fragments. Chateaubriand edited it; it appeared in 1838, fourteen years after Joubert's death. The volume attracted the attention of those who were best fitted to appreciate it, and profoundly impressed them. M. Sainte-Beuve gave of it, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the admirable notice of which we have already spoken; and so much curiosity was excited about Joubert that the collection of his fragments, enlarged by many additions, was at last published for the benefit of the world in general. It has since been twice reprinted. The first or preliminary chapter has some fancifulness and affectation in it; the reader should begin with the second.

We have likened Joubert to Coleridge; and indeed the points of resemblance between the two men are numerous. Both of them great and celebrated talkers; Joubert attracting pilgrims to his upper chamber in the Rue St-Honoré, as Coleridge attracted pilgrims to Mr. Gilman's at Highgate; both of them desultory and incomplete writers,—here they had an outward likeness with one another. Both of them passionately

devoted to reading in a class of books, and to thinking on a class of subjects, out of the beaten line of the reading and thought of their day ; both of them ardent students and critics of old literature, poetry, and the metaphysics of religion ; both of them curious explorers of words, and of the latent significance hidden under the popular use of them ; both of them, in a certain sense, conservative in religion and politics, by antipathy to the narrow and shallow foolishness of vulgar modern liberalism ;—here they had their inward and real likeness. But that in which the essence of their likeness consisted is this,—that they both had from nature an ardent impulse for seeking the genuine truth on all matters they thought about, and an organ for finding it and recognising it when it was found. To have the impulse for seeking it is much rarer than most people think ; to have the organ for finding it is, we need not say, very rare indeed. By this they have a spiritual relationship of the closest kind with one another, and they become, each of them, a source of stimulus and progress for all of us.

Coleridge had less delicacy and penetration than Joubert, but more richness and power ; his production, though far inferior to what his nature at first seemed to promise, was abundant and varied. Yet in all his production how much is there to dissatisfy us ! How many reserves must be made in praising either his poetry, or his criticism, or his philosophy ! How little either of his poetry, or of his criticism, or of his philosophy, can we expect permanently to stand ! But that which will stand of Coleridge is this : the stimulus of his continual effort,—not a moral effort, for he had no morals,—but of his continual instinctive effort, crowned often with rich success, to get at and to lay bare the real truth of his matter in hand, whether that matter were literary, or philosophical, or political, or religious ; and this in a country where at that moment such an effort was almost unknown ; where the most powerful minds threw themselves upon poetry, which conveys truth indeed, but conveys it indirectly ; and where ordinary minds were so habituated to do without thinking altogether, to regard considerations of established routine and practical convenience as paramount, that any attempt to introduce within the domain of these the disturbing element of thought, they were prompt to resent as an outrage. Coleridge's great action lay in his supplying in England, for many years and under critical circumstances, by the spectacle of this effort of his, a stimulus to all minds, in the generation which grew up round him, capable of profiting by it ; his action will still be felt as long as the need for it continues ; when, with the cessation of the need, the action too

has ceased, Coleridge's memory, in spite of the disesteem, nay repugnance, which his character may and must inspire, will yet for ever remain invested with that interest and gratitude which invests the memory of founders.

M. de Rémusat, indeed, reproaches Coleridge with his *jugements saugrenus*; the criticism of a gifted truth-finder ought not to be *saugrenu*; so on this reproach we must pause for a moment. *Saugrenu* is a rather vulgar French word, but, like many other vulgar words, very expressive; used as an epithet for a judgment, it means something like *impudently absurd*. The literary judgments of one nation about another are very apt to be *saugrenus*; it is certainly true, as M. Sainte-Beuve remarks in answer to Goethe's complaint against the French that they have undervalued Du Bartas, that as to the estimate of its own authors every nation is the best judge; the *positive* estimate of them, be it understood, not, of course, the estimate of them in comparison with the authors of other nations. Therefore a foreigner's judgments about the intrinsic merit of a nation's authors will generally, when at complete variance with that nation's own, be wrong; but there is a permissible wrongness in these matters, and to that permissible wrongness there is a limit. When that limit is exceeded, the wrong judgment becomes more than wrong, it becomes *saugrenu*, or impudently absurd. For instance, the high estimate which the French have of Racine is probably in great measure deserved; or, to take a yet stronger case, even the high estimate which Joubert had of the Abbé Delille is probably in great measure deserved; but the common disparaging judgment passed on Racine by English readers is not *saugrenu*, still less is that passed by them on the Abbé Delille *saugrenu*, because the beauty of Racine and of Delille too, so far as Delille's beauty goes, is eminently in their language, and this is a beauty which a foreigner cannot perfectly seize; this beauty of diction, *apicibus verborum ligata*, as M. Sainte-Beuve, quoting Quintilian, says of Chateaubriand's. As to Chateaubriand himself, again, the common English judgment, which stamps him as a mere shallow rhetorician, all froth and vanity, is certainly wrong; one may even wonder that the English should judge Chateaubriand so wrongly, for his power goes far beyond beauty of diction; it is a power, as well of passion and sentiment, and this sort of power the English can perfectly well appreciate. One production of Chateaubriand's, *René*, is akin to the most popular productions of Byron—to the *Childe Harold* or *Manfred*—in spirit, equal to them in power, superior to them in form. But this work, we hardly know why, is almost unread in England. And only let us consider this criticism of Chateaubriand's on the true

pathetic: "It is a dangerous mistake, sanctioned, like so many other dangerous mistakes, by Voltaire, to suppose that the best works of imagination are those which draw most tears. One could name this or that melodrama, which no one would like to own having written, and which yet harrows the feelings far more than the *Æneid*. The true tears are those which are called forth by the *beauty* of poetry; there must be as much admiration in them as sorrow. They are the tears which come to our eyes when Priam says to Achilles, ἔτλην δ', οἷ οὐπω . . . — 'And I have endured,—the like whereof no soul upon the earth hath yet endured,—to carry to my lips the hand of him who slew my child;' or when Joseph cries out, 'I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.'" Who does not feel that the man who wrote that was no shallow rhetorician, but a born man of genius, with the true instinct of genius for what is really admirable? Nay, take these words of Chateaubriand, an old man of eighty, dying amidst the noise and bustle of the ignoble revolution of February 1848, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quand donc, quand donc serai-je délivré de tout ce monde, ce bruit; quand donc, quand donc cela finira-t-il?" Who, with any ear, does not feel that those are not the accents of a trumpery rhetorician, but of a rich and puissant nature,—the cry of the dying lion? We repeat it, Chateaubriand is most ignorantly underrated in England; and the English are capable of rating him far more correctly if they knew him better. Still, Chateaubriand has such real and great faults, he falls so decidedly beneath the rank of the truly greatest authors, that the depreciatory judgment passed on him in England, though ignorant and wrong, can hardly be said to transgress the limits of permissible ignorance; it is not a *jugement saugrenu*. But when a critic denies genius to a literature which has produced Bossuet and Molière, he passes the bounds; and Coleridge's judgments on French literature and the French genius are undoubtedly, as M. de Rémusat calls them, *saugrenus*.

And yet, such is the impetuosity of our poor human nature, such its proneness to rush to a decision with imperfect knowledge, that his having delivered a *saugrenu* judgment or two in his life by no means proves a man not to have had, in comparison with his fellow-men in general, a remarkable organ for truth, or disqualifies him for being, by virtue of that organ, a source of vital stimulus for us. Joubert had far less smoke and turbid vehemence in him than Coleridge; he had also a far keener sense of what was absurd. But Joubert can write to M. Molé (the M. Molé who was afterwards Louis Philippe's well-known minister): "As to your Milton, whom the merit of the Abbé Delille" (the Abbé Delille translated *Paradise Lost*)

"makes me admire, and with whom I have nevertheless still plenty of fault to find, why, I should like to know, are you scandalised that I have not enabled myself to read him? I don't understand the language in which he writes, and I don't much care to." If he is a poet one cannot put up with, even in the prose of the younger Racine, am I to blame for that? If by force you mean beauty manifesting itself with power, I maintain that the Abbé Delille has more force than Milton." That, to be sure, is a petulant outburst in a private letter; it is not, like Coleridge's, a deliberate proposition in a printed philosophical essay. But is it possible to imagine a more perfect specimen of a *saugrenu* judgment? It is even worse than Coleridge's, because it is *saugrenu* with reasons. That, however, does not prevent Joubert from having been really a man of extraordinary ardour in the search of truth, and of extraordinary fineness in the perception of it; and so was Coleridge.

Joubert had round him in France an atmosphere of literary, philosophical, and religious opinion as alien to him as that in England was to Coleridge. This is what makes Joubert, too, so remarkable, and it is on this account that we begged the reader to remark his date. He was born in 1754; he died in 1824. He was thus in the fulness of his powers at the beginning of the present century, at the epoch of Napoleon's consulate. The French criticism of that day—the criticism of Laharpe's successors—of Geoffroy and his colleagues in the *Journal des Débats*, had a dryness very unlike the telling vivacity of the early Edinburgh reviewers, their contemporaries, but a fundamental narrowness, a want of genuine insight, much on a par with theirs. Joubert, like Coleridge, has no respect for the dominant oracle; he treats his Geoffroy with much the same want of deference as Coleridge treats his Jeffrey. "Geoffroy," he says, of an article in the *Journal des Débats* criticising Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*,—"Geoffroy in this article begins by holding out his paw prettily enough; but he ends by a volley of kicks, which lets the whole world see but too clearly the four iron shoes of the four-footed animal." There is, however, in France a sympathy with intellectual activity for its own sake, and for the sake of its inherent pleasurable beauty, keener than any which exists in England; and Joubert had more effect in Paris—though his conversation was his only weapon, and Coleridge wielded besides his conversation his pen—than Coleridge had or could have in London. We mean, a more immediate, appreciable effect—an effect not only upon the young and enthusiastic, to whom the future belongs, but upon formed and important

personages, to whom the present belongs, and who are actually moving society. He owed this partly to his real advantages over Coleridge. If he had, as we have already said, less power and richness than his English parallel, he had more tact and penetration. He was more *possible* than Coleridge; his doctrine was more intelligible than Coleridge's, more receivable. And yet, with Joubert, the striving after a consummate and attractive clearness of expression came from no mere frivolous dislike of labour and inability for going deep, but was a part of his native love of truth and perfection. The delight of his life he found in truth, and in the satisfaction which the enjoying of truth gives to the spirit; and he thought the truth was never really and worthily said, so long as the least cloud, clumsiness, and repulsiveness hung about the expression of it.

Some of his best passages are those in which he upholds this doctrine. Even metaphysics he would not allow to remain difficult and abstract; so long as they spoke a professional jargon, the language of the schools, he maintained—and who shall gainsay him?—that metaphysics were imperfect; or, at any rate, had not yet reached their ideal perfection.

"The true science of metaphysics," he says, "consists not in rendering abstract that which is sensible, but in rendering sensible that which is abstract; apparent that which is hidden; imaginable, if so it may be, that which is only intelligible; and intelligible, finally, that which an ordinary attention fails to seize."

And therefore

"distrust, in books on metaphysics, words which have not been able to get currency in the world, and are only calculated to form a special language."

Nor would he suffer common words to be employed in a special sense by the schools:

"Which is best, if one wants to be useful and to be really understood, to get one's words in the world, or to get them in the schools? I maintain that the good plan is to employ words in their popular sense rather than in their philosophical sense; and the better plan still, to employ them in their natural sense rather than in their popular sense. By their natural sense, I mean the popular and universal acceptance of them brought to that which in this is essential and invariable. To prove a thing by definition proves nothing, if the definition is purely philosophical; for such definitions only bind him who makes them. To prove a thing by definition, when the definition expresses the necessary, inevitable, and clear idea which the world at large attaches to the object, is, on the contrary, all in all; because then what one does is simply to show people what they do really think, in spite of themselves and without knowing it. The rule that one is free to give to words what sense one will, and that the only thing

needful is to be agreed upon the sense one gives them, is very well for the mere purposes of argumentation, and may be allowed in the schools where this sort of fencing is to be practised ; but in the sphere of the true-born and noble science of metaphysics, and in the genuine world of literature, it is good for nothing. One must never quit sight of realities, and one must employ one's expressions simply as media—as glasses, through which one's thoughts can be best made evident. I know, by my own experience, how hard this rule is to follow ; but I judge of its importance by the failure of every system of metaphysics. Not one of them has succeeded ; for the simple reason, that in every one ciphers have been constantly used instead of values, artificial ideas instead of native ideas, jargon instead of idiom."

We know not whether the metaphysician will ever adopt Joubert's rules ; but we are sure that the man of letters, whenever he has to speak of metaphysics, will do well to adopt them. He, at any rate, must remember

"it is by means of familiar words that style takes hold of the reader and gets possession of him. It is by means of these that great thoughts get currency and pass for true metal, like gold and silver which have had a recognised stamp put upon them. They beget confidence in the man who, in order to make his thoughts more clearly perceived, uses them ; for people feel that such an employment of the language of common human life betokens a man who knows that life and its concerns, and who keeps himself in contact with them. Besides, these words make a style frank and easy. They show that an author has long made the thought or the feeling expressed his mental food ; that he has so assimilated them and familiarised them, that the most common expressions suffice him in order to express ideas which have become every-day ideas to him by the length of time they have been in his mind. And lastly, what one says in such words looks more true ; for, of all the words in use, none are so clear as those which we call common words ; and clearness is so eminently one of the characteristics of truth, that often it even passes for truth itself."

These are not, in Joubert, mere counsels of rhetoric ; they come from his accurate sense of perfection, from his having clearly seized the fine and just idea that beauty and light are properties of truth, and that truth is incompletely exhibited if it is exhibited without beauty and light.

"Be profound with clear terms and not with obscure terms. What is difficult will at last become easy ; but as one goes deep into things, one must still keep a charm, and one must carry into these dark depths of thought, into which speculation has only recently penetrated, the pure and antique clearness of centuries less learned than ours, but with more light in them."

And elsewhere he speaks of those

"spirits, lovers of light, who, when they have an idea to put forth,

brood long over it first, and wait patiently till it *shines*, as Buffon en-joined, when he defined genius to be the aptitude for patience ; spirits who know by experience that the driest matter and the dulllest words hide within them the germ and spark of some brightness, like those fairy nuts in which were found diamonds if one broke the shell and was the right person ; spirits who maintain that, to see and exhibit things in beauty, is to see and show things as in their essence they really are, and not as they exist for the eye of the careless, who do not look beyond the outside ; spirits hard to satisfy, because of a keen-sightedness in them, which makes them discern but too clearly both the models to be followed and those to be shunned ; spirits active though meditative, who cannot rest except in solid truths, and whom only beauty can make happy ; spirits far less concerned for glory than for perfection, who, because their art is long and life is short, often die without leaving a monument, having had their own inward sense of life and fruitfulness for their best reward."

No doubt there is something a little too ethereal in all this, something which reminds one of Joubert's physical want of body and substance ; no doubt, if a man wishes to be a great author, it is "to consider too curiously, to consider" as Joubert did—it is a mistake to spend so much of one's time in setting up one's ideal standard of perfection, and in contemplating it. Joubert himself knew this very well : "I cannot build a house for my ideas," said he ; "I have tried to do without words, and words take their revenge on me by their difficulty." "If there is a man upon earth tormented by the cursed desire to get a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and this phrase into one word—that man is myself." "I can sow, but I cannot build." Joubert, however, makes no claim to be a great author ; by renouncing all ambition to be this, by not trying to fit his ideas into a house, by making no compromise with words in spite of their difficulty, by being quite single-minded in his pursuit of perfection, perhaps he is enabled to get closer to the truth of the objects of his study, and to be of more service to us by setting ideals, than if he had composed a celebrated work. We doubt whether, in an elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, he would have got his ideas about religion to *shine*, to use his own expression, as they shine when he utters them in perfect freedom. Penetration in these matters is valueless without soul, and soul is valueless without penetration ; both of these are delicate qualities, and, even in those who have them, easily lost ; the charm of Joubert is, that he has and keeps both.

"One should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when one thinks differently from the poets, and in religion when one thinks differently from the saints."

"There is a great difference between taking for idols Mahomet or Luther, and bowing down before Rousseau and Voltaire. People at

any rate imagined they were obeying God when they followed Mahomet, and the Scriptures when they hearkened to Luther. And perhaps one ought not too much to disparage that inclination which leads mankind to put into the hands of those whom it thinks the friends of God the devotion and government of its heart and mind. It is the subjection to irreligious spirits which alone is fatal, and, in the fullest sense of the word, depraving."

"May I say it? It is not hard to know God, provided one will not force oneself to define him."

"Do not bring into the domain of reasoning that which belongs to our innermost feeling. State truths of sentiment, and do not try to prove them. There is a danger in such proofs; for in arguing it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic; now that which we accustom ourselves to treat as problematic ends by appearing to us as really doubtful. In things that are visible and palpable, never prove what is believed already; in things that are certain and mysterious—mysterious by their greatness and by their nature—make people believe them, and do not prove them; in things that are matters of practice and duty, command, and do not explain. 'Fear God,' has made many men pious; the proofs of the existence of God have made many men atheists. From the defiance springs the attack; the advocate begets in his hearer a wish to pick holes; and men are almost always led on, from the desire to contradict the doctor, to the desire to contradict the doctrine. Make truth lovely, and do not try to arm her: mankind will then be far less inclined to contend with her."

"Why is even a bad preacher almost always heard by the pious with pleasure? *Because he talks to them about what they love.* But you who have to expound religion to the children of this world, you who have to speak to them of that which they once loved perhaps, or which they would be glad to love,—remember that they do not love it yet, and, to make them love it, take heed to speak with power."

"You may do what you like, mankind will believe no one but God; and he only can persuade mankind who believes that God has spoken to him. No one can give faith unless he has faith; the persuaded persuade, as the indulgent disarm."

"The only happy people in the world are the good man, the sage, and the saint; but the saint is happier than either of the others, so much is man by his nature formed for sanctity."

The same delicacy and penetration which he here shows in speaking of the inward essence of religion, Joubert shows also in speaking of its outward form, and of its manifestation in the world:

"Piety is not a religion, though it is the soul of all religions. A man has not a religion simply by having pious inclinations, any more than he has a country simply by having philanthropy. A man has not a country until he is a citizen in a state, until he undertakes to follow and uphold certain laws, to obey certain magistrates, and to adopt certain ways of living and acting."

"Religion is neither a theology nor a theosophy; it is more than

all this; it is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement."

Who has ever shown with more truth and beauty the good and imposing side of the wealth and splendour of the Catholic Church than Joubert shows it to us in the following passage?

"The pomps and magnificence with which the Church is reproached are in truth the result and the proof of her incomparable excellence. From whence, let me ask, have come this power of hers and these excessive riches, except from the enchantment into which she threw all the world? Ravished with her beauty, millions of men, from age to age, kept loading her with gifts, bequests, cessions. She had the talent of making herself loved, and the talent of making men happy. It is that which wrought prodigies for her; it is from thence that she drew her power."

"She had the talent of making herself *feared*,"—one should add that too, in order to be perfectly just; but Joubert, because he is a true child of light, can see that the wonderful success of the Catholic Church must have been due really to her good rather than to her bad qualities; to her making herself loved rather than to her making herself feared.

How striking and suggestive, again, is this remark on the Old and New Testaments!

"The Old Testament teaches the knowledge of good and evil; the Gospel, on the other hand, seems written for the predestinated; it is the book of innocence. The one is made for earth, the other seems made for heaven. According as the one or the other of these books takes hold of a nation, what may be called the *religious humours* of nations differ."

So the British and North-American Puritans are the children of the Old Testament, as Joachim of Flora and St. Francis are the children of the New. And does not the following maxim exactly fit the Church of England, of which Joubert certainly never thought when he was writing it? "The austere sects excite the most enthusiasm at first; but the temperate sects have always been the most durable."

And these remarks on the Jansenists and Jesuits, interesting in themselves, are still more interesting because they touch matters we cannot well know at first hand, and which Joubert, an impartial observer, had had the means of studying closely. We are apt to think of the Jansenists as having failed by reason of their merits; Joubert shows us how far their failure was due to their defects:

"We ought to lay stress upon what is clear in Scripture, and to pass quickly over what is obscure; to light up what in Scripture is troubled, by what is serene in it; what puzzles and checks the reason,

by what satisfies the reason. The Jansenists have done just the reverse. They lay stress upon what is uncertain, obscure, afflicting, and they pass lightly over all the rest ; they eclipse the luminous and consoling truths of Scripture, by putting between us and them its opaque and dismal truths. For example, 'Many are called ;' there is a clear truth : 'Few are chosen ;' there is an obscure truth. 'We are children of wrath ;' there is a sombre, cloudy, terrifying truth : 'We are all the children of God ;' 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ;' there are truths which are full of clearness, mildness, serenity, light. The Jansenists trouble our cheerfulness, and shed no cheering ray on our trouble. They are not, however, to be condemned for what they say, because what they say is true ; but they are to be condemned for what they fail to say, for that is true too—truer, even, than the other ; that is, its truth is easier for us to seize, fuller, rounder, and more complete. Theology, as the Jansenists exhibit her, has but the half of her disk."

Again :

"The Jansenists erect 'grace' into a kind of fourth person of the Trinity. They are, without thinking or intending it, Quaternitarians. St. Paul and St. Augustine, too exclusively studied, have done the whole mischief. Instead of 'grace,' say help, succour, a divine influence, a dew of heaven ; then one can come to a right understanding. The word 'grace' is a sort of talisman, all the baneful spell of which can be broken by translating it. The trick of personifying words is a fatal source of mischief in theology."

Once more :

"The Jansenists tell men to love God ; the Jesuits make men love him. The doctrine of these last is full of loosenesses, or, if you will, of errors ; still—singular as it may seem, it is undeniable—they are the better directors of souls.

"The Jansenists have carried into religion more thought than the Jesuits, and they go deeper ; they are faster bound with its sacred bonds. They have in their way of thinking an austerity which incessantly constrains the will to keep the path of duty ; all the habits of their understanding, in short, are more Christian. But they seem to love God without affection, and solely from reason, from duty, from justice. The Jesuits, on the other hand, seem to love him from pure inclination ; out of admiration, gratitude, tenderness ; for the pleasure of loving him, in short. In their books of devotion you find joy, because with the Jesuits nature and religion go hand in hand. In the books of the Jansenists there is a sadness and a moral constraint, because with the Jansenists religion is for ever trying to put nature in bonds."

The Jesuits have suffered, and deservedly suffered, plenty of discredit from what Joubert gently calls their "loosenesses ;" let them have the merit of their amiability.

The most characteristic thoughts one can quote from any

writer are always his thoughts on matters like these ; but the maxims of Joubert on purely literary subjects also have the same purged and subtle delicacy ; they show the same sedulousness in him to preserve perfectly true the balance of his soul. We begin with this, which contains a truth too many people fail to perceive : " Ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself in matters of literature a crime of the first order."

And here is another sentence, worthy of Goethe, to clear the air at one's entrance into the region of literature :

" With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit ; with the storms of the passing time and with the great scourges of human life,—hunger, thirst, dishonour, diseases, and death,—authors may as long as they like go on making novels which shall harrow our hearts ; but the soul says all the while, ' You hurt me.' "

And again :

" Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the booksellers' shops ; you buy them there for a certain number of francs, and you talk of them for a certain number of days ; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful. Once lose sight of that, and you have the mere frightful reality."

That is just the right criticism to pass on these " monstrosities,"—*they have no place in literature*, and those who produce them are not really men of letters. One would think that this was enough to deter from such production any man of genuine ambition. But most of us, alas, are what we must be, not what we ought to be—not even what we know we ought to be.

The following, of which the first part reminds one of Wordsworth's sonnet, " If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven," excellently defines the true salutary function of literature, and the limits of this function :

" Whether one is an eagle or an ant, in the intellectual world, seems to me not to matter much ; the essential thing is to have one's place marked there, one's station assigned, and to belong decidedly to a regular and wholesome order. A small talent, if it keeps within its limits and rightly fulfils its task, may reach the goal just as well as a greater one. To accustom mankind to pleasures which depend neither upon the bodily appetites nor upon money, by giving them a taste for the things of the mind, seems to me, in fact, the one proper fruit which nature has meant our literary productions to have. When they have other fruits, it is by accident, and, in general, not for good. Books which absorb our attention to such a degree that they rob us of all fancy for other books, are absolutely pernicious. In this way they

only bring fresh crotchets and sects into the world ; they multiply the great variety of weights, rules, and measures already existing ; they are morally and politically a nuisance."

Who can read these words and not think of the limiting effect exercised by certain works in certain spheres and for certain periods ; exercised even by the works of men of genius or virtue,—by the works of Rousseau, the works of Wesley, the works of Swedenborg ? And what is it which makes the Bible so admirable a book, to be the one book of those who can have only one, but the miscellaneous character of the contents of the Bible ?

Joubert was all his life a passionate lover of Plato ; we hope other lovers of Plato will forgive us for saying that their adored object has never been more truly described than he is here :

"Plato shows us nothing, but he brings brightness with him ; he puts light into our eyes, and fills us with a clearness by which all objects afterwards become illuminated. He teaches us nothing ; but he prepares us, fashions us, and makes us ready to know all. Somehow or other, the habit of reading him augments in us the capacity for discerning and entertaining whatever fine truths may afterwards present themselves. Like mountain air, it sharpens our organs, and gives us an appetite for wholesome food."

"Plato loses himself in the void" (he says again) ; "but one sees the play of his wings, one hears their rustle." And the conclusion is, "It is good to breathe his air, but not to live upon him."

As a pendant to the criticism on Plato, this on the French moralist Nicole is excellent :

"Nicole is a Pascal without style. It is not what he says which is sublime, but what he thinks ; he rises, not by the natural elevation of his own spirit, but by that of his doctrines. One must not look to the form in him, but to the matter, which is exquisite. He ought to be read with a direct view of practice."

English people have hardly ears to hear the praises of Bossuet, and the Bossuet of Joubert is Bossuet at his very best ; but this is a far truer Bossuet than the "declaimer" Bossuet of Lord Macaulay, himself a born rhetorician, if ever there was one :

"Bossuet employs all our idioms, as Homer employed all the dialects. The language of kings, of statesmen, and of warriors ; the language of the people and of the student, of the country and of the schools, of the sanctuary and of the courts of law ; the old and the new, the trivial and the stately, the quiet and the resounding,—he turns all to his use ; and out of all this he makes a style simple, grave, majestic. His ideas are, like his words, varied—common and sublime together. Times and doctrines in all their multitude were ever before his spirit, as things and words in all their multitude were ever before

it. He is not so much a man as a human nature, with the temperance of a saint, the justice of a bishop, the prudence of a doctor, and the might of a great spirit."

After this on Bossuet, we must quote a criticism on Racine, to show that Joubert did not indiscriminately worship all the French gods of the grand century :

"Those who find Racine enough for them are poor souls and poor wits ; they are souls and wits which have never got beyond the callow and boarding-school stage. Admirable, as no doubt he is, for his skill in having made poetical the most humdrum sentiments and the most middling sort of passions, he can yet stand us in stead of nobody but himself. He is a superior writer ; and in literature, that at once puts a man on a pinnacle. But he is not an inimitable writer."

And again, "The talent of Racine is in his works, but Racine himself is not there. That is why he himself became disgusted with them." "Of Racine, as of the ancients, the genius lay in taste. His elegance is perfect, but it is not supreme, like that of Virgil." And, indeed, there is something *supreme* in an elegance which exercises such a fascination as Virgil's does ; which makes one return to his poems again and again, long after one thinks one has done with them ; which makes them one of those books that, to use Joubert's words, "lure the reader back to them, as the proverb says good wine lures back the wine-bibber." And the highest praise Joubert can at last find for Racine is this, that he is the Virgil of the ignorant,—"*Racine est le Virgile des ignorants.*"

Of Boileau, too, Joubert says : "Boileau is a powerful poet, but only in the world of half poetry." How true is that of Pope also ! And he adds, "Neither Boileau's poetry nor Racine's flows from the fountain-head." No Englishman, controverting the exaggerated French estimate of these poets, could desire to use fitter words.

We will end with some remarks on Voltaire and Rousseau, remarks in which Joubert eminently shows his prime merit as a critic,—the soundness and completeness of his judgments. We mean that he has the faculty of judging with all the powers of his mind and soul at work together in due combination ; and how rare is this faculty ! how seldom is it exercised towards writers who so powerfully as Voltaire and Rousseau stimulate and call into activity a single side in us !

"Voltaire's wits came to their maturity twenty years sooner than the wits of other men, and remained in full vigour thirty years longer. The charm which our style in general gets from our ideas, his ideas get from his style. Voltaire is sometimes afflicted, sometimes strongly moved ; but serious he never is. His very graces have an effrontery

about them. He had correctness of judgment, liveliness of imagination, nimble wits, quick taste, and a moral sense in ruins. He is the most debauched of spirits, and the worst of him is that one gets debauched along with him. If he had been a wise man, and had had the self-discipline of wisdom, beyond a doubt half his wit would have been gone ; it needed an atmosphere of *license* in order to play freely. Those people who read him every day, create for themselves, by an invincible law, the necessity of liking him. But those people who, having given up reading him, gaze steadily down upon the influences which his spirit has shed abroad, find themselves in simple justice and duty compelled to detest him. It is impossible to be satisfied with him, and impossible not to be fascinated by him."

The literary sense in us is apt to rebel against so severe a judgment on such a charmer of the literary sense as Voltaire, and perhaps we English are not very liable to catch Voltaire's vices, while of some of his merits we have signal need ; still, as the real definitive judgment on Voltaire, Joubert's is undoubtedly the true one. It is nearly identical with that of Goethe. Joubert's sentence on Rousseau is in some respects more favourable :

"That weight in the speaker (*auctoritas*) which the ancients talk of, is to be found in Bossuet more than in any other French author ; Pascal, too, has it, and La Bruyère ; even Rousseau has something of it, but Voltaire not a particle. I can understand how a Rousseau—I mean a Rousseau cured of his faults—might at the present day do much good, and may even come to be greatly wanted ; but under no circumstances can a Voltaire be of any use."

The peculiar power of Rousseau's style has never been better hit off than in the following passage :

"Rousseau imparted, if I may so speak, *bowels of feeling* to the words he used (*donna des entrailles à tous les mots*), and poured into them such a charm, sweetness so penetrating, energy so puissant, that his writings have an effect upon the soul something like that of those illicit pleasures which steal away our taste and intoxicate our reason."

The final judgment, however, is severe, and justly severe :

"Life without actions ; life entirely resolved into affections and half-sensual thoughts ; do-nothingness setting up for a virtue ; cowardliness with voluptuousness ; fierce pride with nullity underneath it ; the strutting phrase of the most sensual of vagabonds, who has made his system of philosophy and can give it eloquently forth : there is Rousseau. A piety in which there is no religion, a severity which brings corruption with it, a dogmatism which serves to ruin all authority : there is Rousseau's philosophy. To all tender, ardent, and elevated natures, I say, only Rousseau can detach you from religion, and only true religion can cure you of Rousseau."

We must yet find room, before we end, for one at least of

Joubert's sayings on political matters ; here, too, the whole man shows himself ; and here, too, his affinity with Coleridge is very remarkable. How true, how true in France especially, is this remark on the contrasting direction taken by the aspirations of the community in ancient and in modern states !

"The ancients were attached to their country by three things,—their temples, their tombs, and their forefathers. The two great bonds which united them to their government were the bonds of habit and antiquity. With the moderns, hope and the love of novelty have produced a total change. The ancients said *our forefathers*, we say *posterity* ; we do not, like them, love our *patria*, that is to say, the country and the laws of our fathers, rather we love the laws and the country of our children ; the charm we are most sensible to is the charm of the future, and not the charm of the past."

And how keen and true is this criticism on the changed sense of the word "liberty" !

"A great many words have changed their meaning. The word *liberty*, for example, had at bottom among the ancients the same meaning as the word *dominium*. *I would be free* meant, in the mouth of an ancient, *I would take part in governing or administering the State* ; in the mouth of a modern it means, *I would be independent*. The word *liberty* has with us a moral sense ; with them its sense was purely political."

Joubert had lived through the French Revolution, and to the modern cry for liberty he was prone to answer :

"Let your cry be for free souls rather even than for free men. Moral liberty is the one vitally important liberty, the one liberty which is indispensable ; the other liberty is good and salutary only so far as it favours this. Subordination is in itself a better thing than independence. The one implies order and arrangement ; the other implies only self-sufficiency with isolation. The one means harmony, the other a single tone ; the one is the whole, the other is but the part."

"Liberty ! liberty !" he cries again ; "in all things let us have *justice*, and then we shall have enough liberty."

Let us have justice, and then we shall have enough liberty. The wise man will never refuse to echo those words ; but, then, such is the imperfection of human governments, that almost always, in order to get justice, one has first to secure liberty.

We do not hold up Joubert as a very astonishing and powerful genius, but rather as a delightful and edifying genius. We have not cared to exhibit him as a sayer of brilliant epigrammatic things, such things as, "*Notre vie est du vent tissu ; . . . les dettes abrègent la vie ; . . . celui qui a de l'imagination sans érudition a des ailes et n'a pas de pieds* (*Our life is woven wind ; . . . debts take from life ; . . . the*

man of imagination without learning has wings and no feet);" though for such sayings he is famous. In the first place, the French language is in itself so favourable a vehicle for such sayings, that the making them in it has the less merit; at least half the merit ought to go, not to the maker of the saying, but to the French language. In the second place, the peculiar beauty of Joubert is not there; it is not in what is exclusively intellectual—it is in the union of *soul* with intellect, and in the delightful, satisfying result which this union produces. "Vivre, c'est penser et sentir son âme; . . . le bonheur est de sentir son âme bonne; . . . toute vérité nue et crue n'a pas assez passé par l'âme; . . . les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment (*The essence of life lies in thinking and being conscious of one's soul; . . . happiness is the sense of one's soul's being good; . . . if a truth is nude and crude, that is a proof it has not been steeped long enough in the soul; . . . man cannot even be just to his neighbour, unless he loves him*);" it is much rather in sayings like these that Joubert's best and innermost nature manifests itself. He is the most prepossessing and convincing of witnesses to the good of loving light. Because he sincerely loved light, and did not prefer to it any little private darkness of his own, he found light; his eye was single, and therefore his whole body was full of light. And because he was full of light, he was also full of happiness. In spite of his infirmities, in spite of his sufferings, in spite of his obscurity, he was the happiest man alive; his life was as charming as his thoughts. For certainly it is natural that the love of light, which is already, in some measure, the possession of light, should irradiate and beatify the whole life of him who has it. There is something unnatural and shocking where, as in the case of Joubert's English parallel, it does not. Joubert pains us by no such contradiction; "the same penetration of spirit which made him such delightful company to his friends, served also to make him perfect in his own personal life, by enabling him always to perceive and do what was right;" he loved and sought light till he became so habituated to it, so accustomed to the joyful testimony of a good conscience, that, to use his own words, "he could no longer exist without this, and was obliged to live without reproach if he would live without misery."

Joubert was not famous while he lived, and he will not be famous now that he is dead. But, before we pity him for this, let us be sure what we mean, in literature, by *famous*. There are the famous men of genius in literature—the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares: of them we need not speak; their praise is for ever and ever. Then there are the famous

men of ability in literature; their praise is in their own generation. And what makes this difference? The work of the two orders of men is at bottom the same—a *criticism of life*. The end and aim of all literature, if one considers it attentively, is in truth nothing but that. But the criticism which the men of genius pass upon human life is permanently acceptable to mankind; the criticism which the men of ability pass upon human life is transitorily acceptable. Between Shakespeare's criticism of human life and Scribe's the difference is there—the one is permanently acceptable, the other transitorily. Why then, we repeat, this difference? It is that the acceptableness of Shakespeare's criticism depends upon its inherent truth; the acceptableness of Scribe's upon its suiting itself, by its subject-matter, ideas, mode of treatment, to the taste of the generation that hears it. But the taste and ideas of one generation are not those of the next. This next generation in its turn arrives—first its sharp-shooters, its quick-witted, audacious light troops; then the elephantine main body. The imposing array of its predecessor it confidently assails, riddles it with bullets, passes over its body. It goes hard then with many once popular reputations, with many authorities once oracular. Only two kinds of authors are safe in the general havoc. The first kind are the great abounding fountains of truth, whose criticism of life is a source of illumination and joy to the whole human race for ever—the Homers, the Shakespeares. These are the sacred personages, whom all civilised warfare respects. The second are those whom the out-skirmishers of the new generation, its forerunners—quick-witted soldiers, as we have said, the select of the army—recognise, though the bulk of their comrades behind might not, as of the same family and character with the sacred personages, exercising like them an immortal function, and like them inspiring a permanent interest. They snatch them up, and set them in a place of shelter, where the on-coming multitude may not overwhelm them. These are the Jouberts. They will never, like the Shakespeares, command the homage of the multitude; but they are safe; the multitude will not trample them down. Except these two kinds, no author is safe. Let us consider, for example, Joubert's famous contemporary, Lord Jeffrey. All his vivacity and accomplishment avail him nothing; of the true critic he had in an eminent degree no quality, except one—curiosity. Curiosity he had, but he had no organ for truth; he cannot illuminate and rejoice us; no intelligent out-post of the new generation cares about him, cares to put him in safety; at this moment we are all passing over his body. Let us consider a greater than Jeffrey, a

critic whose reputation still stands firm; will stand, many people think, for ever,—the great apostle of the Philistines, Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay was, as we have already said, a born rhetorician; a splendid rhetorician doubtless, and beyond that an *English* rhetorician also, an *honest* rhetorician; still, beyond the apparent rhetorical truth of things he never could penetrate; for their vital truth, for what the French call the *vraie vérité*, he had absolutely no organ; therefore his reputation, brilliant as it is, is not secure. Rhetoric so good as his excites and gives pleasure; but by pleasure alone you cannot permanently bind men's spirits to you. Truth illuminates and gives joy, and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held. As Lord Macaulay's own generation dies out, as a new generation arrives, without those ideas and tendencies of its predecessor which Lord Macaulay so deeply shared and so happily satisfied, will he give the same pleasure? and, if he ceases to give this, has he enough of light in him to make him safe? Pleasure the new generation will get from its own novel ideas and tendencies; but light is another and a rarer thing, and must be treasured wherever it can be found. Will Macaulay be saved, in the sweep and pressure of time, for his light's sake, as Johnson has already been saved by two generations, Joubert by one? We think it very doubtful. But for a spirit of any delicacy and dignity, what a fate, if he could foresee it, to be an oracle for one generation, and then of little or no account for ever! How far better, to pass with scant notice through one's own generation, but to be singled out and preserved by the very iconoclasts of the next, then in their turn by those of the next, and so, like the lamp of life itself, to be handed on from generation to generation in safety! This is Joubert's lot, and it is a very enviable one. The new men of the new generations, while they let the dust deepen on a thousand Laharpes, will say of him: "He lived in the Philistines' day, in a place and time when almost every idea current in literature had the mark of Bel and Dagon upon it, and not the mark of the children of light. Nay, the children of light were as yet hardly so much as heard of: the Canaanite was then in the land. Still, there were even then a few who, nourished on some secret tradition, or illumined perhaps by a divine inspiration, kept aloof from the reigning superstitions, never bowed the knee to the gods of Canaan; and one of these few was called *Joubert*."

ART. VIII.—THE CHURCH AND THEOLOGY OF GERMANY
DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Kirchengeschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von Dr. F. C. Baur, ordentlichem Professor der Theologie an der Universität Tübingen. Nach des Verfassers Tod herausgegeben von Eduard Zeller. (*Ecclesiastical History of the Nineteenth Century.* By Dr. F. C. Baur, Professor in ordinary of Theology at the University of Tübingen. Edited, after the Author's death, by Edward Zeller.) Tübingen, 1862.

THE influence of learned and speculative thought on the direction of popular opinion is far wider and deeper than we are apt to suppose. The subtle elements that have been silently elaborated in the study escape through a thousand unsuspected channels into the moral atmosphere which is daily breathed by common men. This must always have been so from the very nature of thought. But the means of diffusion have been increased in the present day a thousandfold. There is no longer one language for the learned and another for the vulgar. The use of Latin is now confined to a very few branches of learning, and rarely extends beyond the university. Men of science communicate the results of their profoundest researches and boldest inquiries in the vernacular dialect, and nothing but want of curiosity, or want of capacity to appreciate them, prevents their appropriation by all the world. Journals disseminate the theories of scholars and philosophers through society, and the popular newspaper transfers their latest views and most startling conclusions to its pages, where they are read by the million. The cheap treatise sold at the railway-station extends and perpetuates the intellectual movement, and popularises ideas which less than half a century ago would have been the secret of a studious few. The consequence of all this has been to dispel the mysterious prestige which once invested a learned craft, and to establish a sort of intercommunion between minds of the highest and the least cultivation. We must realise to ourselves the combined effect of all these changes, to form any adequate conception of the nature and extent of the immense revolution which is taking place around us. Institutions consecrated by centuries present the same external aspect; forms of speech inherited from our ancestors still circulate among men as the expression of inward conviction; society keeps its old face, and, in many of the most important concerns of life, moves on as it has done for centuries: but in the midst of this apparent permanence and immobility, new and more

quickenings elements of thought are silently striking their roots underneath the old formulas, and only await some providential conjunction of the times and seasons to break from their confinement, and surprise us with a sudden outburst of new vitality, which had long been germinating in secret. All learning, all speculation, has this irrepressible tendency to diffuse itself, and to become, if not in its preliminary processes, at least in its grand final results, the common heritage of the human family; none more so, when any degree of free thought and free utterance has been allowed, than theology. The reason is obvious. Theology has two sides. It rises on one hand into the highest regions of speculative thought, and goes down on the other into the lowest depths of the popular heart. Through religion, which is its subject-matter, it blends the sympathies and points the aspirations of the loftiest and the humblest minds. The prayer of the peasant is shaped in its utterance by forms which came out of the studious brain and have been weighed in the deliberations of the learned. On no theme of human thought is there so wide-spread a community of feeling; for there is none which so entirely embraces within its range of interest all the elements of our nature, and none on which the faculty of ultimate judgment has been so impartially distributed to all men. In some of the greatest revolutions that have changed the condition of society, the most powerful agencies at work were traceable to the impulse of religion; as the watch-words that distinguished parties, and marked their respective aims, were furnished by prominent names in theology.

Ferdinand Christian Baur, so long known as the head of what has been called the Tübingen School,—in the concluding volume of his great work on the history of the Christian church, published since his death by his son-in-law, Zeller,—has taken a masterly survey of the progress of theological thought, in its twofold relation to the course of philosophical speculation, and to social and political change, during the present century. There are defects in his treatment of the subject, and a somewhat arid limitation in his range of sympathies, which we shall notice more particularly hereafter; but his grasp of a vast and distracting multitude of facts in a common point of view, his discernment of fundamental principles and consequential deduction of them into their legitimate results, his rigid demonstration of the incurable antagonisms dividing our modern thought, which men less clear-headed and courageous are vainly attempting to reconcile,—are very admirable, and leave on the mind a profound impression of intellectual strength. By clearly showing the reader the only logical alternative which is left him, they are well fitted to put an end to the vague and misty

compromise in which so much of the fashionable liberalism disguises its mental feebleness and irresolution; and if they do not compel an acquiescence (as on all essential convictions we certainly think they do not) in the negative conclusions at which the author seems himself to have arrived, they yield, at least, distinct and well-defined data, from which, as a solid footing, to work out our way towards broader and more positive issues. His retrospect is confined, as might be expected, chiefly to Germany. His collateral glance at the state of things in England, France, and Switzerland is hasty and superficial; and of Holland, where theological learning is now cultivated with so much depth and thoroughness, and where the present oppositions of opinion are so marked and strong, he has taken no notice whatever. But the history of theological progress for the last half-century is comprised in that of Germany. In England, from which Germany received its first impulse to free inquiry in the early part of the last century, no great and original theologian has arisen since the days of Butler and Lardner. Bishop Marsh's learning was a luminous exposition of treasures accumulated in Germany. France and Holland, exhausted by revolutions, and mainly intent on repairing their physical energies, seemed to have lost for a time their ancient learned productiveness. Germany alone has never intermitted the application of her immense philological attainments, and of her high faculty of philosophic thought, to the investigation of the deepest theological problems. In her churches and universities the contradiction between the traditional creed and the conclusions of scholars has been pushed to the furthest extreme; and from her schools have gone forth the influences which are now exciting the best minds of England, Holland, and France to take up again, with new earnestness, and in a clearer light, the too long neglected themes of theology and the church. This peculiarity in the mental history of Germany has arisen in great measure from the constitution of her universities, widely dispersed over the surface of her land, and attracting the thoughtful and studious from all classes of her population. Moderately endowed, unentangled with any great political interests, but sustained and protected by the hereditary pride and emulation of the petty sovereigns of the territory to which they belong, and enjoying, till quite recently, the inestimable privilege of free teaching (*Lehrfreiheit*), they have escaped, by their secluded and unsecular character, the destructive forces which overthrew more imposing institutions, and afforded a shelter for the quiet work of thought while the high places of society were shaken by the storms of revolution. We propose—following in the main the indications of this work of

Baur's, but at the same time making free use of our own judgment and materials—to set before our readers a brief review of the course of theological thought and research in Germany during the last half-century; to exhibit the results to which it has led, and the implacable hostilities that it has provoked; and to consider fearlessly but trustfully the possibilities of the future which it has bequeathed to us.

Chronological eras and the eras of thought do not always coincide; but the opening of the present century marks the commencement of a new period in the mental and social condition of Europe. The tremendous thunder-clouds of the French Revolution had discharged their lightnings, and had purified the atmosphere, notwithstanding the havoc they had caused; and though the storm continued to rage, men breathed more freely, and began to speculate on the new state of things that might possibly be built up from the ruins spread around them. France, having run through her cycle of impracticable theories, was compelled, by the resistless logic of facts, to submit to the force of a strong will and an organising head. Napoleon was chosen first consul in the last month of the last year of the preceding century, and, four years later, assumed the imperial crown. The crisis was exciting, and favourable to earnest thought. The old world was gone; the new world was yet to come; it was still only in process of formation. The reign of theories had passed; men distrusted them, and asked for results. But at the same time it was impossible to slide back into the old grooves of traditional usage. The settlement which every one was sighing for, had to be effected under conditions entirely new. The most active minds of the period were therefore at once emancipated and reconstructive. In the very conservatism of the time there was an element of novelty. We must recall this state of things, to form an accurate conception of the mental impulse with which the nineteenth century set in. We have just noticed some peculiarities in the constitution of the German universities. They were spared the devastations of conquest; but they felt, nevertheless, the quickening influences which were breathed by revolution over the whole continent of Europe, and they enjoyed sufficient repose to reflect on them in the quiet depth of the meditative intellect, to perceive what they announced and meant, and to apply them thoughtfully to a renovation of the whole range of learning and philosophy. Some remarkable men exercised a strong influence on the German mind of this period, though a large portion of their literary activity belongs to the last century. Among these was Herder. We are glad that Baur, whose mind was of a very different mould, has done him jus-

tice. Herder was one of those men whose genial sympathies and hints of rich suggestion convey a fertilising power to minds stronger and deeper than their own. He was neither an exact scholar nor a profound thinker. He did not possess the faculty of patient and continuous thought essential to a philosopher. When he was a student at Königsberg, Kant's lectures caused him such intense headaches, that he was glad to escape into the fields at the close of them, with a book of poetry for relief. But his human instincts were noble and generous; and by shrewd, intuitive glances he sometimes caught a glimpse of great truths, which others, if they embraced them in the last result more completely, approached more slowly and laboriously and with less of prophetic insight. His reading was varied and indiscriminate; and from every form of literature and art he caught, with singular felicity, the human element which it represented. He may be said to have read and studied every thing in the spirit of humanity. This was the characteristic of his genius. His two pieces "On the Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," and "The Voices of Nations in their Songs," furnish specimens of his favourite mode of treatment. His works were often better conceived than they were executed. He seized the leading thought, but wanted patience, and sometimes, perhaps, fulness of material, to work it out. But his influence on theology was of inestimable value, by breaking up its old pedantic processes,—humanising the Bible, and bringing it within the category of literature. Madame de Staël has said of him with admirable truth, that he read the Bible like a sacred Homer. This was an immense revolution in the direction of ideas, and the full effect of it on scriptural studies has not yet been experienced. We think that Baur has hardly allowed sufficient weight to the influence of the philologists, as a class, on biblical criticism and exegesis. Two certainly deserve notice, Heyne and Wolf: the former, for the new style of interpreting antiquity which he introduced, reflecting so much of the spirit of Herder, and for many minor disquisitions on mythology and the primitive religions contained in his *Opuscula*; the latter, for his bold and original speculations on the earliest form of the Homeric poems, and their gradual transition into a written state,—speculations which admitted of so obvious an application, and which have since been actually applied, to the oldest portions of the Bible. Among those who influenced the course and character of theological studies at this time, the name of Eichhorn must not be omitted. He was a theologian by profession, though a layman; and his learning far deeper and more accurate than that of Herder. But, like Herder, he was a man of taste and literary culture, who handled themes,

hitherto almost proverbial for their repulsive dryness, with a grace and a sentiment which might have well entitled some passages in his writings to a place in the *belles-lettres* of his country. He wrote in a flowing and perspicuous style, and by his example largely contributed to humanise theology. His characteristic sketches of the genius of the different Hebrew prophets, contained in his *Introduction to the Old Testament*, and portions of his *Urgeschichte* (an analysis of the Mosaic account of the Creation), especially the opening—if not always just, or sustained by the conclusions of more recent learning, exhibit nevertheless fine specimens of elegant and genial criticism, only too rare among theologians.

The religion of a period, and with its religion the tendencies which indirectly affect its theology, find a vent in its poetry and popular literature. Schiller and Göthe were the great German authors of the first quarter of the present century. They inherited enough of the spirit of the preceding age to be still devout worshippers of the antique as their ideal. Their taste was preëminently classical. The reaction in favour of Romanticism and Christianity had not yet begun. They partook of the strong dislike to hard, dry Protestant orthodoxy, which was at that time predominant in the educated classes, and which too generally prejudiced them against Christianity itself. Schiller's feelings are sufficiently evident from his celebrated *Gods of Greece*, and from an observation which escapes in one of his letters, that "Christianity is only endurable in women." Göthe's are no less clearly expressed in his *Bride of Corinth*,—a poem which intensely shocked Herder, and drew from him words of abhorrent disgust, which we have often heard a friend, who had talked with him about it, repeat. The two poets thought that all humanity had been rifled of its virtues to furnish out an ideal Christ. It was a not unnatural revolt against the indiscriminate and unmeaning eulogy of the old apologists. "I must," says Göthe, in a well-known letter to Lavater, "call it an unjust robbery, when you pluck off the most beautiful feathers from all the birds under heaven, as though they did not belong to them, in order to dress up in them exclusively your own bird of Paradise. This is what we cannot but regard as vexatious and intolerable; we, who give ourselves up as disciples to every kind of wisdom revealed through man and to man, and, as God's sons, worship him in ourselves and in all his children."* Göthe, in his latter years, spoke and wrote with a true reverence of Christ and Christianity.

Besides the poets and men of taste just mentioned, there

* Quoted by Baur, p. 50.

were theologians, not without influence in the earlier part of the present century, who retained more of the manner of the old professional craft, but whose habits of thought had nevertheless been strongly affected by the free and innovating spirit of the age. Wegscheider of Halle and Paulus of Heidelberg were conspicuous in this class. Their theological position was singular, and logically untenable; but it strikingly marks the transition-period to which they belonged. Assuming the general credibility of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures as historical memorials, they blended with the interpretation of them the constant assumption, that every thing which they related could be referred to natural causes, and that every indication of the supernatural, as merely apparent, must be explained away.* As a later school of heathen writers endeavoured at once, by divers arbitrary suppositions, to turn their ancient myths into positive history, without previously inquiring how those myths arose and what they really meant, so these men and their followers, on the ground that only one theory of divine providence was consistent with reason, attempted from their point of view to *rationalise* the Bible, and especially the New Testament. They were the most decided representatives of the system which, under the name of Rationalism, exercised for many years a powerful sway over the theological mind of Germany. Paulus carried this tendency to the utmost extreme. He rendered good service by testing it, till it broke down under the weight of its own absurdity. Grammar and common sense were both sacrificed to his vain effort to bring his philosophy and his uncritical adherence to the letter of Scripture into harmony. He took the introductory chapters of Matthew and Luke for a statement of historical fact, and to justify it had recourse to the most extraordinary suppositions. No one who reads our actual gospels with unbiassed mind can doubt that the miraculous is interwoven with the very texture of their narrative, and represents the belief of those from whom we have immediately received them. How this miraculous element came into them, and what is its true significance; to what condition of the human mind, or of the external universe in relation to the human mind, it is to be traced back; and how it is that through the whole course of history, wherever a new outbreak of religious life occurs, the same or kindred phenomena are always reported as accompanying it,—these were questions requiring for their solution at once a more rigorous analysis of the constituents of the gospel history, and a profounder religious philosophy—which the old rationalists en-

* See Wegscheider's *Institutiones*, § 44,—“De divina Scripturæ sacræ auctoritate.”

tirely overlooked, and which they were not only unprepared to entertain, but incompetent to answer.

Meantime, while Rationalism in the hands of this school was trying to deprive Scripture of its obvious meaning, and to make it speak a language consistent with their philosophical system, philosophy itself was pursuing an independent and original course in the higher regions of thought. The philosophical works of Kant were produced in the latter part of the last century, but they bore their richest fruits in the opening years of the present, and gave the first impulse to the series of speculative theories which have stamped in Germany with a character of their own the remarkable half-century just elapsed. If we compare the philosophical tendencies of the past and the present century, we are struck with an essential distinction between them. They start from different data, and their lines of development are widely divergent. Mr. Locke, discarding the groundless assumptions of the old scholastic philosophy, found the materials of all our knowledge and belief in the impressions transmitted to the brain through the senses, acted upon and sifted into classes by the reflective faculty of the mind. His point of departure was from *without*; he ventured to penetrate no further into the interior labyrinth of the mental economy than this external clew served him for a guide. The mind was a vacant chamber till furnished by the senses; a mere *tabula rasa* till it received the images reflected on it by the outer world. This fundamental position was widely assumed in the philosophical speculations of England and France during the last century, and but slightly qualified in the former country, soon after its appearance, by Shaftesbury's assertion of implanted mental tendencies, and the idealism of Berkeley. There is a curious parallelism between England at the beginning of the 18th century and Germany at the opening of the 19th century, in the strong impression made by Locke and Kant on the contemporary theology. The moderate, tolerant rationalism, without much depth or fervour, which characterised the learned sections of the English Church and the Nonconformists during the reigns of the two first Georges, was eminently due to the wide prevalence of the philosophy of Locke. Consequences were drawn from the principles enunciated by him, which he would doubtless have repudiated. They generated in many minds a sceptical tendency. As all the materials of human thought were ultimately referred to the impressions of sense, and as these impressions themselves were individual and occasional—as moreover it could not be demonstrated that they were any thing more than impressions, mere affections of the mind without any objective reality be-

hind them—it was difficult to find any criterion of ultimate certainty, and to lay firm and strong the foundations of human belief. Hume sought this criterion in the superior vividness and permanence of the impressions, and regarded this as the only evidence of certainty. In men of different mental constitutions, the philosophy of Locke led to different results. With those of a religious temperament it produced a strong desire to supply the felt deficiencies of their philosophy by the external authority of a revelation miraculously authenticated. We observe this desire operating strongly in Locke himself; and we can trace it in the most religious of his followers—in Hartley, Bishop Law, and Priestley. The incompatible demands of their philosophy and of their reverence for the very letter of a divinely-attested Scripture involved an inconsistency similar to what we have noticed, though turning on a different point, in the rationalism of Wegscheider and Paulus. With their views of God's relation to the universe, they had no difficulty in admitting the possibility of the miraculous. It was to them a divine warrant of the perfect truth contained in Scripture. But not sufficiently imbued with the historical sense which is the fruit of a later philology, and not adequately distinguishing between the substance of religious trusts and convictions, and the different forms into which they are inevitably cast under the varying conditions of human society, they were often driven, by their determination to find in Scripture the truth which they assumed must be there, and not to find in it any thing at variance with that truth, to put violence on the words of the sacred text, and to extort from it a language which it cannot fairly be made to speak. To this groundless assumption of a necessary equation between the conclusion of a philosophic reason and the doctrines of Scripture, because both are an expression of God's truth, must be ascribed the comparative unfruitfulness, up to the present time, of the liberal theology of England. So far as this religious counteraction did not check it, the natural tendency of the principles introduced by Locke was, if not to absolute materialism, at least to a continual attempt to account for all mental functions by stimulus applied from without; to regard mind as a mere deposit of sensuous impressions, wrought by the all-powerful law of association into a microcosm which simply reflected the order and corresponded to the movements of external phenomena. It was the natural application of such a theory to regard the mental superiority of man as dependent on his physical organisation; to represent, for example, some of his most delicate and exquisite faculties as connected with the peculiar structure of his hand. Of activity in the highest sense, of spon-

taneity and creative power—these views conceded nothing to the mind. Its relation to the outward world was considered rather passive than active; and though it could not be denied that it does react—and with great effect—on the universe from which its own materials and instruments were affirmed to be exclusively derived, it was still viewed rather as an intervening process in the general machinery of creation, through which foreign elements were sent back purified and exalted to their primitive source, than as a fund of original power. These views were developed into all their consequences by Condillac about the middle of the last century. We find them also expressed with remarkable clearness and vigour in the late Mr. James Mill's work on the *Phenomena of the Human Mind*, which appeared between thirty and forty years ago—especially in his chapter on the "Will." Generally, therefore, we may describe it as characteristic of the philosophy of the last century, which penetrated some way into this, to commence the study of the mind from without, and to find the original data for all metaphysical speculation in impressions received through the senses.

The philosophy by which Germany has acquired celebrity during the present century assumes a different starting-point, and pursues another direction. It commences its inquiry from within; and this fact has exercised a great influence on the course of theological study and thought in the German universities. Kant took his stand in the human consciousness as the nearest and most certain of all realities; and though his position was not absolutely a novel one, yet he laid down his bearings with such steadiness and precision, and worked out his conclusions with so much boldness and originality, that he may justly be considered the founder of a new school, and undoubtedly he effected a great change in the state of philosophical opinion throughout Europe. Baur somewhat ambitiously compares the revolution he made in mental science with that of Copernicus in astronomy, which put a new centre in the planetary system. His object was, by a rigid analysis of consciousness, to determine the necessary laws of thought, and ascertain the ultimate grounds of belief. Of these the most important for the remoter consequences which it involved, and the most closely connected with the subject of our present review, was that which he called the *categorical imperative*—the law by which the mind feels itself commanded to accept and follow, for its own sake, what is seen to be right. This view of moral obligation asserts the supremacy of conscience, and effectually rescues the idea of duty from the possibility of confusion with a mere calculation of beneficial consequences. Kant recognised

an outward universe, coexisting with the free mind, as the scene where its activity was to be displayed under the control of the law of duty. Within the limits of the phenomenal world, he experienced no difficulty in establishing the ultimate truths which furnish an authoritative rule for human action. They were a clear result of his analysis of the pure or theoretical reason. But there are truths universally recognised by humanity, which lie beyond the phenomenal, and which Kant, therefore, designated transcendental; and these he found could not be proved by the logic which had hitherto served him,—could not be brought within the deductions which he had drawn from his previous analysis. How, then, were such truths to be included in his system of belief? He saw they were necessary as the ground and support of human action in its highest efforts and aspirations; an indispensable counterpart to the demands of the speculative intelligence, as the existence of an external world is implied in the laws and operations of the practical understanding. They must be there, because the working of the human mind would be incomplete and inexplicable without them. They are forced on our acceptance by a sort of reflex necessity. In this way Kant arrived at the three great transcendental truths—of the immortality of the soul—a perfect moral order in the universe—and of a God, the most perfect of beings, *ens realissimum*, embracing all realities, excluding all negations and all defects. These truths, though incapable of strict logical proof, he assumed as the necessary postulates and inherent conditions of all right thinking and right action. He conceived himself, therefore, to have attained to the fundamental truths of religion by a strictly philosophical process. We must notice here the very different position in relation to Christianity which German philosophy assumed from the first, in this its earliest stage, from that which was taken by the philosophy of Locke. Locke and all his religious disciples regarded revelation as supplementary to philosophy—filling up, by its miraculously-attested assurances, the gaps that were seen to be left in all the possible deductions from the premisses on which their philosophical system was based. Kant, on the contrary, claimed to have found a way for his philosophy into the realm of the transcendental, and to have established the essential truths of religion on the permanent necessities of human nature. Christianity was not, therefore, in his view, the complement to philosophy, but simply the historical manifestation of its highest truths; a needful and invaluable, but, from the very necessity which occasioned it, philosophically considered, a limited and incomplete discipline for the religious culture of the mass of human beings. Philosophy had nothing to learn from Chris-

tianity; but the truths which Christianity imperfectly expressed in its historical forms were to be brought by interpretation and development into accordance with the transcendental doctrines of philosophy. These views, which Kant was the first distinctly to proclaim, though to some extent he had been anticipated by Lessing, are set forth in his treatise "On Religion, within the Limits of Simple Reason,"* and they have exerted a powerful influence on the subsequent relations of philosophy and theology in Germany. In this work Kant takes the principal articles of the orthodox creed, and endeavours to render them into some philosophical equivalent. It contains a curious exemplification of the tendency so characteristic of the German mind, to combine the freest philosophical speculation with a tender conservation of historical results. It pushes the principle of accommodation to the utmost length. Every thing in human society must come out of the past, through a process of self-evolution and gradual development. Kant exhibits in this respect a complete antithesis to his philosophical contemporaries in France. He was evidently anxious to keep on terms with the biblical theologians; and to prevent any unseemly shock between the University and the Church, he strongly recommended in his preface that a course on the Philosophy of Religion should follow the courses on Theology, to temper the transition from the lecture-room to the world.

Jacobi, who made a distinction between knowledge which is capable of proof, and faith which is the expression of a mental necessity, akin to that which had been adopted by Kant, and Herbart, who struck out a speculative system of his own, were both religious philosophers, recognising the existence of a Supreme Mind, and the immortality of the individual soul; but as they do not come within the direct line of that grand filiation of philosophical ideas which distinguishes the mental history of Germany for the last half-century, they do not require a more special notice here. Fichte, who was a pupil of Kant's, regarding his master's assumption of an outward objective universe as groundless, and inconsistent with the fundamental unity of a true theory, boldly threw it aside, and took his stand in the conscious *ego* as the centre of all being, the absolute unity, the only reality of which we had a certain grasp. In this first unqualified expression of his views Fichte went far beyond the idealism of Berkeley. The *ego* created its own universe; it was its own God, its own world. This was the extreme point of divergency from the system of Condillac and Locke, and seems too absurd to be a fair interpretation of his theory. But the language of his earliest views apparently justifies it: "the

* Die Religion, innerhalb der Gränzen der blossen Vernunft.

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existing world issues from our conception, not our conception from the existing world ; conception and existence are not two facts, but one.* Further reflection convinced him that this extreme idealism led to pure nihilism ; and in the second stage of his philosophical career he substituted God for the *ego*, as the absolute unity and centre of the universe. Still, however, instead of assuming an outward world in the usual physical sense, he put in place of it a moral order of divine agency, which reveals itself in the self-consciousness of the individual mind, and is ever more perfectly expressed as the mind itself expands and grows into a more perfect harmony with the divine law. The unity which had been the original postulate of his system, and the ground of his dissent from Kant, he thought to preserve under this modification of his views, by assuming the identity of subject and object—of the activity within and the activity outside the mind—distinguished as the individual or relative and the absolute—the light reflected from a mirror and the light which falls on it. Like his master, Fichte cherished a reverence for Scripture, and argued that philosophy must find in its doctrines a meaning of its own. As might be expected from the natural bias of his mind, Fichte conceived a peculiar affection for the Gospel of John ; only in John, he used to say, does the philosopher know where to find himself ; for John alone has reverence for reason, and appeals to the sole proof which has any weight with the philosopher—the internal.

Among the hearers of Fichte was Schelling, whose name marks the third stage in the development of German philosophy. Schelling had conceived the same idea of preserving a unity of fundamental principle, and explaining the passage from the inward to the outward world—by assuming the identity of subject and object—that had occurred to Fichte ; and the claim to priority in the conception of this idea was the occasion of a bitter controversy between the disciple and the master. Schelling's theory proceeded on the assumption of the identity of the mind within and the world without. There is a universal *ego*, a world *ego*, identical with the individual *ego*, which works in it and reflects it, and stands to it in the relation of a *microcosm* to the *macrocosm*. The universal *ego*, like the individual *ego*, is at once subject and object ; and Schelling defined it, in the peculiar terminology of his system, *subject-object*. We must confess to finding little satisfaction in the repeated attempts of philosophers to solve these high transcendental

* "Das Sein fällt mir also aus der Vorstellung heraus, nicht die Vorstellung aus dem Sein." See Chalybæus's *Historische Entwicklung der speculativen Philosophie von Kant bis Hegel*, p. 213.

problems,—as, for instance, how the chasm is bridged over between the inner and the outer world—the soul and the objective universe. We are driven at last to the only intelligible answer,—that by the constitution of our nature we are obliged to believe both in a material and a spiritual world; and that answer is conclusive, unless we suppose our nature essentially mendacious. Philosophers say the same thing again and again in other words; but this one fact lies at the bottom of all their theories. We see no great scientific merit in Schelling's assumed equation of subject and object. It strikes us as little more than another form of the *preestablished harmony* already asserted by Leibnitz. In one respect, indeed, Schelling ventured far beyond his predecessor. From his assumption of identity between the soul and the universe, he drew the conclusion, that the fundamental principles of all truth must be sought, and might be found, in the soul itself, since the soul was a reflection of the universe, a concentrated expression of it—the universe *in parvo*. Its own organisation, therefore, and process of self-development, must be that of the universe itself. On this view was founded Schelling's Philosophy of Nature, his once celebrated *Naturphilosophie*. The identification of physical and mental phenomena which it involved led to the introduction of a new terminology into mental science, which for some time was current in the writings of this school. For instance, the term *polarity* frequently occurs as an expression for certain fundamental laws of thought. In his earlier views Schelling traced the parallel growth of the soul and the universe through successive stages of development, till their final coalescence in the predominance of the subjective over the objective element, and the blending of the soul with the universe in one harmonious system of conscious and intelligent being. This philosophy did not pass away without producing an effect on the contemporary theology. Regarding nature as a continuous effect of the divine agency, and history as a progressive realisation of the divine idea, it saw in the facts and doctrines of Christianity essential factors in this process of self-evolution. The advent of Christ marked a crisis in the history of our planet. It separated the old from the new, the infancy from the maturity of the human race, a state of simple unconscious nature from a more complete and vivid realisation of the divine idea. In this sense it looked on Christ as an incarnation of God. Schelling devoted much attention to the history of religion. He found, as he thought, significant intimations of truth in the old mythologies, which were earnest though ineffectual graspings at the idea of a deity, conceived, from their point of view, as shut up *within* the laws and workings of nature.

A God *above* nature was first announced to the world in the Jewish and Christian religions. In the grand doctrines of ecclesiastical orthodoxy Schelling recognised deep philosophical truths, which the modern rationalism had attempted to dissipate, but which his own system restored to their real meaning and just importance. The Trinity, for instance, had a foundation in the intellectual system of the universe. The Fall veiled and symbolised the descent of the ideal man, as he exists in the mind of God, into the world of reality as a concrete individual. Satan himself is a mysterious potency, ever tending towards personal realisation, which may, however, be kept in check by our own endeavour to resist him, and only passes into actual being so far as we give him room. Here, as in the system of Kant, Christianity is nothing additional or supplementary to philosophy, but substantially identical with it—a popular form of its expression—a stage in the order of its historical development.

The views of Schelling, as they were first put forth by him, betrayed a decided tendency to pantheism. He subsequently became aware of this, and endeavoured to counteract it by introducing some important qualifications. A pantheistic theory of the universe had, however, from other sources, been for some time penetrating into the philosophical mind of Germany. This was evident from the revived attention to the writings of Spinoza. Lessing, in the later form of his speculative system, had shown that he sympathised in no small degree with the principles of the meditative recluse of Amsterdam. Paulus, in 1802, published a complete edition of the collected works of Spinoza, the only one that had yet appeared since his death in 1677. Schleiermacher—to whom, more than to any other man, was due the awakening of a new religious earnestness among the educated classes of Germany in the earlier part of the present century—was a great student of Spinoza; and the power of that philosopher over his whole cast of thought was deep and abiding, and is conspicuous in all that he wrote. He took his place in the same line of philosophical development with Fichte and Schelling, but he found the idealism of one and the pantheism of the other anticipated in Spinoza. Schleiermacher was born and bred among the Moravians; and to the influence of their tender and mystic piety he himself ascribed the warm devotional sentiment which clung to him, with all the freedom and boldness of his speculative views, through life, and was one of the most striking features of his strongly-marked and original character. With the keen susceptibility of genius, Schleiermacher felt deep disgust at the hollow sentimentality and arid dogmatism which, in the absence of all vital belief, had usurped

the name of religion and theology almost throughout Germany when he entered life. His "Discourses on Religion," the first edition of which appeared at the close of the year 1799,* and his Monologues, with which he welcomed in the entrance of a new century, directed the thoughts of the higher classes with a new interest to religion, and pointed out, in a manner altogether original, the important place which it ought to hold in the economy of human nature. In opposition both to the ethical and to the doctrinal schools of divinity, Schleiermacher argued that the essence of religion consisted neither in action nor in science, but in feeling; and that this feeling was a sense of vital relation to the whole universe. There are moments when we are taken out of ourselves and our own narrow circle of interests, and seem blended and lost in an undefinable love and sympathy with the whole system of things. Such moments have in them the very essence of religion. All emotions which develop the whole of our being into harmonious action are religious. There is in human nature a deep craving after the infinite; and the few happy moments in our existence, when we can vividly realise our relation to it and feel our participation in it, solve for the time the conflict that is ever going on within us between what *is* and what we feel *ought to be*, between fact and the idea. Christianity bears evidence of its divine origin in the satisfaction which it offers to this longing and aspiration after the Infinite above every other religious belief. All who possess themselves a clear and definite faith must perceive at once that something is wanting in this definition of religion. It is weak from the very extent of its generalisation. In attempting to embrace in one formula every conceivable variety of religious sentiment, it leaves nothing distinct and positive which the mind can grasp as an objective reality. It does not of necessity include a living God, a personal immortality, or even a moral law. It is all feeling; a mere subjective affection of the mind. It should, however, be recollected that Schleiermacher, in these earliest essays of his pen, had to deal with a generation in whom all the elements of religion, as a genuine feeling of their nature, had nearly died out—who had come to regard it as a mere form of social convention. It was something to show such men—even in the most general form, and only in that form could they have been made to attend to it at all—that it was at least a reality, belonging to the very essence of their being, of which they themselves, and all men not wholly imbruted, must, at some time or other, have had a passing experience. When society has gone far back from a healthy condition of belief and practice,—and that was preëminently the

* Ueber die Religion: Reden an die Gebildeten unter ihren Verächtern.

case in Europe at the close of the last century,—it is remarkable how the very greatest men, who are providentially appointed to restore it, can take but one step at a time, and in one direction only; and how, in taking that one step, they are impelled and constrained unconsciously by the predominant ideas and tendencies of their age. In Schleiermacher we discern the reaction of a nature at once refined and vigorous against those low conceptions of a personal deity which lapsed into anthropomorphism, and that gross notion of immortality which converted it into a bribe to the selfishness of human nature. In the intensity of his disgust he took refuge in an extreme spiritualism, which dissolved into sentiment the objective reality of the two most glorious trusts of religion. It has been said that, in his closing years, his views underwent a change on these points. If it were so, it nowhere appears, so far as we are aware, in any written record of his thought. This was, doubtless, a capital deficiency in the faith of so great a man; but when we consider the influences under which he wrought, the studies in which he was chiefly engaged, and the specialty of the work which had been intrusted to him, the censure that we are tempted to pronounce will be found to rest less on himself than on the inherent tendencies of his own age, and still more of the age which preceded it.

The expulsion of the French from Germany in 1813 occasioned an immense outburst of patriotism and nationality, which seemed to open a new era of freedom and prosperity. Science and philosophy in all their branches experienced the electric thrill. Members of different schools and churches forgot their differences in the prouder feeling that they were Germans and men. The consequence was a great development of liberal feeling, and a decided movement on all sides towards mutual approximation for the furtherance of common aims in the encouragement of learning and the perfecting of a general system of education. A number of distinguished men intent on such objects were at this time assembled at Berlin, among whom it is sufficient to mention the names of the two Humboldts, Niebuhr, and Schleiermacher. Two new universities were the fruit of the high mental excitement which prevailed—one at Berlin, the capital of north Germany; the other in the provinces recently acquired by Prussia on the Rhine, at Bonn. In this last university, surrounded by a Catholic population, and once a residence of the Elector of Cologne, the government gave proof of the liberality of their views by founding a Catholic along with a Protestant faculty of theology, invested with equal privileges. Mutual concession and courtesy were the order of the day; the old intolerance seemed banished.

For a time every thing wore a promising aspect. Catholicism appeared to have become instinct with a new life, did not hesitate to use the new lights of the age, and threw herself with ardour into the cultivation of every branch of science and philosophy. Hermes, who became a professor of Catholic theology at Bonn in 1820, taught a system of divinity that has taken its name from him, in which he boldly developed the relations of philosophy with the doctrines of his church, and declared that the latter had their ultimate foundation not in outward authority, but in the principles of reason. Among the Protestants there was a growing disposition, encouraged by the enlightened men who had now the direction of education and public worship, to merge the unimportant differences which had hitherto divided the Lutherans and the Calvinists, in a common Evangelical Church, based on the largest principles of mutual toleration and charity. But where communities draw the hidden life which makes them what they are from interior principles, which are essentially distinct, nothing is gained by compromising their unreconciled differences in hollow formulas of agreement. Their respective principles, till actually changed or overcome, must work themselves out and run through their appointed course of development before any solid and vital union in fundamentals becomes possible. Least of all can the end be accelerated by outward constraint or interference on the part of government. This was clearly shown by the event. As the enthusiasm inspired by the grand effort of national liberation subsided, and the course of events returned into its former channels, the old antagonisms began to show themselves again, and the old enemies of truth and freedom to resume their wonted hostilities. The Jesuits, encouraged by the restoration of the Bourbons and the favour shown them by the princes of the older branch of that house, became as mischievously active as ever, and by their wide-spread intrigues endeavoured to raise up a strong Ultramontane party throughout Europe. The liberal doctrines of Hermes were condemned at the Vatican; and his followers, at one time numerous, were every where discouraged and silenced. In the Rhenish provinces the refusal of the Archbishop of Cologne to sanction the blessing of mixed marriages led to a protracted dispute between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, in which each urged their respective claims to the utmost, and brought out the whole force of the question at issue between church and state, without ever arriving at any common ground. In the long-run, through the vacillating policy of the government, the church, on the main points of the controversy, came off victorious. But there was reaction not among

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the Catholics alone. The orthodoxy of Protestantism was alarmed by the rapid spread of theological doctrines. On occasion of the tercentenary of the Reformation, celebrated in 1817, Claus Harms, archdeacon in the church of St. Nicholas at Kiel, put forth a pamphlet, in which he endeavoured to awaken the popular zeal for the old Lutheranism, and protested against the modern notions as the very spirit of Antichrist. Reason and Conscience, in whose name all this evil was perpetrated, were the Gog and Magog of Scripture—mortal enemies of God and his church. Throughout this strife the narrow bigoted party ultimately proved the strongest. The liberals were ever inclined to concede and compromise; opposed to them was the intensity of unreasoning conviction. The mischief was aggravated by the despotic meddling of the court. The old king of Prussia, Frederic William III., habitually anxious and desponding from the misfortunes of his youth, was desirous of fortifying his throne by a compact and united church. It was his persuasion that the Protestant church was weakened by unnecessary division, as well as by the want of a more developed ritual and of a better system of internal self-government. The first reformers had left their work unfinished; and the Protestant church of Germany remained a rude and clumsy organism, loosely connected by its consistories with the state. The most enlightened men were aware of these evils, and considering how they could be removed. The people were awakening to them, and prepared to assist in carrying out the needful reforms. Had there been patience and forbearance; had time been allowed for opposite principles to work themselves out, and for closer sympathies to grow; had the thoughtful and spiritual directed the chief attention of society to essentials, and showed that non-essentials were a matter of individual choice, but not of universal obligation,—it is possible that in the course of years, with the preparation already made in the popular mind by a widely-diffused public instruction, some healthy refined union might gradually have arisen, and constituted a truly national church. But such a result could not be hastened or anticipated. Unhappily, the king thought otherwise. He drew up—or caused to be drawn up, assisted, it is said, by one of his generals—a form of public service, collected and abridged for the most part out of the English Prayer-Book,—the celebrated *Agenda*, which raised such a commotion in Prussia some thirty or forty years ago, and which it was made imperative on all Protestant churches within the limits of the monarchy to adopt. Against this forcible obtrusion Schleiermacher energetically protested,* as

* Ueber das liturgische Recht evangelischer Landesfürsten: ein theologisches Bedenken; von Pacificus Sincerus, 1824.

implying a power which did not fall within the rights of the territorial sovereign. It was part of the same policy to effect a compulsory union of the Lutheran and Reformed churches. In the eyes of enlightened men, the difference between them was insignificant; but a factitious importance was given to it by the violent interposition of the hand of government to efface it. Men fancied their conscience was invaded, and the best feelings of their nature were aroused to defend it. In the remotest and least-cultivated provinces the spirit of resistance was the strongest. In parts of Silesia the conforming pastor was forced on a recusant flock by the bayonets of the military. The only result was a further rent in the church by the secession of a band of devoted old Lutherans, whom the government was obliged at last to tolerate.

It was in this state of things that Schleiermacher, as an enlightened friend to the union of the two communions, published his celebrated work "On the Christian Faith."* He proposed in this treatise to demonstrate, by a scientific process, the essential identity of the Lutheran and Calvinistic formulas under the common title of Evangelical, and to indicate less openly the agreement of both, through his own exposition of them, with the principles of his philosophy. Religion with him, as defined in the *Christliche Glaube*, consists in a feeling of absolute dependence on the Power which pervades the universe, and includes the human soul within the circle of its presence and agency. A necessary consequence of this feeling is a sense of personal weakness and deficiency, which craves relief—in orthodox phrase, a sense of sin which longs for redemption. This relief, this redemption, comes to the human soul in Christ, as a sinless and perfect being; oneness with whom, participation in whose spirit, stills the inward conflict, and brings the soul into harmony with the governing law of the universe. This conscious want, which finds its satisfaction in Christ, Schleiermacher designated the "Christian consciousness" (*das christliche Bewusstseyn*). It is the pervading element of his system, and furnishes him with the solution of most of its problems. It is the feeling latent in us prior to all acquaintance with a historical Christianity, by which we decide on the claim of Scripture to a divine origin, and judge of the conformity of its alleged doctrines to Christian truth.—It must be obvious to every one how entirely subjective is this conception of Christianity, and how possible it would be, from this point of view, to construct any doctrinal system whatever, with so little obligation as is here implied to the notice of historical fact. It is another

* *Der christliche Glaube, nach den Grundsätzen der evangelischen Kirche in Zusammenhange dargestellt.* The first edition appeared in 1821.

and a bolder attempt to fuse Christianity into philosophy. The language of orthodoxy is retained; but when we examine the interpretation put on it, it is clear that the writer does not accept in their proper sense any of its leading doctrines,—the Trinity, the Miraculous Conception, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Ascension—in fact any of the strictly miraculous facts of the gospel history. Even the belief in a personal God and a personal immortality is nowhere distinctly announced. Schleiermacher's Christ is an ideal, not the historical Christ. When we compare the different passages in which he speaks of Christ, it is difficult to believe that he did not include under that title a simple embodiment of the divine in our collective humanity. This was a favourite work of Schleiermacher's. He considered it the most finished and perfect of all his productions. It is, indeed, a wonderful monument of dialectic subtlety and acuteness. It was conceived in the same spirit as Kant's "*Religion within the Limits of Simple Reason*," already described; but in beauty of execution, in the luminous statement of seeming contradictions, and in marvellous fertility of resource in reconciling them, in depth of spiritual insight, and in occasional richness of spiritual suggestion, it greatly surpasses its prototype. Nevertheless, we believe few have endeavoured to master this remarkable book, who have not come away from it with a sense of hollowness and unreality, which left the heart unsatisfied and the conscience perplexed. We have the constant feeling that, behind this brilliant display of dialectics, there is something concealed which the writer does not choose openly to say; nor is it possible to suppress a deep regret that such vast intellectual powers, and a moral nature so intrinsically noble, should not have been employed on a theme which had more of nature and eternal truth for its basis. Baur's judgment on Schleiermacher's sophistry—his jesuitical disguise of modern philosophical views under the old orthodox formulas—is somewhat strong and sharp; but we are compelled to add, that it is not wholly undeserved. After all, the work did not answer its purpose. It left the old differences as far from reconciliation as ever. Schleiermacher had deceived many, but converted none. We were in Germany many years ago, when his death was a recent event, and his character and opinions the subject of universal discussion. We well remember the astonishment which we then experienced, but which a longer acquaintance with German mind might have somewhat abated, at finding the most widely opposed parties, orthodox and rationalist, claiming the authority of his name on behalf of their respective views.

While philosophy was thus pursuing its course through the

upper regions of thought, and attempting to volatilize and absorb into its own ethereal substance the grosser forms of orthodox doctrine, the wish arose in another quarter to ascertain, as exactly as was now possible, what were the actual facts of Christianity and the church, which had given occasion to all this speculation, and which were indispensable towards determining the relation which could henceforth subsist between religion and philosophy. This feeling gave renewed impulse to the study of ecclesiastical history, cultivated with equal success, but in a different spirit, by the devout, genial, and widely-sympathising Neander, and the solid, practical, and laborious Gieseler. Researches like theirs, at once so comprehensive and so minute, are, we believe, without a parallel in the learning of modern Europe. At the same time, and even earlier, criticism had begun to investigate, with a freedom and boldness hitherto unknown, the origin and composition and divers materials of the books of Scripture. De Wette, when a very young man, had attempted this in the Old Testament with respect to the Pentateuch and Chronicles. More interest attached to the New Testament, as more immediately affecting the vital controversies of the day. What was the original form of our gospels? How their mutual relations could be explained? Through what previous changes they had passed into the form in which we now possess them?—such were some of the questions to which the minds of scholars were now eagerly directed, as possibly furnishing data towards a solution of some of the gravest problems on which the human intellect could be employed. Eichhorn, early in the century, had thrown out the idea of an original gospel (*Urevangelium*) the nucleus of our three first, which was modified into a theory of his own by our learned countryman Bishop Marsh. Gieseler ingeniously suggested that the phenomena exhibited by our evangelical narratives could be best explained by the supposition of an oral gospel, of necessity fluctuating and progressive in its form, out of which our written three, under different circumstances and at successive periods, irregularly grew.* Bretschneider submitted in a modest form, to the judgment of the learned, the doubts which he had been unable to suppress respecting the authenticity of the gospel of John.† So bold a scepticism produced immense excitement, and divided the critical world into two parties on this question, which have subsisted ever since. Among the most strenuous assertors of the authenticity of the fourth gospel, was Schleiermacher, who

* Ueber die Entstehung der schriftlichen Evangelien, 1818.

† Probabilia de Evangelii et Epistolarum Joannis Apostoli indole et origine eruditorum judiciis modeste subjecit C. T. Bretschneider, 1820.

thought it contained the fullest and freest expression of the mind and person of Christ; and argued that the three first gospels, taken by themselves, did not furnish materials for giving a satisfactory account of the origin of a religion like Christianity. Schleiermacher himself contributed his share to the investigation of the probable origin of the evangelical narratives, in his elaborate analytical essay on the Gospel of Luke, translated into English, with an introduction, by the present Bishop of St. David's.* Besides works of a more special character, the general prosecution of theological studies, now cultivated every where with uncommon ardour, was aided and enriched by an abundant publication of Introductions and Commentaries, in which Protestants and Catholics equally took part, and in which the names of Hug and De Wette, of Lücke and Bleek, are conspicuous.

But philosophy had not yet completed her course, or exhausted her results. Hegel, a pupil of Schelling, developed the philosophical idea from the point to which his master had brought it, and gradually produced a system deviating widely in its ultimate shape from Schelling's later views, which exercised a more powerful influence than any of its predecessors over the whole domain of learning and thought. This system is very abstruse and difficult to comprehend; but we may, perhaps, succeed in giving such a description of its more salient features as will suffice to indicate its relations with theology. Hegel professed to start from one fundamental principle, and to evolve his whole system out of it *à priori*. But he does not do this, and, strictly speaking, it is an impossibility. In his *Phænomenologie*, which is a sort of introduction or *Pro-pædeutik* to his philosophical theory, he sets out from the assumption of the ordinary empiricism, *i.e.* of a distinction between the idea and the outward reality, and only by analysis arrives at a *single* principle in the recognition of the absolute priority of the idea. The fundamental principle which pervades the universe and lies at the bottom of all individual existences, Hegel calls *negativity*, that which the individual existences are *not*. Thus, at the very root of the universe there is a contradiction between *Seyn* and *Nicht-seyn*, existence and non-existence which means, in Hegel's terminology, the absence of *individual* existence; and the chasm between these two contradictory conditions is bridged over by the law or principle of *transition*, expressed by the German word *Werden*, which marks the passage out of *non-existence* into *existence*,

* Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke; with an Introduction by the translator, containing an account of the Controversy respecting the Origin of the three first Gospels since Bishop Marsh's Dissertation; London, 1825.

from *Nicht-seyn* to *Seyn*. Thus *Nicht-seyn*, *Werden*, and *Seyn* constitute, according to Hegel, the fundamental *Trilogy* or triple principle of the universe. In this fundamental instance we have an example of the logical method of Hegel, by which he explains the origin and development, and indicates the end and purpose, of the universe: first, contradiction or antagonism of tendency; then reconciliation or synthesis; then again, out of that synthesis, a new contradiction and a new synthesis, and so on *ad infinitum*. This is the entire theory of the world. There is nothing beyond this fundamental *negativity*, and the individual existences which rise out of it and sink back into it again, according to the logical order or method here indicated, in successive *trilogies*. The universe is a realisation of this fundamental logic. These individual existences are transitory; but, according to the class or order of beings to which they belong, they express an idea, the type of their individual existence, which they are constantly tending to realise. The idea, the type, endures; it is eternal: the individual perishes. Not only does the type endure, but the history of the universe shows that there has been, and still is, a constant tendency to pass into higher types. There is a logical, intellectual method strictly followed throughout the entire working of things. Nothing exists without a reason for its existence, the final and the efficient cause being one; but it is an *unconscious* logic till it reaches its highest development in man, who first perceives, understands, and grasps the ideas which are in process of realisation throughout the universe. The tendency of this development of the universe is to issue finally in one vast system of conscious intelligence. This might seem to imply Hegel's belief, that although there is no God at present, there may be one hereafter. But in the universe as it now exists, and must ever exist, according to the Hegelian theory, there can be no God out of and beyond this sovereign logic. God is equivalent to logic, and logic to God. Schelling, in his later views, strongly dissented at this point from his disciple, and pointed out the absurdity of assuming a primal logic (for Hegel declared that the whole universe was wrapped up in its germ, and issued from it as an orderly and necessary development of the eternal reason) without a primal mind. Logic, if it have any meaning, implies the prior existence of mind. In this supreme logic Hegel supposed the Absolute Idea to be contained, which all the concrete forms of religion and art, and even the more popular doctrines of philosophy, are only so many imperfect efforts to attain and express. From this point of view he attempted a philosophical justification of the dogmas of orthodoxy, as indispensable factors in the develop-

ment of the human mind, indicating its tendency towards the Absolute. The Trinity and the Incarnation were doctrines that had their counterpart in the Divine Idea, and found an approximate realisation in history. Hence, during the prevalence of this philosophy, the number of systematic treatises on Christian doctrine (what the Germans call *Dogmatik*), based on Hegelian principles, and imbued with the Hegelian spirit, was very great. Hegel was believed by the most enthusiastic of his disciples to have completed the cycle of philosophical developments, to have laid open the entire system of the universe, and to have carried philosophy to a point beyond which it could not proceed. In one sense this may be true. Error necessarily finds its own limit; but it does not thence follow that there may not be endless fields of speculation yet open to the human mind in a truer direction. There was extreme presumption in the assertion that Hegel had left nothing for his successors but to expound and apply his principles. From his having apparently reconciled the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement with his philosophical system, Hegel had won for himself many adherents among the orthodox. At his death, as at Schleiermacher's, there was a great division of opinion among his followers as to what it was that he had really taught. They divided themselves into a *right* and a *left* side, with his own obscure and mysterious writings for a *centre*. The right maintained that his doctrines, truly interpreted, were quite compatible and even identical with Christian theism. The left (the young Hegelians), reasoning out his views with fearless consequentiality, argued that no other conclusion could be drawn from his premisses than this: that we knew, and could know, nothing beyond the phenomenal universe of which he had discovered the organic principle in a sovereign logic; that this *knowledge* (for so the Hegelians regarded it) had absorbed and annihilated all previous *faith*, and left us no possibility of belief in a personal God or a personal immortality. The individual perishes, and God in the true theistic sense cannot be.

This was perhaps the most correct and consistent interpretation of the Hegelian system. The distinction from that of Schleiermacher strikes the mind at once. Schleiermacher's was *subjective*, an affection of the mind towards the outward universe; the *divine* was what the mind, from the law of its own nature, looking out on the universe, felt that it must be. Hegelianism assumed to have grasped the theory of the whole universe from without *objectively*, embracing the human mind in the grand series of progressive developments, and leaving for the matter of religion, only approximately apprehended, the idea of the Ab-

solute. Schleiermacher's theory, with all its vagueness and deficiency, was sentimental and tender, compatible with reverence and awe, and not, as we understand it, essentially incapable of conversion into a belief in a personal God and a personal immortality, because it takes its stand on an indestructible consciousness of the human soul. Hegel's system, so far as we can comprehend it, is hard and intellectual, based on a metaphysical abstraction, and essentially atheistical. We speak with diffidence on a subject which we may, after all, but imperfectly understand; yet we have formed our conception of Hegelianism from the representations, not of its enemies, but of its friends; and we think its relations to theology tolerably clear. To state without reserve the impression which this acquaintance with it has left on our mind, we can only say—that it seems to us presumptuous in its aim, and, as the penalty of such presumption, disastrous and desolate in its consequences beyond any philosophical system that ever came under our cognisance. The inquirer boldly puts himself at the very root and origin of all things; and from two of the thinnest and emptiest of all possible abstractions (*Seyn* and *Nicht-seyn*) proceeds to construct a universe. The finite ventures to dispose of the Infinite. Man seats himself on the very throne of God. The human eye presumes to look on "the abyss of light," and is struck spiritually blind.* If any benefit shall ultimately result to the world from these daring speculations, exclusive of rich collateral thoughts, which may yield valuable fruit—for Hegel was a man of learning and genius—it can only be from their having ascertained more clearly than would otherwise have been possible the limits of the *knowable* and the *unknowable*, and shown us where knowledge must cease, and where faith (resting, not less than knowledge, on permanent realities in our own nature) must begin. We call to mind with hearty sympathy an observation which once fell in our hearing from the lips of good old Schlosser, the late venerable professor of history at Heidelberg, who had known Hegel in his youth, but did not become one of his disciples. He told us that he had followed the course of German philosophy up to Schelling, when he abandoned it as a fruitless pursuit, and threw himself, for the support of his faith and the guidance of his life, on the imperishable instincts, the natural affections and unperverted moral intuitions of healthy human nature.

The unsatisfactory condition of Protestantism, undermined in its foundations by philosophy, pregnant as yet in its best learning with chiefly negative results, and torn asunder only more incurably by the spasmodic efforts of a reactionary ortho-

* "Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light" (Dryden).

doxy,—was favourable to Catholicism, which offered at least more unity and more repose. Some distinguished men had gone over to the old church; among them Frederic Schlegel and Count Stollberg. The Romantic School in literature, inaugurated by the Schlegels, Novalis, and Tieck, which glorified the beliefs and traditions of the Middle Ages, and was one of the effects of the reaction against French ideas consequent on the war of liberation, encouraged the same tendency; though Baur contends that the principles of the Romanticists, from their intense subjectivity and the unbounded license which they conceded to the imagination, were essentially Protestant. Whether they were so or not, the Catholics availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by this interval to promote their own views; nor were men of learning and ability wanting among them to turn these opportunities to the best account. A remarkable work appeared in 1832, the *Symbolik* of Möhler, a dignitary of the Catholic church, and professor of theology in the university of Munich. This was an acute and eloquent exposition of Catholic doctrines in contrast with those of the principal Protestant communions, especially the Lutheran, Calvinistic, and Zwinglian. It had great success, and passed through many editions. It laid great stress on the clear and distinct objectivity of the Catholic faith as a rule for all mankind, in contrast with the arbitrary and capricious subjectivity of Protestantism. It was particularly hard upon Zwingli; but with admirable tact and policy, considering the actual state of religious feeling in Germany, dilated with much unction and tenderness on the many points of sympathy which still subsisted between Roman Catholics and Lutherans. There was a fancy for this approximation in the doctrine of the eucharist. The harsher features of Calvinism were strongly brought out, and the more benignant anthropology of the old church displayed most attractively in opposition to them. But the real difficulties of the system—its sacerdotal and supernatural pretensions—with all the art of a skilful apologist, were studiously kept in the background. The work, set off by a graceful and flowing style, and recommended by a general liberality of tone, was well fitted to produce an impression on those who were already imbued with Catholic proclivities, and willing to be converted. It had also its value, as the ablest defence of Catholicism that had yet appeared from the modern point of view. But no one who understood the real points of the controversy, and had been well grounded in Protestant principles, was at all likely to be shaken by it.

A few years later, a work of quite another character, and destined to produce a far different effect, made its appearance. This was the celebrated *Life of Jesus (Leben Jesu)* by David

Frederic Strauss. Baur denies that this work was a fruit of the Hegelian philosophy; and it may be admitted, that the actual state of criticism respecting the gospels must have led of itself, apart from external influence, sooner or later to some kindred result. But it is also true that the religious philosophy, if so we may call it, which underlies the *Leben Jesu*, is Hegelian, and contributes to invest it with its essentially negative character. The great antagonism which for nearly half a century had agitated the theology of Germany was between rationalism and supranaturalism. The former was unable to accept the miraculous as pure historical fact; and the theories put forth by its different schools consisted of successive expedients to dispose of the supernatural element without damaging the authority of the Christian religion and the general credibility of the narrative in which the teachings of its founder are contained. The old theory of Paulus had been long exploded, and the language of Schleiermacher and De Wette was indistinct and mysterious. In the mean time classical and general philology had been devoting much thought to the relations of mythology and history, and those laws of the human mind by which the one precedes, and imperceptibly passes into, the other. Some distinguished men had been labouring, with various result, in this field; Voss and the elder Buttmann, Creuzer, Otfried Müller, and Welcher, and the bold and original speculations of Niebuhr on the origin of Roman history had given new spirit and impulse to this branch of research. The application of the mythical principle to certain parts of the evangelical narrative was not altogether new. Attempts had already been made by some bolder interpreters to explain the introductory chapters of Matthew and Luke, the appearances at the Baptism and the Transfiguration, and the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost with the gift of tongues, from this point of view. What Strauss did was to gather these scattered hints and suggestions to a head, to combine and systematise them, and to apply the principle which they furnished, with fearless consequentality, to a general solution of the history of Christ as it has been transmitted to us. He did not deny that there was a nucleus of fact at the bottom of it; but he argued, that the simple personality of Jesus of Nazareth had attracted to itself the Messianic beliefs and expectations of the Old Testament, and become enveloped in a rich and varied halo of mythic representation, which had been taken for history, but was for the most part a reflection of the religious consciousness of the primitive church. Lücke remarked, when the *Leben Jesu* first appeared, that it was just such a phenomenon as might be expected from the tendencies then notoriously working in many men's minds, and that the principle on which

it was based must have its course—should be pushed to its utmost length, and fairly tested. The love of thoroughness and consequentiality implied in this observation was characteristic of the scientific mind of Germany, but did not involve approval of the principle itself. Immense excitement followed the publication of this book. Answers innumerable were poured forth, and abuse was more abundant than reply. It remains the general conclusion of those most competent to form a judgment, that the strong points of Strauss's position have never yet been effectually met. Even Neander's *Leben Jesu*, which was written avowedly, without being a direct answer, to counteract the effect of Strauss's theory, is weak and hesitating, and the least satisfactory of all his works. Many years afterwards, in the preface to his translation of the Dialogues of Ulrich von Hutten (Leipzig, 1860), Strauss might affirm, without undue confidence, that his book had never been answered, and that the only result of its appearance had been to give increased activity to inquiry in the same direction. Like all new theories, the just limits of its application were not discovered all at once; but after every deduction, it has left behind it a clear residuum of truth which must permanently have weight in all future criticism of the gospels. There was some confusion of feeling in the minds of those who made it the object of attack. Unable frequently to rebut its criticism, they experienced an insuperable and just dislike to its religious philosophy, which seemed to strike at the root of their deepest and holiest convictions; and so they mixed its criticism and its philosophy together in their indiscriminating hostility. It ever seemed to us that these two elements of Strauss's work were not only distinguishable, but separable. We think we could admit most of the results of his criticism, without feeling at all bound to accept the negative conclusions of his philosophy. We should put a different religious theory under those results, and we should be affected differently in consequence. Indeed, the two marked deficiencies that we are most sensible of in Strauss's book are, the inadequate value which it seems to us to assign to the personality of Jesus, and the negative character of its religious philosophy just alluded to. The Jesus who could be the generative centre of so vast a movement as Christianity, must have been a more extraordinary and powerful being than this theory leaves him; not a mere theological lay figure, on which the enthusiasts of the time hung the drapery of their thought, but himself a presence of the living God on earth, moulding the world anew, and breathing into it a higher life; not the creature, but the creator, of the church which bears his name. Strauss's religious theory implies a deeper want, which is due to what we

cannot but regard as the delusive and blighting influence of Hegelian philosophy. This appears in his *Leben Jesu*, but comes out more distinctly in the work which followed it, and was designed as a complement to it,—his “*Doctrine of Christian Faith in its Historical Development and Conflict with Modern Science*.”* In this work it was the object of Strauss to bring the weak vacillating compromise between orthodoxy and science to an issue, and to demonstrate the utter irreconcilableness of their premisses and their conclusions; to effect an absolute and eternal divorce between them. With cold-blooded intrepidity he has gone through the whole length and breadth of the history of orthodoxy, subjected the most venerated dogmas to a remorseless dissection, and pronounced as the result that there is no vital principle left in them,—that even the grand doctrines of a personal God, the divinity of Christ, and individual immortality, cannot be maintained on the traditional basis hitherto alleged as their support, and that from this negative but inevitable conclusion every one must work out a way for himself towards some new positive result. For style and execution this treatise of Strauss's is a masterpiece. It disentangles chaos, and marshals facts and their necessary results in broadly contrasted groups before the mind, with a luminous order and a precision of language that are really wonderful. But a coldness pervades it which chills the very heart. It is like the frosty brightness of a winter's night, when every object stands out clear and sharp, without radiance and glow.

Strauss belonged to what has been called the Tübingen school of German theology. The university of that name was for many years the seat of a profound learning, applied with uncommon acuteness and a fearless courage to the most obscure and difficult problems of Christianity and the church. The late F. C. Baur, author of the book placed at the head of this Article, was one of the most distinguished representatives of this school, and might latterly, indeed, be considered its head. Accepting such results of Strauss's theory as had been established, Baur thought that further insight might be gained into the structure of the evangelical history by opening inquiry in a new direction. The characteristic feature of his system is his placing the composition of our present gospels and the book of Acts at a considerably later date than that usually assigned, and accounting for the discrepancy which they discover both among themselves and with other books of the New Testament, on the supposition that they were each written with a peculiar

* Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung und in Kampf mit der modernen Wissenschaft, 1840.

aim or tendency of their own. This theory naturally leads its author rather to exaggerate than attempt to reconcile such discrepancies; and it is on this side that it will probably need future qualification. Like all theories when first started, it will doubtless be found hereafter that it has been pushed to an extreme; but in this, as in the theory of Strauss, there are elements of truth which cannot henceforth be overlooked in any honest and enlightened criticism of the New Testament. The two theories of Strauss and Baur are distinguished as the mythic and the tendency theories. The most important applications which Baur has made of his tendency theory are in relation—to the fourth gospel, which he brings down as late as the middle of the second century, in consequence of its betraying a certain Hellenic breadth of view, which could only have resulted, as he thinks, from a final triumph over the Judaic and Pauline antagonism of primitive Christianity; and to the book of Acts, in which he discerns a similar tendency to reconcile Peter and Paul, and which he concludes, therefore, cannot be earlier than the middle of the second century. In these speculations of Baur we trace very perceptibly the influence of the trilogistic process of the Hegelian philosophy—antitheses finding their solution in a higher unity; and this gives to all his reasonings a sort of *à priori* character, which should make us cautious how we accept them without a thorough testing of them by facts. In the genuine epistles of Paul, Baur found the oldest authentic documents of Christianity; and in his sudden conversion and recognition of the risen Jesus, the one mysterious fact which opened a way for the passage of the Gospel into heathendom, and became the corner-stone of the future church of the world. He is of opinion that in Matthew we have the most ancient and trustworthy account of the preaching of Jesus, growing out of an early collection of his discourses, of which the Sermon on the Mount probably formed the nucleus. Even in Matthew, however, as we have it, he supposes that the conception of some events may have been moulded by subjective influences in the mind of the writer, who rendered the original Aramæan materials into Greek. According to Baur, true religion, representing the true relation between God and man, first found its pure and direct expression in the mind and life of Christ; and the religious consciousness of Christ, in which lay the germ of Christianity, passed through the medium of the Messianic idea of the Jews into the general consciousness of the human race.

While the learned schools were thus pursuing their researches into the last results of a daring analysis, the churches without, Catholic and Protestant, were rent asunder by strong

internal commotion. The disgust excited in the minds of many reflecting Catholics by the scenes exhibited at the display of the holy coat at Trèves in 1844, drew forth an energetic protest from John Ronge, a priest of Silesia, which led in its consequences to the foundation of what was called the German Catholic church. Such a result would have been impossible, had not the elements of free thought been already widely diffused among the Catholic population. The leaders of this movement, Ronge and Czerski, differed with each other as to the amount of the old dogmatic creed which should be retained in the new church. Czerski was more conservative than Ronge: but the German Catholics repudiated popery, recognised the rights of the laity in ecclesiastical matters, and, while adhering in some points to the ritual and discipline of the ancient hierarchy, professed, in the freedom of their principles and the breadth of their views, to go beyond the reformation of Luther. These declarations, coupled with deep dissatisfaction at the stationary condition of Protestantism, attracted to the German Catholic church at its first appearance a large amount of public sympathy, and inspired the hope that a higher form of the religious life and a better ecclesiastical organisation of society would grow out of it. Some eminent men gave it their open countenance: Paulus, the now aged representative of the old rationalism; and Gervinus, the distinguished historian. Among the Protestants the unyielding tenacity of the old Lutheran party and the development of a reactionary orthodoxy frustrated all attempts at union, though they were incessantly repeated.

Baur observes that, at this time, a year or two before the revolutionary outbreak in 1848, there were three distinct theological parties in Germany, each having an organ of its own: that of the most advanced liberals represented by Baur and his disciples, who disseminated their views in the "Theological Annals" (*Theologische Jahrbücher*); the moderate party of the school of Schleiermacher, whose periodical was the well-known "Theological Studies and Criticisms" (*Theologische Studien und Kritiken*); and the extreme orthodox, of whom Hengstenberg was the head, and whose organ was the "Evangelical Chronicle" (*Evangelische Zeitung*). In the assertion of their principles the old Lutherans were more clear and consistent than the unionists, for the simple reason that they had something more definite and positive to bind them together. But their invincible obstinacy provoked the government into a renewal of persecution against them. The expediency of a presbyterian rule and discipline for the Protestant church began now to be earnestly mooted; and synods were convened to discuss this question, as

well as the possibility of drawing up a confession of faith better adapted to the state of the times. Pastor Sydow of Berlin, and Count Schwerin, a son-in-law of Schleiermacher, objected to the fixing of any creed. But the views of the different parties were absolutely irreconcilable, and all these deliberations came to nothing. Those who could endure no longer the ecclesiastical yoke, now associated independently for the carrying out of their views; and the union of the Friends of Light (*Lichtfreunde*), of which Uhlich in Magdeburg became the head, was one of the results of this effort to gain more freedom. The freest principles came into circulation. Wislicenus, one of their number, proposed the bold question, whether Scripture or the Spirit were the higher authority (*ob Schrift, ob Geist*). After much collision between the seceders and the government, a partial act of toleration was introduced into Prussia in 1847. The following year revolution swept over Europe, with the overthrow of the dynasty of Louis Philippe. Every thing was now thrown into confusion. To the most ardent hopes succeeded the deathlike collapse of disappointment. All who had been friendly to reform and progress were confounded in one indiscriminating effort of repression with communists and levellers, and their principles identified with the negative conclusions of Bruno Bauer, who destroyed the historical foundations of Christianity—and the revolting theory of Feuerbach, who made a religion of individual selfishness, and taught man to worship himself. Under such circumstances, it was to be expected that the freer churches, which the German Catholics and the Friends of Light had aimed at forming, should be well-nigh extinguished; for timid men became alarmed, and turned against them. It must also be confessed that the feeling in which they had originated was too visionary and sentimental, too deeply infected by the negative philosophy of the day, and too wanting in a firm grasp of facts either in the present or the past, to enable them to strike a deep and permanent root in society, and become, like the old Protestantism, a great historical reality. One of the consequences of a reaction against revolution was the rise of a high sacerdotal Lutheranism,—the counterpart of the extremest form of our own Puseyism,—carrying priestly pretensions to the farthest point, opposed to all progress, repudiating all the ideas of the most advanced scholarship, and crushing, with all the force allowed it by the government, every expression of diversity of opinion. These new Lutherans were as hostile to the pietists as to the rationalists. To this party Hengstenberg, though previously ranking with the pietists, and Stahl, a jurist of Israelitish descent, the oppo-

nent of the genial and large-hearted Bunsen,* gave the whole weight of their name and their influence. The institution—which still retains most of the spirit of a better day, associating men of various shades of opinion in good works on the broad principle of a Catholic love—is the Gustavus-Adolphus Union (*Gustav-Adolph Verein*), framed for the purpose of assisting Protestants and weak Protestant churches in Catholic lands all over the world.

We observe two omissions in this comprehensive and masterly review of the church and theology of the present century. Scarcely any notice is taken of two very eminent men—the late Baron Bunsen and Ewald. Bunsen's name occurs only once, and in connexion with perhaps not the wisest effort of his over-sanguine and too-generalising mind—his zealous promotion of a union between the Anglican and the Lutheran churches for the founding of a new bishopric at Jerusalem. His liberal tendencies came out most strongly in the latter years of his life; and his great Bible-work, which he died before completing, was hardly commenced within the limits which circumscribe this survey of Baur. Ewald is twice alluded to; once in a note (p. 333) sarcastically, and once in the text (p. 424), where his labours on the Old Testament are mentioned with the coldest and most arid brevity. The Tübingen school owe nothing, certainly, to Ewald. He has constantly treated them with gross unfairness and most unbecoming insolence. But it would have been generous and graceful to have recognised somewhat more liberally, in spite of all his faults, a learning and a genius like his. A sort of lull seems to have come for the present over the theological mind of Germany. Its great men are dying out, and none younger seem rising up to take their place. Real freedom of thought is discouraged, and noble minds will not work in the mine of learning as slaves. Rothe, the author of a profound and original work on the Ethics of Christianity, is still at work at Heidelberg. The branch of theological inquiry now carried on with the greatest assiduity, and promising the most valuable results, is that which relates to the productions of the Jewish mind in the centuries preceding the birth of Christ, and to the preparation made by them for the preaching of the Gospel. The old Protestantism absurdly neglected this important period, as only represented by the Apocrypha; but the sagacity of modern scholarship has a clear perception what significant and pregnant facts it may yield. Hilgenfeld and Volkmar and others† are now laboriously exploring it; and to this quarter we must

* In reply to his *Signs of the Times*.

† The recent works of Jost and Nicolas might also be mentioned in this connexion.

look for an influx of new light. Meanwhile there is something ominous in the present suspension of open hostilities. Great wrongs have been suffered, and noble opportunities have been withheld. It is like the stillness which precedes a storm. *Non tumultus, non quies: quale magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium est.*

In summing up the results of this elaborate research and high speculation during half a century, it is vain to deny that they startle us with their negative character; and our first impression on such a survey is one of mournful humiliation that all this expenditure of intellect should apparently have had no other effect than that of enfeebling our most cherished trusts into doubt, and turning much that we supposed was knowledge into ignorance. Philosophy has approached these difficult problems from two opposite sides of our being—through the senses, and from the inner consciousness. In both directions the legitimate issue of the inquiry has seemed equally unsatisfactory. In one it has terminated in the materialism and necessarianism of Condillac and James Mill; in the other, in the impersonal logic of Hegel. We are tempted to exclaim, as a German divine once exclaimed in our presence, "Philosophy is bankrupt!" Scripture, whose authoritative *dicta* and supernatural narratives would once have been relied on to supply the deficiency, seems itself in process of decomposition, and to be yielding up its substance to the sharp solvent of criticism. Where are we to turn for assurance? it is plaintively asked. The old guides are forsaking us. The old supports are breaking down. But there is another side to this question, more hopeful and encouraging. Much of the work which science has been hitherto accomplishing, and which it has not yet completed, is only tentative and preparatory. It is only by soundings on every side that we discover the reefs and shallows which beset our course, and find our way by degrees into the still, deep waters of eternal truth. Our growth in wisdom is slow and progressive. We do not perceive the true meaning and application of what God has done for us all at once. We must incur many failures to achieve a final success. The true relations of religion and philosophy are only just beginning to be rightly apprehended. They have been often identified, to the damage of both; and much of the popular theology is a mongrel product of the two. It will be no small gain to have this mischievous delusion dispelled. Much, again, of the so-called learning of doctrinal and apologetic theology is based on false assumptions, and is altogether of artificial creation. It is not a real science. It has no root in facts, and no coincidence with the everlasting laws of the moral and spiritual universe.

It has accumulated as rubbish at the threshold of the Christian sanctuary; and to sweep it away, though it may appear at first an act of mere demolition, is indispensable, to open a passage for the admission of a purer and nobler humanity. When we think of this—when we remember that the work of demolition and construction is rarely performed by the same hand, and that the critical and organic periods in the development of human ideas usually follow each other at considerable intervals, we may find, on a broader view of things, some reason and some compensation for the desolate prospect of scientific negations which a retrospect of the last fifty years opens before us. We are at least awakened out of dreams, and brought face to face with facts. We are thrown back with healthy reaction on the unexhausted resources of our own nature. We find that nothing is now left for us, as the basis of our future faith, but to ascertain with courageous honesty what are the actual facts of history, and to unfold with reverent and comprehensive introspection the inextinguishable instincts and intuitions of the human soul. On this twofold basis, truthfully laid, we are persuaded that the Christianity of Christ will stand secure—securer than it has ever stood before. For it is to us inconceivable how people can hope to build a true faith on a rotten history and a false psychology.

We do not believe that the religious elements of our nature can be fully discerned in the cold reflected light of metaphysical analysis alone. It is not the dissection of the dead carcass, but the contemplation of the living organism, that must yield us the glimpse beyond the phenomenal which we desire. There are trusts, convictions, mysterious forebodings, that rise up in us unbidden, and haunt us as with an invisible presence through all the changes of our earthly life. Feelings come over us at times, like a silent breath, we know not how or why, which seem to take us out of the narrow limits of our individual being, and awaken in us a strange sympathy with the Infinity in which we are embraced, as implying a consciousness, a personality akin to our own. And these feelings, which are only experienced in moments of the intensest *life*, are so vague, so ethereal, so fugitive, so incapable of distinct recall by the ordinary memory, that they cannot be arrested and detained by the coarse processes of our human logic, and subjected, like the permanent and regular operations of the mind, to a rigid scientific examination. When such feelings pass into expression, they assume the form of poetry, of art, of worship, perhaps of superstition, mingled inevitably, from the deep human consciousness which they involve, with many elements which science is compelled to reject; and partly for this reason, partly

because they cannot be defined within precise formulas, or deduced logically from data furnished by constant, objective phenomena, science proudly relegates them to the world of dreams, and allows them no place in the realm of truth. Yet such feelings are among the most real and positive that we experience; and unless we assume our deepest nature to be based on a lie, their unbidden presence and irresistible influence imply a corresponding reality of object. The very fact that they pass off into regions of thought where the understanding cannot follow them, but is soon confounded and lost, and that they are not susceptible of proof like the ordinary truths of science, is an indication that they belong to some grander order of spiritual being, to which the present life is subordinate and introductory. These feelings form the living substance of religion; and it is their pure and vivid expression in the person of Jesus Christ that gives him such a command over the faith of mankind, and constitutes him the founder of a religion for humanity. It has been the weakness, as it seems to us, of all metaphysical systems, whether starting from the senses or from reflection, that they have not taken their data in a sufficiently rich and comprehensive psychology, and have therefore missed the positive contents of the religious consciousness, which cannot be got by an abstract analysis. Kant's recourse to the assumption of a personal God and a personal immortality was a mere scientific necessity to complete the practical working of his system, not the acknowledgment of a positive intuition in the soul. It had all the coldness and thinness of the old metaphysical abstractions. It wanted a living humanity for its basis. "Faith may be defined," says Coleridge, "fidelity to our own being, so far as such being is not, and cannot become, an object of the senses; and hence by clear inference or implication, to being generally, as far as the same is not the object of the senses; and again to whatever is affirmed or understood, is the condition, or concomitant, or consequence of the same."*

The feelings of religion may blend with scientific ideas and pass into scientific forms; and they may be included in the fundamental assumptions of philosophy: but in themselves they are neither science nor philosophy. A great deal of what is called theology is mere scientific form; when the underlying feelings are gone, it becomes worse than useless. With all its deficiencies—which do not, however, appear to us essential to it—Schleiermacher's theology affords the truest point of view for rightly apprehending the religious element in man. It has the upward, reverent look; it recognises with awe the Infinite

* Notes, Theological, &c. p. 384.

and Unsearchable, the Divine in the universe, and the proper attitude towards it of trust and sympathy in the human soul. What it wants is a deeper sense of constant, enduring personality. Swedenborg has somewhere described the higher spiritual natures as having their heads ever open upwards; and a deep truth is symbolised in this strange figure. We cannot grasp the Absolute, nor comprehend the wonderful Spirit which is its essence; but it does not therefore follow that an impassable barrier separates the finite and the Infinite; that the phenomenal is all that we can know, and that we have no evidence of reality beyond it. On the contrary, on that side of our nature which is open towards it, we are conscious of positive relations with the Infinite; living influences are borne into us out of it; and when we do not philosophise, but give ourselves up to our natural instinctive feelings,—when, in fact, we are most truly ourselves,—we find it impossible to exclude the idea of a personal Presence encompassing us. The involuntary half-conscious prayer which escapes at times from every human soul is a spontaneous witness to a living God. In our relations with the Divine there are things which we do, and things which we do not, comprehend; and this is just what might be expected in the intercourse of the finite with the Infinite. Kant finely remarks: "The inner nature of God is a mystery; his moral relation to us is no mystery: the consciousness of freedom, and the sense of duty founded on it, is no mystery; how that freedom is imparted to man is a mystery."* Now, the proper evidence for religion must be sought in all the varied expressions of the living man—in poetry, in history, in art, in human life. Here it is that our nature most unconsciously reveals itself. Here are found the concrete realities which attest the imperishable religiousness within. It is because it abounds, above all other books, with such concrete realities, because it is void of all abstractions, because from one end to the other end it is the expression of a great human experience—that the Bible furnishes the richest nutriment to our religious consciousness. Theology is abstract, and eliminates these human elements from its consideration, as unscientific; and has tried hard to make the Bible as unhuman as itself. Happily a juster criticism is restoring to that venerable book its humanities. Whenever religion assumes this human, concrete form,—in other words, when it is natural, genuine, and spontaneous,—it becomes at once intensely personal. In all worship the soul ascends to a conscious, sympathising Father in heaven. The concentrated sense of our own personality in prayer, our want, our weakness, our sinfulness, our aspiration,

* Die Religion, innerhalb der Gränzen der blossen Vernunft: Dritter Stück.

demands and implies, as a necessary counterpart to itself, a more glorious personality of boundless grace and strength. When the virtuous long for communion with the wise and good of whom they have read, or for restoration to those who have been torn away from them,—when the mother mourns over her lost child, or the husband dwells with fond regret on the memory of happiness that has vanished for ever from earth,—immortality becomes to them a real belief only so far as it blends itself with personal recollections, as it ceases to be an abstract idea, and brightens into delightful visions of some future home, where will be recognised once more the well-known form and mien, the dear familiar expression,

“*Proprieque ænigmata vultus,*”*

apart from which the doctrine has no value or significance whatever in a religious sense. These trusts are inherent in the human soul; they are safe in its keeping; and because we think so, and they have acquired a historical consecration in Christ, we confess we have no fear of any ravages which criticism may commit in the domain of theology. The facts of human consciousness, the facts of history, and the witness of universal literature, are unassailable.

It has been the curse of theology to be so widely divorced from humanity. Simple, genuine human nature can alone furnish it with any real data for its reasonings. The philosophy of Germany, like the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, has been too much insulated from the business and interests of the living world. Hence it has failed to seize the whole substance of accessible truth, and mistaken its own abstractions for realities. While the universities have enjoyed unbounded freedom of speculation, the Church has been bound up by stringent creeds. We cannot imagine a worse condition of things for the discovery and propagation of truth. Speculation left to itself is sure to run riot. It is only by testing its value and applicability in the practical experiences of a free and living Church, that it is brought into contact with the common-sense of humanity, and its possible elements of truth and error can be separated from each other. The mass of men have been so long accustomed to lean on an outward authority, and look to an objective guide, that they have learned to distrust their own nature. Faith in it must be restored; faith in its moral sense, its natural affections, its religious trusts, its spiritual aspira-

* Prudentius, *Cathemerinon*, x. :

“*Jam mœsta quiesce querela,
Lacrimas suspendite matres,
Nullus sua pignera plangat,
Mors hæc reparatio vitæ est.*”

tions. How these should be trained and directed, without marring the free development of individual character, we learn from the great ethical teachers of all ages, whose concurring maxims show that the substance of their different systems are based at bottom on eternal truth; and still more from the refining and elevating influence breathed into the interior religiousness of our nature by the spirit which has found its most perfect expression in Christ. When criticism has done its work, and disencumbered religion of the fictions of theology, the old trusts so deeply lodged in the human heart, and so clearly reflected in the simple teachings of the Gospel, will be found there still, undisturbed and unweakened; and posterity will be not a little surprised that we of this generation should have been so frightened and disquieted at the discovery and removal of proved error and exploded unreality, and so little aware that the truth of God can protect itself, if men are only left free to seek and proclaim it.

ART. IX.—THE FIRST YEARS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH:
MR. FROUDE.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.
By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College,
Oxford. "Reign of Elizabeth," Vols. I. II.

Calendar of the State-Papers, Foreign Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth,
1558-1559. Edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, M.A. of Uni-
versity College, Durham. 1863.

Calendar of the State-Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reigns of Edward
VI., Mary, Elizabeth, 1547-1580. Edited by Robert Lemon, Esq.,
F.S.A. 1856.

Calendar of the State-Papers: the Scottish Series of the Reigns of Henry
VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, 1509-1603. 2 vols. 1858.

WE paused, in our notices of the several instalments of Mr. Froude's *History of England* during the Tudor period, with the death of Mary of England. We resume the stream of history with his narrative of the opening years of the reign of Elizabeth. He prefers to regard his account of that reign as a distinct work, a sequel to be separable from the preceding volumes; and we shall follow his example by confining ourselves as strictly as possible to his Tudor theory in its present stage of development, without inquiring how far it harmonises with the canons of historical criticism by which he was guided in his exposition of the character and policy of Henry VIII. No one will accuse Mr. Froude of undue arrogance of judgment in

his present volumes. If he errs at all in this matter, it is on the other side. His criticisms on individuals and on lines of policy are rather in deficiency than in excess of the ordinary tone of judicial historians. His judgments are generally conveyed in a rather hesitating tone, and the reader will be more inclined to complain of being left too much to balance probabilities for himself than of being unduly dictated to as to his conclusions. The vigour of the style may be somewhat impaired by this cautious hesitation, but every one must do justice to the motives from which it evidently arises.

Several portions of these volumes are marked by the vivid and picturesque style and faultless English which went so far to recommend the preceding ones to public admiration. This merit, however, is much less continuously conspicuous than it was, owing to what we apprehend to be a great error in construction. Mr. Froude has recently been an eager explorer of the unpublished ambassadorial despatches in the archives of Spain at Simancas, and has drawn therefrom many valuable illustrative extracts for the reign of Elizabeth. Had he published these extracts in a separate form, no one could have found fault with the amount of idle every-day hearsay which they necessarily contain, along with the more valuable leading hints as to the real policy of Philip, and the supposed conduct and policy of the English queen. But if they were to be introduced into a regular history of England, the public had a right to look for a preliminary sifting process, by which they might have been relieved from losing themselves in a maze of hasty conjectures and ephemeral small-talk of the town or scandal of the Spanish *clique*, and might have their attention riveted on the ambassador's more authentic and deliberate views of public affairs in England. It would be interesting to know where he was deceived in any point of great importance which had a material effect on the course adopted by the court of Spain; but it is not necessary or appropriate, in a regular historical narrative, to retail every idle story or passing impression which it was the duty of the ambassador to transmit to his master, and a large part of which probably scarcely made any impression either at the embassy itself or at Madrid; at any rate, a single specimen in a foot-note of these *in extenso* reports would have sufficed; and it is a great injury to the proper flow of Mr. Froude's narrative, and to the proportion of space allotted to facts in point of relative importance, that he should have thrust the ambassadorial despatches in an unabridged and uncritical form into the body of his history. We regret this not only for the objections to it in an artistic point of view, but also because it robs us of so much of what is always welcome to us,—Mr. Froude's own nervous and classic composition.

Nor is the evil of this arrangement confined to a matter of taste or any mere canon of legitimate history. It affects also, in a serious manner, the version of facts left permanently on the reader's mind. No retrospective summaries by the author, however able and judicious, can remove the far deeper impression left by gossiping details related at such disproportionate length, and weighted still more by unduly credulous comments of the author himself, with which they are too often accompanied in the special cases. There is a considerable incongruity, indeed, in appearance between these special and general criticisms of Mr. Froude on motives and character, which can only be explained by supposing that we have in it a reproduction of the process which has actually gone on in his own mind,—first an undue reliance on special sources of information, and afterwards a tacit readjustment of the scale of credibility by the more matured and broader conclusions of his mind. Again, it is right to add that this error is one of undue candour and unnecessary honesty.

The history of the first years of Elizabeth's reign groups itself almost entirely around five central figures,—Elizabeth herself and her chief minister, Sir William Cecil; Mary of Scotland and her brother, Lord James Stewart,—better known by his title of Earl of Murray; and Philip of Spain. By the respective characters, and varying interests and position relatively to one another, of these five persons the course of events during that period mainly depended; and it is only by looking at each separately, and then in its various combinations with the others, that we can give any definite shape or meaning to the chaotic mass of circumstances which constitute the chronicle of those years. In making this estimate we cannot, of course, confine ourselves rigidly to the data afforded by a few years in the lives of the actors, but must more or less draw our conclusions from the lesson taught by their whole lives. Still the characters of most of them were so far developed within the space of time covered by Mr. Froude's present volumes, that a more extended reference can do little but verify and corroborate our presumptive judgment.

Elizabeth Tudor laboured under the radical disadvantage of never having been at liberty to form a free and independent choice among the political questions and parties by which that age was so violently agitated. By the circumstances of her birth she was necessarily connected with a certain party and a certain creed; and be her own personal inclinations what they might, she could never hope to escape from her predetermined position. As the daughter of Anne Boleyn,—the legality of whose marriage rested on the controverted question

of the divorce of Katherine of Arragon,—she could not recognise the authority of the Papal See without bastardising herself, and destroying her only claim to the throne. She might be as much inclined in her heart as she liked to the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church of Rome, but she could never recognise the authority of that church on which these doctrines were understood to rest without a personal sacrifice which no princess and no woman could be expected to make. She might disbelieve the doctrines of Protestantism in themselves, and have as much distaste for its naked ceremonial as she chose; she might distrust its apparent tendencies in a political and social point of view, and feel herself personally uncongenial with its leading adherents; but the fact would always remain that that church recognised her legitimacy not merely as a consequence of its revolt from Rome, but as an idea essential to its existence in England as a church at all. The present following of her father Henry might transfer their allegiance to any individual in the line of succession,—to the Protestant Edward,—to the Catholic Mary of England, or the Catholic Mary of Scotland,—or, again, to the parliamentary title of the house of Suffolk,—and with each or any change adopt the creed of the existing representative of the Tudor family; but the strict Protestants could not pass over Elizabeth without affording a triumph to Rome, nor prefer her Catholic rival without signing their own death-warrant. Protestantism was therefore Elizabeth's natural creed, and the Protestants her natural counsellors and allies. We believe this fact, when taken in connexion with her actual conduct, to be decisive of one point, namely, that Elizabeth's personal sympathies were with the Catholic rather than the Protestant faith, whatever may have been her intellectual convictions on certain points of doctrine, or her personal and political preferences for certain men; otherwise, with such a powerful motive for Protestantism as that forced on her by her parentage, it is hardly possible to conceive that any doubt would now remain as to her actual opinions. We know, however, that such a doubt did exist, not only in the earlier years of her life, and when her position was necessarily ambiguous, but throughout her reign also, and long after her position as, *politically*, a Protestant queen had been definitely established. She had of course been brought up for the first fifteen years of her life in the religious creed, or perhaps we should rather call it the religious *ordinance*, of her father. This was so far favourable to liberty of *thought* (though not of expression to that thought), that it effectually dislocated every system of faith, and left doctrines and observances side by side in unhomogeneous

juxtaposition, harmonised only by a royal command to believe and conform to every one, and none else, *because* the king so willed it. Logic and a stiff system of consequential and connected belief were out of the question; and each doctrine was left to fight its own battle, in the minds of those who thought at all, without extraneous support from established prejudices or old associations. That Elizabeth *intellectually* believed in all the doctrines of Rome, taken separately and each in itself, or even in all the residuary or modified doctrines included within Henry's formulary, is not a necessary assumption under this point of view. She may have been—what she appeared to Sir John Chepe and other ardent Reformers during her brother's reign—intellectually disposed to acquiesce in the logical superiority of the Protestant arguments on several of the leading points in dispute; or she may have seen just enough force in these arguments to satisfy her conscience in the politic profession of an unfelt conviction of their being unimpeachable. She was, we know, precluded from recognising the keystone of the Catholic faith—the supremacy of the Pope as the authorised interpreter of the voice of the church; yet still, when her mind was not strained on the rack of logical argument, it may have fallen back again into an easy and natural *bias* in favour of Catholicism, and in its innermost recesses have acknowledged that, after all, the probabilities were in favour of the truth of the Catholic faith,—the chances of traditional infallibility greater than those of correctness in the logic of individuals,—and not even have been free from an uneasy suspicion that the doctrine of papal supremacy itself was in some inseparable way bound up with the vital doctrines of Christianity. Beyond such doctrinal doubts, Protestantism could have little to recommend itself to Elizabeth's preference in an æsthetic point of view. Its theory pointed to simplicity of forms and abnegation of human authority. Her temperament preferred a gorgeous ceremonialism, and shrank from the levelling vulgarity of perfect freedom of personal creed. She shrank from the idea of uneducated mechanics presuming to set up their opinions side by side with the faith of ages; and, after all, she had a feeling of the reverence due to sacred things and sacred subjects which, however she may have outraged it in her own acts, could not endure with patience its being outraged by others. Like all the Tudors, half a doctor of divinity herself, she had (with her father) the curious mixture of envy and dislike of an amateur for the professed expositors of the faith. She really regarded a clergyman as a person apart from others, and had a certain pleasure in keeping him so, with a vague feeling of reverence for the

idea which his separation implied. But she also had a quiet contempt for him as an individual *man*, and perhaps scarcely looked upon him as such at all. She little liked, then, the new system, which mixed up these two ideas together, which seemed to ask for its ministers a separate and quasi-sacred character, while it claimed for them to be included within the common law of society, and placed their personal lives on the common level of ordinary citizens. She could, in the case of the Catholic priest, respect the office and despise the man; but Protestantism demanded her reverence for the two in combination, and she resisted the demand from the bottom of her heart. On the other hand, in a political point of view, Protestantism had the decided advantage in her eyes over Roman Catholicism. The papal authority in England, indeed, she might have found it not difficult to deal with, supported as she would be by the feeling of nearly the whole nation. It might have been left in that undefined state of power which really implied something much less than that allowed by the chartered liberties of the Gallican church. A compromise of some sort might have got over much of the difficulty of the confiscated church property. The Court of Rome could not afford to widen the deadly hostility of the noble owners of church lands. The Earls of Pembroke and Bedford had held their acquisitions firmly under the rule of the Catholic Mary. But abroad the only great career for England was as the head of the Protestant interest. Other questions, which had regulated the policy of Henry VII., and Henry VIII. in his earlier years, had sunk into insignificance before the one cardinal point which divided Christendom into two hostile camps—Protestantism and the Pope. Into this struggle England must enter one way or the other; and there was no preëminent position for her on the Catholic side. Spain, in combination with the Imperial interest in Germany, monopolised the leadership of the purely Papal, or, as we should now say, the Ultramontane cause. France represented by the remains of her national church-constitution the moderate Roman Catholics. On the other side was a crowd of secondary potentates, formidable in combination, but individually insignificant and individually without the prestige of acknowledged superiority over the rest, yet needing combination and an acknowledged leading state as essentials of their very existence. All would recognise such a leader in England; and a natural place of great responsibility and danger, but of immense moral influence, seemed thus provided for that country and for its ruler. As a Catholic power England might be neutralised and reduced to insignificance at any time; but as the head of the Protestant interest in Eu-

rope, she might be hated, but she must be respected and feared. With this leading fact, in connexion with this tempting prospect, the additional authority, so pleasingly suggestive of absolute power by its very indefiniteness, of the royal supremacy in church matters, could not fail to recommend itself with additional weight. The only opportunity of influence abroad brought with it the pleasing accompaniment of the only sphere of royal authority at home which had not been trammelled by the forms of constitutional restraint. As such, the political idea of Protestantism could not but be irresistibly attractive to such a woman as Elizabeth. For her character was exactly one which grasped at the acquisition of real power with an eagerness only equalled by the hesitating caution in its exercise which constituted a natural check on her abuse of its opportunities.

It was necessary first to distinguish those parts of Elizabeth's character which circumstances may have contributed to form, or to unduly develop. We can now with less chance of confusion inquire what the inborn character and disposition of Elizabeth were in themselves, before proceeding to our last stage of inquiry, as to the proportion in which circumstances and personal will influenced her actual course of conduct. Elizabeth is said by Mr. Froude to have inherited much of the characteristics both of her father and her mother. We need hardly say that the favourable side of her character is allotted by him to the former, the unfavourable to the latter source. We should be disposed to join issue as to the equity of this distribution. It is certain that Elizabeth possessed several characteristics which belonged also in a remarkable degree to her father, and also some others which we should be inclined to consider as common to her father and mother, with the essential difference of sex. Making every allowance for the habits and ideas of the age, there was certainly a coarseness of grain in the composition of both Henry and Elizabeth. In them it was accompanied by and based upon a certain manly robustness of mind, while in Anne Boleyn the want of delicacy which strikes our attention had the basis merely of a weak type of womanhood. Henry, Anne Boleyn, and Elizabeth were all personally vain to a rather inordinate extent, and the weakness incident to such a temperament is perceptible in all three, though in varying degree and form. In Henry this vanity was so blended with his notions of autocratic power and royal dignity as to appear rather in the light of a meretricious exuberance in the trappings of kingship than as a distinct motive power. It is often difficult to distinguish it from the arrogant self-will and self-esteem consequent on a long course of unbridled self-indul-

gence. In Anne it overspread the whole character, and was so completely connected with the whole disposition, that it was rather the expression of her entire nature than the exhibition of a particular feature of it. In Elizabeth it was a more complicated and subtler element, affecting to some extent her whole nature, but by no means in a uniform or constant degree. It mingled with her higher qualities—her royal bearing, her noblest ideas, her broadest and least selfish feelings. It then assumed the highest form of self-consideration, rising even at times to a conviction of being an appointed agent in the hands of Providence to perform some great work. At other times it seemed to hold a distinct and untrammelled sway for the time over the weaker features of a woman's character. It was then as fantastic, careless, and petulant as in her mother—more unamiable, but more intense. In short, the quality of the feeling was more vigorous than in either of her parents. It soared in its higher moods far above the somewhat idle self-complacency of Henry, and it lent a dangerous force to the capricious fancies of Anne Boleyn. There was another feature in the character of Elizabeth which it is far more difficult to analyse and estimate. This is her dissimulation. This we might dismiss with the remark, that she was a profound dissembler and an accomplished hypocrite. But though this would express a distinct truth, it would not help us much in a conception of her whole character. Dissimulation and hypocrisy are complex ideas, and cannot be taken as if they were simple and alternate qualities. They are phenomena rather than qualities. We must carry the analysis further before we can hope to accommodate them with the rest of her character. There must have been something as the substratum which was *natural* to Elizabeth, however circumstances may have tended to foster and stimulate the growth. Elizabeth never could have displayed this character at so early a period, or shown such a tendency to fall under its influence, if it had not originally sprung from something in the very first elements of her nature. We are inclined to believe that we must look for its source in that peculiar subtlety of mind which we find represented by the state-craft of Henry VII., and in the theological and moral casuistry of Henry VIII.,—a tendency to regard the principles of right or wrong rather as the playthings of intellectual ingenuity than positive and absolute criterions of conduct. It seemed to both these Tudor princes as if justice and right were the proper distribution and arrangement of the symbols recognised by society, so as to present a specious formula of conventional morality, which would be applicable to immediate circumstances, and might be conveniently "supposed" to be

true, as a convenient way of arriving at some important result really regarded by them absolutely and in itself alone. In Henry VII. this was more fully the case, inasmuch as he was a practical statesman rather than a subtle theorist. His son, however, loved to entangle his theological conscience in the mazes of this unreal casuistry. Nothing can be more astounding to a modern reader than the extraordinary line of policy which he pursued on the whole divorce question—a course which provokes even Mr. Froude occasionally to sad regret. In Elizabeth this tendency to palter with first principles was greatly affected by the uneven moral level of her conscience, and her greater earnestness of spirit. With her the proportions became sometimes so exaggerated as nearly to lose the very character of a deception, and at others became so mixed up with real and true feelings as to defy any distinctive analysis. The game was played, under such circumstances, rather awkwardly in details, but with greater effect in essentials. It was very imperfect as an imposition on others in the points which were meant to deceive; it not unfrequently gained some portion of success by its half-earnest iteration, and the actual amount of truth which it unconsciously embodied. Although Elizabeth had as little *settled* principle of right or wrong as her father and grandfather, she had an uneasy intellectual consciousness of the baseness and weakness of deception, which haunted her in her most elaborate pieces of acting, and spoilt its artistic character; while it deepens its interest, and bewilders the spectator more effectually than any more perfect counterfeit could have done. We are disposed, therefore, to pronounce on the dissimulation of Elizabeth the judgment that it is connected with a higher nature, but also implies *in itself*—as an act of conscious wrong—a greater moral culpability. We shall have an opportunity of illustrating this curious moral phenomenon more clearly in considering some of the special occasions of its exhibition.

Connected with this distrusting moral consciousness in Elizabeth there was a sense of duty, though an imperfect one, which contrasts favourably with the unmitigated personal selfishness of the two Henrys. The welfare and greatness of England, which in one of them was a piece of shrewd common-sense, and in the other scarcely more than an expression of the principle of personal self-esteem, was in Elizabeth a solemn trust, a sense of which was never really absent from her mind, lends dignity to nearly all her public acts, and half redeems some of the least defensible parts of her policy. It was this sense of royal responsibility to God, and not to the people, which was one of the great distinctions between her and the

line of sovereigns who preceded her, and in whom it is difficult to perceive any trace of it in the higher sense. This saved her public policy, with all its occasional acts of meanness and shortsighted littleness, from any lengthened or permanent degradation. There was a recurring sense of duty, and a corresponding sagacious perception of the best road to its fulfilment, which from time to time righted the vessel of state in its bearings, and enabled it to steer in the main a safe and true course. In her personal relations this presiding and guardian sense of duty was most remarkably displayed, and there is probably no personal drama in the world's history which exhibits the conflicts of mind and feeling in a more striking light than the struggle between the private and self-willed woman's nature of Elizabeth, and her deep masculine perception of what was best for her people's and even for her own happiness; for in Elizabeth the woman's nature was not absorbed in that of the sovereign; it remained sometimes in graceful combination with the latter, sometimes in less pleasing independence. Henry VIII. was never simply the man; Elizabeth was often only the woman. It is vain to explain some of her conduct by supposing a perversion of intellect; it represents really its temporary suspension. Nothing is more characteristic of Elizabeth than this love of giving the rein for the time to some leading idea or passion, without in the former case entirely believing in it, or in the latter entirely feeling it. It seemed as if she revelled in the excitement of seeing how far either might carry her, and seemed to be inevitably carrying her, to the very verge of a catastrophe, with a dangerous self-reliance in her power to arrest and retrieve her course at any moment. It is the recollection of this singular kind of amusement, in which she indulged to such a dangerous extent, which must be our guide, or at any rate our monitor, in estimating the meaning of those strange ideas and projects with which the queen kept the mind of the Spanish ambassadors in a state of constant perplexity, and puzzled the astute brain of their master. No one who considers her whole character and position carefully can really believe that Elizabeth was on the point of restoring Romanism in England, and becoming the dependent ally of Philip. It is not even easy to be convinced that she ever really *wished* to marry Leicester with her whole mind. The more, indeed, external difficulties were removed, the more she shrank from the union. This, of course, is an entirely different question from those of her actual physical passion for his goodly person, her æsthetic admiration of his glittering outward accomplishments, and her self-jubilation in his intellectual inferiority and social dependence

on her favour. In most of what she said to the ambassadors and others on both these points, we believe she was rather indulging herself to a somewhat critical extent in a speculative or imaginative conceit, than throwing herself mind and soul into the decision of the real alternative. Perhaps then, after all, the struggle in her mind on the Leicester connexion was less severe than might be imagined without our taking this phase of character into account; and the danger may have lain rather in her giving the rein too completely to her fancy, and being surprised by it into a sudden irretrievable step, against which her nature would have revolted with irresistible reaction almost immediately afterwards.

This perhaps may partly explain that puzzle in Elizabeth's conduct,—how she, whose sagacity could select the Cecils and Walsinghams out of a crowd of statesmen and courtiers, and secure the services of some of the ablest diplomatists in Europe, should have placed such a man as Leicester in such important and responsible positions, and have been so long blind to the danger of intrusting the destinies of one half the kingdom to one so deficient in stable judgment as the second Earl of Essex. She had such an undue idea of her own power of retrieving the position of affairs, and so jealous a dislike and dread of talent exerted in affairs into which she herself could not enter with any chance of successful competition or *surveillance*, that she sometimes preferred gratifying her personal and womanly fancies by rewarding a favourite and a lover, with a secret enjoyment of his partial incompetency, even at the risk of serious disaster. Her haughty spirit rebelled against the necessity even of talent in the instruments of her policy; it seemed to curtail her range of choice, and render essential those whom she would have preferred to regard as objects of her arbitrary selection. This dangerous fancy she indulged in only occasionally, generally preferring to employ men of real competency, and solacing herself by making their self-satisfaction in their exalted position as small as possible, while steadily refusing to allow them to cease to be of service to her. Thus strangely blended were her sagacious foresight, her mean and ignoble prejudices, and her wilful self-indulgences.

Elizabeth professed herself to be of an irresolute and hesitating temperament, and probably was so. Her intellect saw difficulties in every course, her imagination temptations in every direction; and her course was often made unsteady and uncertain by counter-currents of prudence, ambition, and wilful caprice: on the whole, and in the end, taking long periods of time and a wide range of policy, she pursued the true course;

but she made many grievous blunders from time to time, which a less powerful and subtle mind would never have fallen into. She often provided a scourge for herself by allowing her more ignoble qualities to guide her conduct, but she generally profited by this self-chastisement. She had a vivid conception of a great, wide, and consistent policy, but she seemed almost as much afraid of it as some writers in the present day are of the "inevitable laws of nature." She seemed to think that she lost her power of free will in proportion as she committed herself to a definite line of policy, which entailed *necessarily* certain acts, and which might be read at a glance in all its immediate consequences by a neophyte in politics. She loved the sense of power attaching to sudden changes of policy and freaks of personal will, and she had a pleasing sense of the mystery of secret and uncertain diplomacy. She hated to be dictated to by a policy nearly as much as by an individual, and though compelled by her protecting sagacity and good sense to endure a great deal in both respects, she escaped from the necessity wherever she could find a decent excuse. She had a secret pleasure in "sensation" changes depending on her own will, and in this point of view could regard with complacency the fanciful picture of a Queen Elizabeth blessed by the Pope and allied with Philip—an embodiment of indolent security not a little welcome to her mind in times of agonised perplexity and danger.

Such, with an education extending in its range from the most varied accomplishments to the most abstruse studies of the age, and a mind capable of entering into and appreciating the conflicting attractions of court pleasures and learned seclusion, of state policy and personal scandal, were some of the leading points in Elizabeth's character—of course developed in very varying degrees—at the epoch when she was called from the painful and dangerous position of heiress-presumptive to the actual enjoyment of the royal dignity. Her lessons in the art of "appearances" had commenced from her childhood, and through the reigns of her brother and sister she had been undergoing a severe and probably not a very advantageous discipline in the conduct of life. A Protestant—perhaps with some secret reserves of taste and feeling, if not of faith—in the reign of Edward, she had been a conformist to Catholicism under the sway of her sister, with perhaps more indignation at the compulsion than at the doctrines themselves. Before her sister's death she must have made up her mind on certain principles of action in case of her succession, and of the first steps at any rate of her policy. She must throw off the fetters of Rome and get rid of the entanglement in the schemes of Spain as gently and inoffensively, but as effectually, as possible. The Pope need not be unneces-

sarily irritated, he might even be left in some suspense for a time; and Philip must in any case be conciliated and lulled by deceptive hopes until matters were more matured for independent and decided action. England must be able to secure respect for her policy by her natural resources before that policy was entirely uncloaked. England at the death of Mary was in a paralysis of exhaustion and defenceless feebleness. There was no money in the coffers of the State; there was little credit in the money market; there was no army, no navy; the defensive fortresses of the country were in a dismantled and dilapidated state; the arsenals were without stores; the spirit of the nation was in a state of irritable dejection; Calais, the last material justification of the old pretensions to the sovereignty of France, was lost as a consequence of the Spanish alliance; war still nominally existed between England and France; and Mary of Scotland and her husband the Dauphin Francis had assumed the style and arms of king and queen of England. In England itself there was a large proportion of the nation—some said three-fourths—who were disposed to regard the succession as a matter of religious preference; and, in case Elizabeth identified herself with the new doctrines, to transfer their secret, if not avowed, allegiance to her rival Mary Stuart. On the other hand, there were great opportunities as well as great dangers. The spirit of the nation was irritated and dejected, but not broken. It required little to arouse it to fresh efforts, and then the natural resources of England could not fail soon to recruit her wasted strength, and invest her again in her former panoply. Spain was bound over to neutrality at least by her jealousy of France, and her dread of seeing the wife of a French prince on the united thrones of England and Scotland. The English Catholics dared not move without the sanction and aid of Spain, and in Scotland itself there were the materials of a Protestant opposition to the Stuart pretensions, which might counterbalance any secret attachments in England. All these drawbacks and possibilities Elizabeth clearly saw, and she resolved if possible to secure all these advantages. With this resolution, her first act as queen was to call to her councils Sir William Cecil. Such an act in a woman so young and comparatively inexperienced as Elizabeth then was, indicates no slight amount of discernment and decision of character in a real crisis. She could have been drawn to Cecil by nothing but a keen appreciation of his intellectual calibre, and a conviction of the essential harmony between his mind and her own. With many differences—partly attributable to natural disposition and partly to the different circumstances of their position—Elizabeth and Cecil had much in common. They

were both inborn politicians, to whom the cares of State were almost a necessary occupation. Cecil had grown up in the same school of expediency in which Elizabeth had received her first lessons—the middle-scheme in religion and politics of Henry VIII. He too had been a Protestant under Edward; had made his peace with Mary by a public conformity to Catholicism; had fretted under the violent policy of that queen at home, and her unwise and feeble policy abroad; and he too was eager to place England once more in a position where she could choose her own part, and dictate equally to all the powers of Europe. He too was fascinated in a greater degree than Elizabeth by the opening which lay before his country in the armed headship of Protestantism; perhaps he really had an intellectual faith which she did not possess in the reformed doctrines; he certainly had not her æsthetic dislike to that system, nor as a subject could he share, except in a very modified degree, in her distrust of the popular associations of Protestantism and liberty of conscience. Under a republic as well as a monarchy there was room for the display of the abilities of a great statesman.

We cannot, however, think that there was that essential difference of principle between Elizabeth and her minister on some points that Mr. Froude seems to assign to them. We cannot discover in William Cecil either the amount of severe principle or of absolute and unchangeable convictions that he seems to imply. We think that he has done Elizabeth some injustice by the contrast thus studiously drawn between her laxity of principle and vacillation and Cecil's inflexible integrity and decision of purpose. Cecil may have loved Protestantism better than Elizabeth did, but he loved both himself and England better still, and was not the man to sacrifice himself or hazard the loss of a great occasion for any scruples of conscience on that score. Mr. Froude has made him the real centre-piece of his history of this reign,—the true hero whom his readers are to look to and admire. We are disposed to restore him to the position which he generally occupies relatively to his royal mistress, and to preserve for her that central station which we believe to be only her due. Cecil was a shrewd, clear-headed, well-disposed man, far too cautious to be an enthusiast, and far too sagacious to be a *poco-curante*. He brought to the service of his mistress versatility, application, and that all-essential quality, in any servant of Elizabeth's, *patience*. In the main we believe his views and those of Elizabeth were identical; but he had not the temptation which she had to palter with a settled policy, and to diverge into personal eccentricities. The more settled the policy, and the less option there was left to the caprice of

the sovereign, the greater would be the administrative independence of the minister. Thus he seemed to be more eagerly and consistently bent on certain lines of policy than appeared to be the case with her; but the shake of the head, which tradition has handed down as his familiar gesture, is more in harmony with the hesitation of Elizabeth than the impetuosity of a zealot. While she was hampered by the peculiarities of temperament of which we have already spoken, he was beset with a haunting and abiding idea of the possibility of a counter-revolution, either through violence or as the natural result of the queen's death. He drew up an act of accusation in the bitterest terms against Mary Stuart, but he was not easy till he got the paper back again into his own possession, and indorsed it, as a sort of anticipated exculpation of its being in his own handwriting, that it had been written at the express command of the queen herself. He also saw many courses and many dangers in each, and he had little of the hopes or impetuosity of the confident optimist. He too was apt to pause and hesitate, though his hesitation may have differed in time and occasion from that of Elizabeth. They were, indeed, just sufficiently alike in character and feelings to act in general unison, and just enough distinguished in disposition and interests to be a useful check on each other, and supplement in a very valuable manner each other's deficiencies. And though Elizabeth caused her minister an amount of anxiety and vexation by her personal vagaries and caprices, her jealous pride, and her less worthy peculiarities, which must often have made his life burdensome to him, it seems probable that, after all, he would not willingly have exchanged this unquiet sphere of greatness for the councils of any other sovereign, and that her character as a whole had an interest and a charm for him, with his broad intellectual appreciations, which was a full compensation for the mental tribulations to which it subjected him. If the younger Cecil—a man of far less power of intellectual appreciation, and who had much more liberty in the later years of Elizabeth than his father, and much less to endure from her despotic will—could still in deliberate retrospect prefer kneeling before her to standing upright by the side of James Stuart, there is little doubt that the elder Cecil would have quitted with still severer pangs his exciting bondage under Elizabeth for the lavish favour of Mary Stuart.

Together, then, and with scarcely more differences of opinion than those that may coexist in a modern English cabinet, Elizabeth and Cecil set to work to reëstablish a Protestant Church in England, and to outwit Philip, the Guises, and Mary Stuart.

This step in reëstablishing Protestantism as the National

Church was a bold one, and might seem a rash one if we looked only to the numerical odds against that faith. Mr. Froude accepts an estimate made for a particular purpose by Cecil, which sets down the *bonâ fide* adherents of change in religion at scarcely one-third of the population; and it is stated that the Protestants had a majority only in the counties of Middlesex and Kent. But this great anti-Protestant majority included every sort of non-Protestant, from the active Catholic propagandist to the careless time-server or passive conformist to established things. The *bonâ fide* Catholics, who would risk any thing serious for that faith, must have constituted a very much smaller proportion of the nation than two-thirds. And the Protestant minority, whose strength lay chiefly in the larger towns and seaports, comprehended nearly all the living energies of the kingdom, and controlled the great storehouses whence issued the supplies of the national prosperity. They contained within their ranks nearly all the great industrial power and the adventurous spirit of England. They had not only unity of purpose and zeal, but substance and talent to support them. The sagacious commercial instincts, and the daring enterprise of the rising generation were alike at their disposal. They were very strong—so strong that Dudley had thought to build a new throne entirely upon them; and unable as he was to carry more than a portion of them along with his personal ambition, he succeeded sufficiently, on the first appearance of things, to deceive all the foreign ambassadors into a faith in his permanent success. The numerical odds were more than counterbalanced at the accession of Elizabeth by the superior mental energy and natural resources of the less numerous party. We must remember this, and not attribute all to crown influence when we find that the first parliament of Elizabeth was Protestant of the most decided type. The men thus returned were not court sycophants any more than Catholic sympathisers. The work of reformation soon moved on apace. The Catholic bishops of Mary exchanged their sees for the Tower; new bishops, either recalled to sees they had formerly held or newly elected, filled up the vacant places. Parker took his difficult, perhaps dangerous, position at their head. The Protestant exiles came back to fill the principal posts in Church and State. One by one every retrograde measure of Mary's was swept away, and a new Prayer-Book and a new Confession of Faith at length came forth, softened from the aggressive Protestantism of Edward's Ritual, and ambiguous enough to admit the more easy consciences among the Catholics within the new Anglican fold. The Protestants had not waited for this royal programme to restore the use of the English Service and the English Bible;

and the Church became once more Protestant, with the exception perhaps of its new head, who indulged herself personally with a kind of compromise between the two religions, fashioned and refashioned according to the royal will.

No doubt this compromise was really congenial to her own feelings; it was also the only stalking-horse she could set up—a poor one enough it was—for Philip of Spain's hopes of her eventual return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. Philip was a man of considerable acuteness of mind, strong convictions and narrow prejudices, sanguine self-confidence, and an exaggerated industry. He overlaid and burdened his mind so greatly by the *in extenso* details of his European diplomatic service, as well as of his home administration and that of the viceroynalties, that he could not work through the superincumbent mass to any decisive action till the opportunity had passed; and by living in a world of ambassadorial despatches, he was really very much at the mercy of these public servants. The successive ambassadors from Spain to England were all able men, particularly Alvarez de Quadra, but they were ambassadors after all, who heard, saw, and believed what they wished to be the case, lived in an atmosphere of wilful delusion on the part of others, and had that overweening idea of their own superior sagacity and penetration which is the natural foible of an ambassador—that privileged spy of foreign courts and cabinets. The Spanish ambassadors may have been better informed as to the real state of things than most of their class, but that there is a great interval between this and an accurate knowledge of events and their causes will be at once perceptible to every one who takes the trouble to read the despatches given in Mr. Froude's volumes in an immediate consecutive series. It will then be seen how unwise it would be for us to take our history of England from any one of these separate representations of facts and causes, and how necessary it is to accept their assertions with reserve and discrimination. It must not be forgotten that it was their duty to lay before their master all the information bearing on important affairs which was brought to them from the agents or friends of the embassy, and not to make merely a critical selection of facts and opinions. Every one knows the tendency of agents to furnish their employers with news of a colour harmonious with the views and wishes of those employers; and the same thing applies to the reports of the ambassadors themselves to Philip, since their credit lay in transmitting seemingly *important* information, and such as might imply an unusual amount of successful energy on their part. From this tendency even their reports of interviews with the queen herself, Cecil, Leicester, and others, would not be

exempt. No one who has heard the same conversation reported by two different persons will lay too much stress on alleged expressions or inferences from manner and tone, though reported with ever so honest an intention. The interpreting and supplementing commentaries in the mind of the reporter must always more or less affect the actual meaning intended to be conveyed by the speaker; nor is it fair to Elizabeth herself to forget that the blame of any blunder or mistake of the ambassador's own would be laid by him, if possible, on the deceit of any other person rather than himself, and attributed to every other cause but his own want of sagacity.

While giving, therefore, a certain general credit to the pictures of the state of things in the despatches, as representing what it was in their power to discover of the truth, or what it was intended that they should believe to be the truth, we cannot accept them as ready-made history, or suppose that there was a gyration in Elizabeth's policy every time that the ambassador found he had been mistaken in his previous impression.

Philip certainly was ill informed by his emissaries on one point. Discerning as his ambassadors were, they did not succeed in discovering themselves, or at any rate in impressing on the mind of their master, an idea of the real ability of Elizabeth. Philip for some time looked upon her as a possible tool in his hands, as a young woman in a very precarious position and in great want of a protecting friend. When too late, he discovered that, while Elizabeth had no reluctance to avail herself of the friendly countenance and forbearance secured to her by this patronising assumption, she had no idea whatever of allowing him to affect her policy in its main features, and had quite as great a sense of its being necessary for *him* to support her as for *her* to conciliate him. One thing is perfectly clear, as the result of the despatches embodied in these volumes, that Elizabeth was more than a match for Spanish diplomacy, and that she made Philip an unwilling and angry accomplice in the establishment in England of all that he most detested, without allowing him a chance of successful interposition. In fact, she made him keep the English Catholics quiet, and discourage the Irish rebels while she uprooted Catholicism and depressed and imprisoned the Catholics; she made him keep France in check while she reconstructed the maritime and military power of England, and carried material and effectual aid to the Protestants of Scotland, expelling the French forces in that kingdom, and overthrowing the authority of the house of Guise as its government. Even afterwards, when the dissolution of the marriage-bond between France and Scotland, by the death

of Francis, had loosened her hold on his interests in one important respect, she compelled him, by availing herself of the rising discontent of the Netherlands, to endure the prohibited presence of English commerce in his West-Indian possessions, and to complain with fruitless impotency of the daring piracy of the English sea-rovers. That such results should have been accomplished at all is truly wonderful, when we remember the age and sex of the sovereign who was thus successful; nor need it be matter of surprise that the process by which it was effected was not always of the most dignified or praiseworthy character, or that it was accompanied by hesitations, dissimulations, occasional despondency, and even symptoms of despair and tergiversation, which, if dwelt on too much in detail, impair materially our appreciation of the great result.

We must pass over with a mere allusion Elizabeth's efforts to reform the currency, and, through the agency of Sir Thomas Gresham, to set her relations with the foreign money-lenders on a more satisfactory footing. Nor, after what we have said of her religious ideas and prejudices, need we dwell on her contemptuous treatment of the episcopacy whom she had herself created, and of her indecent interference to stifle the voice of the clergy if it spoke in too Protestant a tone, and her ill-judged but characteristic enforal of the act of conformity against the wishes of all the leading prelates, and to the dangerous discouragement of the Protestants. She made capital of this with Philip, while she really indulged her own feelings, and gave herself the pleasing assurance that the fate of Protestantism had not yet escaped from the caprice of her own will. More than this these ebullitions cannot be regarded as implying. It is to be noted that in these matters, as well as in the general line of conduct pursued towards Spain, Elizabeth no doubt availed herself largely of the advice and coöperation of Cecil, but was herself essentially the determining agent; nor is there any evidence throughout these volumes of Cecil's influence having been more than an important make-weight in the scale when opposite projects were contending with some equality in the mind of his mistress. We cannot distinctly trace any line of policy which he inaugurated quite independently of any idea of Elizabeth herself. Of her marriage projects we have already said something in speaking of her general character. The Leicester scheme occupies a prominent place in the Spanish despatches given in Mr. Froude's volumes, and only secondary to it is the eternally recurring suggestion of a marriage with the Archduke Charles of Germany. In the history of the former scheme the most remarkable new fact disclosed by Mr. Froude is the conceit with which the queen amused De Quadra for some time of a marriage with Dudley,

under the patronage of Philip of Spain, and with the accompanying reconciliation of England to the Church of Rome. We believe this to have been one of Elizabeth's fancies with which she indulged herself, with no doubt the attendant desire to fathom more completely the purposes and disposition of the Spanish court, but with such dangerous latitude on her part that her physical passion for "the Lord Robert" exaggerating the conceit, she became more than half enamoured of it, and went much further in it than she had ever seriously intended. We believe there was quite as much sincerity as dissimulation in the purport of her speeches to De Quadra, and her intrigues with him through Sir Henry Sidney and others. Some expressions, however are used in the ambassador's despatches which have been supposed to imply that Elizabeth to his knowledge, founded on the information of Cecil himself, had actually surrendered her honour to her lover. We must give the conversation as it appears in De Quadra's report :

"After my conversation with the queen, I met the secretary Cecil whom I knew to be in disgrace. Lord Robert I was aware was endeavouring to deprive him of his place.

With little difficulty I led him to the subject; and, after many protestations and entreaties that I would keep secret what he was about to tell me, he said that the queen was going on so strangely that he was about to withdraw from her service. It was a bad sailor, he said, who did not make for port when he saw a storm coming; and for himself he perceived the most manifest ruin impending over the queen, through her intimacy with Lord Robert. The Lord Robert had made himself master of the business of the State and of the person of the queen, to the extreme injury of the realm, with the intention of marrying her; and she herself was shutting herself up in the palace, to the peril of her health and life. That the realm would tolerate the marriage he said that he did not believe; he was therefore determined to retire into the country, although he supposed they would send him to the Tower before they would let him go.

He implored me for the love of God to remonstrate with the queen; to persuade her not utterly to throw herself away as she was doing, and to remember what she owed to herself and to her subjects. Of Lord Robert he twice said he would be better in Paradise than here.

I could only reply that I was most deeply grieved; I said he must be well aware how anxious I had always been for the queen's well-doing. I had laboured as the king my master had directed me, to persuade her to live quietly and to marry—with how little effect he himself could tell. I would try again however as soon as I had an opportunity.

He told me the queen cared nothing for foreign princes; she did not believe that she stood in any need of their support. She was deeply in debt taking no thought how to clear herself, and she had ruined her credit in the City.

Last of all he said that they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill; but she was not ill at all; she was very well, and was taking care not to be poisoned; God he trusted would never permit such a crime to be accomplished or allow so wicked a conspiracy to prosper.

This business of the secretary cannot but produce some great results; for it is terrible. Many men I believe are as displeased as he, especially the Duke of Norfolk, whom he named to me as one of those most injured by Lord Robert, and most hostile to him.

The day after this conversation the queen on her return from hunting told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy; but for all this I do not feel sure that she will immediately marry him, or indeed that she will marry at all. She wants resolution to take any decided step; and as Cecil says she wishes to act like her father.

These quarrels among themselves and Cecil's retirement from office will do no harm to the good cause. We could not have to do with any one worse than he has been; but likely enough a revolution may come of it. The queen may be sent to the Tower, and they may make a king of Lord Huntingdon who is a great heretic, calling in a party in France to help them, because they know that when they aim at injuring religion they have nothing to hope for from his majesty. I have my suspicions on both these points. It is quite certain that the heretics wish to have Huntingdon made king. Cecil himself told me that he was the true heir to the crown; Henry the Seventh having usurped it from the House of York. That they may have recourse to the French I dread, from the close intimacy which has grown up between Cecil and the Bishop of Valence. It may be that I am over-suspicious; but with such people it is always prudent to believe the worst. Certain it is they say openly that they will not have a woman over them any more; and this one is likely to go to sleep in the palace, and to wake with her lover in the Tower. The French too are not asleep. Even Cecil says *Non dormit Judas*. We can be sure of nothing except of revolution and change. If I made up to them they would trust me and tell me all; but I have no orders what to do, and until I receive instructions I shall listen to both sides and temporise. Your Highness will be pleased to give me directions. I show the Catholics all the attention in my power; and they are not so broken but what if his majesty will give the word they will resist the machinations of the rest. It is important that his majesty should know that there is no hope of improvement in the queen: she will be his enemy and her own to the last, as I have always told him.

Since this was written the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The queen said in Italian, '*Que si ha rotto il collo.*' It seems that she fell down a staircase."

This is a good example of the kind of historical contributions afforded by the ambassador's despatches. What do we really learn from it? First of all, that Cecil was at this time out of

favour with Elizabeth; a mere temporary cloud, which would not have warranted even this notice of it, if it had not been the apparent means of introducing De Quadra to state-secrets of the most vital importance. Is it possible that any one can accept this account, supposing it all to have proceeded in these identical expressions from Cecil himself, as a true picture of the state of things, and Cecil's own opinion? The recklessness and folly of such a course of proceeding, in such a case, would fairly annihilate our opinion of Cecil's statesmanship. Yet the credit which Mr. Froude so unreservedly withholds from Elizabeth's own statements and professions in her interviews with De Quadra he is disposed to bestow on Cecil, from an excessive confidence in the latter's sincerity and truthfulness. We believe there was just this truth in it: Cecil did not like the manner in which the "Lord Robert" was gradually gaining a position with the queen, which might render it difficult for her to draw back from the match; and he had so strong a personal aversion to Dudley, and conviction of the probable results of such a match, that he was desirous of availing himself of any device which could precipitate matters, so as to force the queen to look seriously in time at the step which people were beginning to say she was certainly about to take, or had even actually taken. He knew very well that the Spanish ambassador, whose credulity Elizabeth had begun by endeavouring to play upon, had, by degrees, as she got more entangled in the web of her own fancy, obtained more influence over her mind than she herself was aware of. It only required Cecil himself to go beyond this confidence in appearance, and just to overstate the real facts, to induce the ambassador to think that the game was his own, and to make him either relax his efforts, and delude his master into triumphant confidence, or, presuming on the reality of this picture, to go just too far with Elizabeth herself, and so irritate her into the very opposite direction. He did not *seek* this interview with De Quadra, it will be observed; but the conversation arose on their chance encounter, in reply perhaps to some overture of De Quadra's on the subject. Of the great exaggeration of Cecil's statement, the sudden disappearance of the whole chimera, without leaving a trace behind it, is good evidence. It only required that Cecil should draw on his imagination for all the probable and possible consequences of the possible marriage or intrigue of Elizabeth with Dudley, and represent them as imminent if not actually existing, to mislead the ambassador much more effectually than if he had indulged in pure invention. The ambassador was deceived, for he goes off in flights of imagination to the dethronement, imprisonment, and death of the queen, and a Paradise of anarchy

in England, with the Yorkist heir to the throne, the Earl of Huntingdon, as the Protestant puppet, and Philip of Spain as the benignant and corrective Providence. Who shall say that Cecil was incapable of such an act of deceit? That he really stated that Elizabeth had surrendered her honour we do not believe; that the ambassador fancied this to be his meaning is very likely, but that he permanently believed in it is disproved by a later despatch, in which he speaks of the plunge as one still to be made, and which he wished rather than hoped for.

The allusion to Amy Dudley's approaching and actual death opens up a more seriously painful subject. Mr. Froude has produced evidence which renders it almost certain that she was murdered through the agency of some of Leicester's followers, probably with the tacit consciousness on his part of what was going on, but with no actual personal participation in it himself that can be proved. That there was great elation among Leicester's friends and household at the possibility of his becoming the queen's husband there are several letters in the published Burghley papers to prove, and that they were eager to precipitate the event is also evident from the same sources, and from the vague rumours with which court and country were filled for weeks before the event. She is said to have been ill,—this was exaggerated into her being about to die,—and when she still lingered, and gave signs of recovery, actual violence was resorted to to insure her removal. Elizabeth probably suspected the truth only too strongly; but she might not have been deterred from her passion for Dudley even if she had believed him guilty of the act, which there was no necessity for her doing. There was an ostentatious display of completeness and impartiality in the inquiries instituted into the death; but it now appears that Amy's own half-brother consented to lend himself to stifling the real evidence and securing the jury's verdict, being convinced of Leicester's own innocence.

That Elizabeth ever would have tolerated a husband we have great doubts. We are afraid he would have shared the fate of her father's wives, and that divorce or the scaffold would have freed her from the matrimonial trammels. But her marriage was a very convenient diplomatic weapon, with which she could disarm almost any foreign enemy; and the more desirable in a political point of view and unpleasing in a personal was the match with the archduke, the more useful it was as a set-off against other matters. That she should have contrived to amuse such a woman as Catherine de Medicis with the absurd idea of a marriage with Charles IX., a boy of fourteen, is an instance of the extent to which constant diplomatic scheming may blunt

the common-sense perceptions of the cleverest statesman. That Elizabeth was from the bottom of her heart averse to marriage, and never had any serious intention of marrying, we think may now be looked upon as an established fact. But, besides the foreign courts, there was another quarter in which she might make the marriage idea a convenient subterfuge for escaping from an unpleasant and undesirable step. We refer to the Protestants of England and the moderate Catholics, the former of whom were represented in the House of Commons, the latter also in the House of Lords. The point on which the queen wished to evade giving a decisive answer to both these bodies was, of course, that of the succession to the throne in case of her death without children. This leads us to speak of the rival claimant of Elizabeth's own crown, and the candidate of a large party in case of Elizabeth's death—Mary Stuart.

Mary of Scotland, the grand-daughter of Margaret Tudor, elder sister of Henry VIII., was at the accession of Elizabeth the wife of the Dauphin of France, in which court she had been brought up from infancy, under the tutelage of her mother's family, the Guises. Her mother meanwhile, Mary of Lorraine, governed Scotland in her daughter's name. Under these auspices, the court of Scotland and the young Queen of Scotland had been committed to the interests of a faith which the greater portion of the people of Scotland were beginning to regard as an idolatrous worship to be rooted out at all hazards. A small body of nobles still clung to the old faith; the rest, animated in their new-born convictions by a hope of the spoils of the Church, were in a more or less open and decided manner committed to the reformed doctrines. The Church of Scotland was in a degraded position in the eyes of the nation, owing to the infamous lives of its prelates and clergy. Henry VIII. had attempted to draw his nephew James V. into a course of action similar to his own; but vainly, for (independently of any personal convictions) James knew that the spoils of the Church in such a case must fall principally to the great nobles, instead of filling, as in England, the coffers of the crown. His marriage with Mary Guise, or, as she was generally called, Mary of Lorraine, had confirmed him on the Romish side, and the subsequent invasions of Scotland by Henry's generals and the Protector Somerset, and the disastrous battle of Pinkie, had for the time destroyed the party in Scotland which clung to the English alliance with the bond of a common religious faith, and the hope of an intermarriage which might unite the two kingdoms under one crown. The reign of Mary of England had of course removed the religious bond between the Scotch Protestants and the English crown, but it had also renewed the sym-

pathies between the former and the English Protestants, and paved the way for a revival of friendly feelings after the accession of Elizabeth. The apostle of the Scotch Reformation, indeed, John Knox, with a Catholic Mary ruling in Scotland and a Catholic Mary in England, had sounded a blast against the "Monstrous Regimen of Women," from the merciless logic of which he vainly tried to escape after a Protestant princess sat on the English throne. Elizabeth never would forgive him, and never more than tacitly recognised his existence and influence. He was not the sort of man to be agreeable to such a woman as Elizabeth. Not that he was the coarse bullying demagogue that he has been sometimes painted, but he unfortunately had what was more displeasing to Elizabeth, an overweening self-conceit, and an idea of the authority attached to his position, which, inoffensive foibles as they were when compared with the many great and noble qualities of his mind, were just those most likely to offend her susceptibilities. He had great discernment of character, the purest and noblest motives, a not unkindly disposition, and real moral courage and constancy. But he was not physically courageous: he had shrunk from the ordeal of persecution, not by recantation, but by a prudent retreat, and he was singularly wanting at times when the trumpet-call of the prophet was most needed to rally the divided and disheartened people of God. Perhaps Elizabeth had a perception of this side of his character, which added a certain amount of contempt to her otherwise adverse feelings. On the 12th of March 1559 peace had been concluded between England and France; the French binding themselves to deliver Calais, Guisnes, and the whole pale intact, in its existing condition, at the end of eight years, or else to forfeit half a million crowns, and leave the English claim unimpaired. In the early summer of the same year Scotland was in a flame of religious discord; the Regent and the reforming peers—the Lords of the Congregation, as they were called—were gathered in hostile camps; and on the 11th of May the work of demolition of the ecclesiastical edifices began with the irritated Protestant mobs, and almost immediately afterwards the Scotch Protestants applied for aid to Elizabeth against the French auxiliary troops of Mary of Lorraine. Their idea was, that a match should be concluded between Elizabeth and the Earl of Arran, eldest son of the Duke of Châtellherault, the head of the princely house of Hamilton, which had hereditary claims to the Scottish throne.

The idea of a marriage with Arran was probably never seriously entertained by Elizabeth herself, certainly not after her secret interview with him in England, when he disclosed a character below contempt. But the power which a protectorate

in Scotland would give her gratified her ambition, and she played fast and loose with the Scotch insurgents for some time; partly waiting to make up her own mind, and act without the knowledge of France, partly to ascertain the real strength of the Lords. This proved to be much less than they had asserted; but although much disappointed in their professions, Elizabeth at last sent a fleet to the aid of the insurrection, with general instructions, and an understanding that its acts were to be disavowed if necessary; and, after fresh hesitations, this was followed by a land force, which ultimately compelled the French troops to capitulate and withdraw from Scotland, under the provisions of a treaty at Leith. In the course of these transactions Mary of Lorraine died. Elizabeth then, whatever were her real views in doing so, laid the Scotch reformed nobles under a deep obligation, for the government now passed entirely into their hands. She had not done it with a very good grace, for how (independently of her own character) could she be expected to love insurgents, the expenditure of money when it was most needed at home, and the risk of a rupture with France. Henry of France was now dead, the husband of Mary of Scotland was king, and the house of Guise was paramount in France. Besides the Hamiltons, the two lay heads of whom were men of no ability and little constancy of purpose, the leading Protestant nobles were the Earls of Argyll and Morton, representing the houses of Campbell and Douglas; while the two leading statesmen were Maitland of Lethington and Lord James Stewart, the illegitimate half-brother of Queen Mary. Lethington was a shrewd scheming politician, with a general and deep feeling for the interests and dignity of Scotland, and a statesman's preference for the Reformation; but in other respects quite unscrupulous, and looked upon by all who had any thing to do with him as a dark and dangerous man. Mr. Froude lightens the shadows on his character more than we have yet seen it done, but we do not think any representation of his conduct will give us a feeling of trust in Lethington. Lord James Stewart was certainly a far nobler man. In Mr. Froude's pages he appears as an almost faultless character, the ideal of disinterested patriotism and kindly open-heartedness. Other historians—Mr. Tytler, for instance—while doing full justice to his extraordinary talents and the general elevation of his nature, have perceived some alloy in the purity of the metal. According to them, starting with excellent intentions, he soon discovered in himself, though he only gradually displayed to others, the germs of an ambition which was not satisfied till it wielded the royal power, which he probably felt to be his by birthright. They have also attributed

to him a character not unlike that given by the Cavalier writers to Hampden,—of being one who under cover of a bland and flowing courtesy managed to sift all the thoughts of others while betraying none of his own ; who employed others as his tools without appearing in the foreground himself, and availed himself of deeds of violence with which it was not possible to connect him by his individual action. He had been educated for the Church with some care in France as well as Scotland, and had a mind cultivated, studious, and refined far beyond those of the majority of the men with whom he acted. That such a man should be mistrusted and maligned by those who envied his superior skill and more successful statesmanship is not surprising, but there really does seem to have been some foundation for the imputation against him. Murray (to call him by his later name) shrank with all the disgust of a refined mind from participation in the coarse acts of violence which were habitual among the Scottish nobles of that age ; but he had no squeamishness about the employment of such means, in cases of what he considered necessity, through the instrumentality of others. There had been nothing in his education to inspire in him that idea of the sacredness of human life which is almost a modern conception, and, however high his character in some respects, it was not one which excluded the idea of politic cruelties, or shrank from a considerable amount of dissimulation. His mind in some respects was akin to that of the Tudors whose blood ran in his veins. He had their dignity of deportment and royal bearing, and their lion courage, with greater composure of mind, if not gentleness of nature, and their subtle, somewhat casuistical temperament. Taken all in all, however, he was a nobleman, of a royal spirit and of very considerable talents ; nor had he yet completed his twenty-sixth year. His attachment to the Reformed Confession was sincere beyond all doubt ; and we are disposed to think that the selfishness of his ambition was not so clear as has been supposed. He was certainly capable of many disinterested acts which it is hard to understand, except on the supposition that he really cared more for Scotland than for his own interests. We have little doubt that had his sister Mary put herself really into his hands and abided by his counsels, he would never have coveted a higher elevation, and would have continued to be but her devoted servant and friend. He had cherished the idea of the English alliance with all the foresight of a statesman ; but he was not the man to sacrifice the royal dignity of Scotland if circumstances would leave him any other path. He felt too strongly with the crown, and as a Stuart himself, to be confounded with the herd of Scotch nobles who played fast and loose

between England and Scotland. But one was now returning to Scotland whose conduct was to force him from her side into rebellion, and association in acts of violence against her person. Mary Stuart's French husband was dead. She had no longer friends in high places in France. Catherine de Medicis had assumed the reins of government for her son Charles, and responding to an invitation from her subjects of all classes and creeds, Mary was about to set foot in her native kingdom. She asked permission from Elizabeth to pass through England, and this permission was refused. How, then, did they stand relatively to each other, and in what light did Elizabeth regard the succession of Mary to the English throne after her death?

The character of Mary Stuart has been so often drawn, and once at least by so masterly a pen, that it may seem presumptuous to attempt any fresh delineation of her character. Fortunately we do not need so minute an analysis in her case as in Elizabeth's. The character is infinitely simpler, and more easy of comprehension. Sir Walter Scott has caught some of the salient features of both queens in his *Kenilworth* and *Abbot* with his usual felicity, though of course the pictures are affected by his Stuart partialities. Still there is little divergence in the real Mary, as we can trace her in history, from the character which we should infer from the pages of the great novelist. Her beauty, the fascination of her manners, her wit, her courage, her enduring and unshaken spirit, are admitted on all sides. The question is, whether we are to add to these sincerity, unselfishness, noble purposes nobly attempted to be realised, the patient and gentle endurance of a maligned and injured woman, and stainless innocence; or whether, in their stead, we are to suppose the very opposite qualities. We think that Mr. Froude restates with success the reasons which should lead to our acquiescence in the latter and unfavourable judgment. We do not judge Mary, indeed, to have been incapable of good and generous impulses, nor are there wanting to our mind traces of something higher and nobler even in the crises of her worst actions. We do not pronounce her to have been utterly unfeeling: but we believe that she could, and did, harden herself to a stony indifference to moral considerations and womanly mercy. She had been brought up in the bad school of the Guises, and with their crafty blood running in her veins. She had early learnt the duty of immoral expediency, and had seen before her eyes living pictures of nearly every form of cruelty and profligacy. She had learnt to regard truth as a merely relative virtue, and faith with heretics as an offence against religion. She had seen every where around her self-gratification at the expense

of all honour and morality. She had learnt the ancient lesson that many sins are no sins unless they are fruitless, and then they are rather blunders. She came to Scotland with a firm resolution to extirpate Protestantism, and to cajole or crush the Lords of the Congregation, as a step towards the realisation of her great design of subverting the throne of Elizabeth. But she was resolved to proceed warily in her course; to secure her position first before she even attempted to deal with heresy in Scotland itself, and to keep the mask of courtesy closely fixed on her face till it was a time when she might strike with effect. She was able to do this for some time with great success; for she was capable of far more sustained self-control than Elizabeth, so far as the outward manifestations of feeling were concerned. Acting came far more naturally to her than to her rival; and Elizabeth's dissimulation and hypocrisy was a bungling affair compared with Mary's. It was only in the greater crises of feeling, and when she was called upon to contend with an overmastering passion, that Mary proved herself far less able than Elizabeth to cope with the temptation to rash action, though she could so much better preserve a smiling and unmoved face in the earlier stages of the struggle. She was not more selfish than Elizabeth, but her selfishness was of a lower and narrower character; it embraced Mary Stuart alone, and that in a lower sense of animal enjoyment. Mary was no mean scholar, and well skilled in accomplishments; but masculine as she could be in time of danger, she was naturally of a sybarite and luxurious temperament, and mere physical pleasure had always far greater sway over her disposition than over Elizabeth's. She was far less exacting and trying with her counsellors, a far smoother, more courteous mistress to have to deal with than Cecil's capricious sovereign; but intrinsically she was far less true to them, and had far less appreciation of their worth. She could not permanently endure solid intellect and sterling patriotism near her throne; and those whom she fawned upon one day she drove into exile the next. There was also connected with this lower and feebler nature a lurking ferocity, quite different from any thing Elizabeth ever manifested in her worst moods, which makes Mr. Froude's comparison of her to the panther—beautiful but cruel—only too appropriate. Her religion was bigoted yet conventional Catholicism—the implicit faith of a woman of the world, not the earnest conviction of a religious saint or martyr.

She hated Elizabeth with the mixed hatred of a woman and a rival on the political arena, and with an intensity and unintermitting pertinacity which nothing could exceed. We have

spoken of her assumption of the royal arms and style of England. She had also shown her ultimate views, not only by constant intrigues with the English Catholics, but also by refusing, notwithstanding her actual promises, to ratify the treaty of Leith, into which the personal skill of Cecil, and the necessities of the French, had led to the insertion of clauses admitting Elizabeth's right to the crown, and vaguely and partially a right in her to enter into relations with and protect the Protestants of Scotland. We need hardly wonder at Mary's reluctance to recognise the latter right, but it was the former admission which was the great obstacle to her sanction of the treaty. She insisted, as a preliminary to her recognising Elizabeth, that the latter should publicly recognise her as her successor; a strange inversion of the natural order of things. Of course Elizabeth declined to do this, with such an implied denial of her own birthright; and affairs were in this stage when Mary made her request to be allowed to pass through England on her way to Scotland. Can we be surprised at Elizabeth's refusal? Nor in any case, and supposing her title recognised by Mary, would it have been a safe step to hazard the passage of the fascinating Catholic heiress to the throne through the heart of the most Catholic part of England. Elizabeth had in fact a strong case in favour of her disinclination to declare a successor in her lifetime. She certainly preferred personally the Stuart succession to the Suffolk or any other, principally, we believe, because the former were princes and not subjects, and also doubtless with a view to the union of the two kingdoms. But she knew from experience that an heiress-presumptive to the crown is a dangerous centre of intrigue against the reigning prince, and she was also convinced that when once the Stuart party in England had secured a distinct recognition of Mary's right, they would not be long before they attempted to prevent the possibility of Elizabeth marrying and having children, by consigning her to the safe keeping of an early grave. Her subjects could not feel with her on this subject, for they were chiefly anxious to secure the country against the dangers of a disputed succession, and could not realise as she could the personal danger to Elizabeth herself. Cecil, distracted between his dislike of the Stuart family, his contempt for the representatives of the Suffolk branch, the necessity which Elizabeth put upon him of involving himself, perhaps fatally, in words and measures against the Stuart princess, and the feeling of dread, in which he shared with his countrymen, of civil discord after the queen's death, knew not which way to turn, and in despair was more than ever inclined to forward the queen's marriage, and particularly the match with the Austrian Archduke. At the same

time he joined heartily in dissuading Elizabeth from assenting to Mary's proposed passage through England. It is not easy to divine distinctly the exact feeling of Elizabeth herself with respect to Mary. Placed as they were relatively to one another, it was scarcely possible that there should be a sincere feeling of friendship between them, and probably Elizabeth in her heart thoroughly disliked Mary. But it is even probable that she was only partially conscious of this dislike; she had a strong *family* feeling for kings, especially of her own Tudor blood; and she liked at times to see Mary triumphant over her rebellious subjects, in the interests of sovereignty itself, even where she herself had fostered the rebellion. Besides this feeling, there was another, not surprising in the woman Elizabeth, though somewhat anomalous in a politic queen: she had a sentimental and romantic side to her character, and she sometimes allowed this so great a prominence as to disturb not a little her general political system. Among her dreams was occasionally one of two sister-sovereigns, each excelling in beauty of person and strength of intellect all the other princes of Christendom, reigning in stately yet tender amity over the two portions of the same island, each paramount in her own dominions and jointly dictating to Europe. We catch glimpses of this fantastic dream throughout her intercourse with Mary almost to the very last. It sometimes carried her to the verge of acts of romantic madness, and it gave Mary frequently an immense advantage, which she might even have improved to the ruin of Elizabeth, if she had understood her great rival thoroughly. But, happily for Elizabeth and for England, Mary's intellect was quite unequal to grasp the many-sided nature of the English queen. She treated these ebullitions of sentiment as symptoms either of radical and permanent weakness or flagrant hypocrisy. She abused the opportunities which Elizabeth thus gave her, and irritated her back again into her real-world common sense and sagacity.

For some time, owing to the fanciful caprices of Elizabeth and the more advantageous position of Mary at starting, the balance of success in the tacit struggle for superiority of the sister-sovereigns inclined in favour of the Queen of Scotland; but as time went on, Mary lost her head; and Elizabeth, perhaps from an increasing perception of her rival's inferiority of intellect, preserved her own with more consistency, till the catastrophe of Darnley's murder threw the cards almost entirely into her hands. At starting, Mary stood in the better position; for within a few weeks after her arrival in Scotland she had fascinated all hearts, and converted the Lords of the Congregation and their counsellors, Murray and Lethington,

into the earnest adherents of her interests as opposed to those of Elizabeth. The refusal by the latter of the hand of Arran, followed as it was by the return of Mary, had for the time annihilated the English party in Scotland. John Knox alone saw through Mary's character and stood aloof, indignant and alarmed, but powerless. The others believed, or forced themselves to believe, in their queen as an innocent and confiding young girl, who, though trained up in the school of Catholicism, had a wise and cordial indulgence for the faith preferred by the majority of her subjects, and only asked to be allowed freedom of conscience and worship for herself. Mary fostered this delusion to the utmost of her power. She seemed to throw herself implicitly on the counsels of Murray and Maitland; and these politicians, partly deceived and partly anxious for an excuse to become more Scotch and less English, lent themselves in the most pressing manner to her demand on Elizabeth for a public recognition as her successor. In vain Elizabeth referred to the claim she had on the Scotch Lords for the previous ratification of the treaty of Leith. They seemed to have forgotten all their obligations to Elizabeth, and to be only eager to efface the recollection of their English connexion by their fervid patriotism and loyalty. This was a bitter lesson to Elizabeth which she never forgot, and which must be borne in mind when we estimate her vacillation and ambiguous conduct in her subsequent dealings with these same noblemen. Elizabeth bore her disappointment, however, outwardly calmly and even humbly. She was studying Mary's character with unceasing diligence, and was not unwilling to undergo a little temporary humiliation if she could thereby probe the weaknesses of her rival. She even gave way for a time to her sentimental vein, and suggested and encouraged to the very verge of accomplishment the idea of an interview between the two queens in England itself, after which Mary should be declared her successor. But the subject which more seriously occupied her mind was the husband whom Mary would take to herself. Fearful of an alliance between Scotland and one of the great Catholic powers, and desirous perhaps in her heart to take a step which would remove a temptation to weakness from her own presence, she put forward as her candidate for Mary's hand her own lover, Robert Dudley. Any English nobleman would in her eyes be preferable to a foreign prince; and she really believed that one who had exercised so great a fascination over her own nature could not fail to be acceptable to one of Mary's character. Perhaps she had a secret pleasure also in the conviction that he would add little intellectually to the influence of the Scottish court, and would be (as she fancied) always more or less at her own beck.

There was one English nobleman,—whose allegiance belonged strictly to England, but naturally to Scotland,—“the long lad,” Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, whose candidateship for Mary’s hand she could not regard with equal complacency. As the grandson of Margaret Tudor, by her marriage with the Earl of Angus, he represented a collateral claim to the English crown; while as the son of the Earl of Lennox, a cadet of the royal family of Stewart, he had claims also to the succession of the throne of Scotland. Lennox’s estates in Scotland had been forfeited from his adherence to the English alliance; and he had lived the life of a Scotch exile and English subject at the English court. He was not a man of any ability; but his wife, the Lady Margaret, the heiress of the English princess, was a woman of great ambition; and her heart was now set on the restoration of the family to their position in Scotland, and the marriage of her son with Mary. That queen herself was desirous of becoming the wife of the son of Philip of Spain, the frantic Don Carlos; but after the negotiations for this match had come to nothing, she made up her mind to marry the “long lad” Darnley. By pretending to listen to the Leicester scheme, she at last managed to persuade Elizabeth to allow the Earl of Lennox and his son to return to Scotland; and she then prepared to throw off the mask in her domestic as well as her foreign politics. She had for some time governed with the aid of Murray’s counsels, and had permitted him to use her presence as a means of crushing the power of the Catholic Marquis of Huntly; but there was now another influence rising in the background,—the dark, scheming, Machiavellian Italian, David Rizzio, the musician and private secretary of Mary, the companion alike of her cares of state and her secret counsels, and of her hours of leisure and more voluptuous accomplishments. As Rizzio—a man of considerable ability and soaring ambition, who aimed at the posts of chancellor of Scotland and royal favourite—glided more and more perceptibly into the control of public affairs, the influence of Murray and the Lords of the Congregation waned, until at last the Darnley project brought matters to a crisis. Darnley was a Catholic, not a very fervent one, but entirely in the hands of the extreme Catholic party; and Murray associated his becoming the husband of his sister with the other symptoms of the change in Mary’s counsels. He refused to sign the address of the Lords recommending the marriage with Darnley; and thenceforth he and Mary were never properly on a friendly footing again. Too late Elizabeth discovered her error in allowing Darnley to go to Scotland. She ordered him and his father to return; but they refused, and renounced their alle-

giance to England. She could only retaliate for this and the marriage which followed by throwing the Lady Margaret into prison, and pressing her negotiations with the Lords of the Congregation. These had recommenced shortly before this crisis; and in the face of the growing strength and audacity of Mary, and her intrigues in England, Elizabeth had persuaded herself, sorely against the grain in one respect, to give encouragement and promises of help once more to the Scotch Protestants. They were now all *English* again in their feelings, and saw that Elizabeth was their only true resource. With the assurance of this assistance, they rose in arms on the accomplishment of the Darnley marriage. Elizabeth had anticipated a great rising, corresponding to the account they had given her of the state of feeling in Scotland, and had meant then to appear as an arbiter of the quarrel—rather as the apparent protector of Mary herself than as the ally of the victorious rebels. This would have suited her in every respect. But the Lords again proved to be without resources in themselves, and scattered so rapidly before the energetic movements of Mary, that Elizabeth suddenly found herself in the dilemma of either breaking the letter of her promise to the Lords, or of openly assuming the serious responsibility of invading Scotland to assist a beaten faction in the nation against their sovereign in the full plenitude of her power. No wonder she hesitated and delayed, till at last Murray and the rest had no alternative but to fly from Scotland and take refuge in England. They were, naturally enough, incensed at Elizabeth's withdrawal from the contest; nor could they be expected to feel, as she did, how much the conditions of her promised assistance had been altered by the proof given of their own impotency in themselves. There was just truth enough in the fact that Elizabeth had not intended to interfere in behalf of such a rebellion, to enable her to persuade her conscience into the exaggerated declaration of entire innocence of concern in the rising, and indignation at the rebels, which really deceived no one, though they afforded a convenient and decent plea for the outward continuance of peace between the two countries. Elizabeth could scarcely, indeed, have interfered in such a contest as Murray and his friends had drawn her into, without incurring the danger of an intervention on the part of Spain in Mary's behalf; and she was naturally exasperated at having all the odium of assisting rebellion, which she hated in itself, and the whole onus and responsibility of a contest forced upon her of which she had never dreamt. Such, we believe, to be the real interpretation of the solemn diplomatic farce which followed the ignominious failure of the Scotch Lords.

Mary Stuart was triumphant, and showed her sense of the triumph by an insolent tone towards Elizabeth, which might well have provoked a milder temper; but she temporised, nor had she long to wait before the course of events in Scotland secured her a full revenge for these insults. We need not pursue the story in detail: the misconduct of Darnley, and the disagreements between him and the queen, leading at last to an entire estrangement; the increasing contempt exhibited by Mary for her husband; the increasing favour of Rizzio, and the rising influence of the bold, bad, brutal Bothwell; the mad jealousy and disappointed ambition of Darnley, worked upon by the enemies of Rizzio; the plot against that minion, at first intended to comprise his trial before an improvised tribunal, but precipitated into an immediate assassination. Murray knew, and without doubt approved, of the plan of removing Rizzio as the only means of saving the kingdom. But an exile at Berwick, he left the fierce iron-hearted Morton and the savage Ruthven to carry it into execution. Elizabeth's general in the North, the Earl of Bedford, and her ambassador, Randolph, suspended from his functions and expelled from Scotland, knew also of it before its accomplishment. Darnley was bound to it by a written engagement. Mary herself was secure in the full insolence of assured power and success. Mr. Froude seems inclined to give her the benefit of a doubt whether she had really sacrificed her honour to Rizzio. He may be right in so doing, but it is equally true that every body in Scotland, and the foreign ambassadors at that court, believed that she had done so. Then followed the return of Murray, and Mary's pretended reliance on his protection and appeal to his affection, and her master-piece of dissimulation with her weak husband, in luring him by her false endearments to his own dishonour and ruin, by betraying his accomplices in the murder, and procuring for her the means of escape; then that escape itself, which we must give in Mr. Froude's own animated language.

“‘The rendezvous appointed with the horses was near the broken tombs and demolished sepultures in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood.’ A secret passage led underground from the palace to the vaults of the abbey; and at midnight Mary Stuart, accompanied by one servant and her husband—who had left the lords under pretence of going to bed—‘crawled through the charnel-house, among the bones and skulls of the antient kings,’ and ‘came out of the earth,’ where the horses were shivering in the March midnight air.

The moon was clear and full. ‘The Queen with incredible animosity was mounted *en croup* behind Sir Arthur Erskine, upon a beautiful English double gelding,’ ‘the King on a courser of Naples;

and then away—away past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed; 'six in all—their Majesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a chamberer of the queen.' In two hours the heavy gates of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe."

Then came the triumph of Mary, and the flight of the conspirators; the birth of James, that bitter tidings to Elizabeth, affecting her in her most sensitive point, and with it the renewed and growing strength of Mary's position; the renewed discontent and ignominious treatment of Darnley, after full use had been made of his weak treachery; the increasing passion for Bothwell, the absolute surrender of her honour to that bold bravo; the plotted death of Darnley; and the recall and pardon, one by one, of his accomplices in Rizzio's murder, as a preliminary to securing their agency in the queen's vengeance; the alarm and sickness of Darnley, Mary's treacherous visit of pretended reconciliation, and the blandishments by which she persuaded her victim to accompany her to Craigmillar, and took him to Kirk-a-Field; the murder of Darnley; and the destruction of Mary's influence in Scotland and England. Mr. Froude has no doubt of Mary's guilt with Bothwell, and of her complicity in the murder of her husband; and even if we did not accept with him as genuine the disputed correspondence between Mary and her lover, we should come to the same conclusion. Every piece of evidence, the persuasion of every contemporary on the spot, points to the same irresistible conclusion. We believe, however, thoroughly in the genuineness of the "Casket-letters," if for no other reason, because it is incredible that any hostile forger should have invented the touches of tragic pathos which alleviate the guilt which the letters disclose, and make us feel that after all Mary had a heart, though she had hardened it, as she herself says, till it had become as hard as a diamond. The agony of remorse in which she perseveres in her design only for her lover's sake, and the passionate entreaty, which her consciousness of guilt wrings from her, that he would not think ill of her for what she was doing through love to him, could not have been invented by a maligning enemy, even had he what (as Mr. Froude observes) he required, the genius of a Shakespeare, to conceive such moral paroxysms.

We have left ourselves little space to refer to the other leading features of the policy of these first years of Elizabeth. But we must say a few words on her alliance with the French Protestants, her Irish policy, and her relations to her parliament. The momentary depression of the house of Guise conse-

quent on the death of Francis II. had been followed by a gradual increase of the antagonism between the Huguenots and the Catholics, until by degrees the Guises and the extreme Catholics regained the ascendant; the Protestants were massacred wherever a pretext could be found for a tumult; the feeble and profligate king of Navarre—the first collateral prince of the blood, and lieutenant of the kingdom—deserted the cause of Protestantism; the middle or moderate party in France also again drifted to the side of the Guises; and Catherine de Medicis and the court—who detested alike both religious parties, more especially the Guises—found themselves obliged to follow the stream. Condé and the Admiral Coligny were in arms with the great towns in the south of France, the gentry in that quarter, and most of the old soldiers of the Italian campaigns, on their side. On the other stood the great soldier of France, the Duke of Guise, who had won the hearts of Frenchmen by reuniting Calais to the French crown. Overtures had been already made to Elizabeth by the Huguenot chiefs; and Dudley, as usual, had offered his services and promised those of his mistress where he thought there was an opportunity of personal aggrandisement for himself. Nothing, however, had come out of these negotiations, when the Protestants were driven to extremities, and Condé was obliged to submit to Elizabeth's terms, and to promise to place Havre in the hands of the English as a security for the delivery of Calais, on condition that Elizabeth would lend him 100,000 crowns, and spend 40,000 more in the defence of Rouen. She had had a severe struggle in her own mind before she could bring herself to this step. She longed for a protectorate over the Protestants of France, and she was bent (like the whole English nation) on the recovery of Calais; but she disliked the Huguenots both as rebels and as Calvinists, and she was as loth to spend her money and risk a war with the whole power of France as she was in the case of Scotland. Perhaps, as Mr. Froude suggests, the notice from Gresham that her pecuniary credit abroad was suffering from the belief that the Guises, after having crushed their Hugeunot compatriots, would engage in an enterprise against Elizabeth herself, may have decided her to risk the step. Condé found it a very unpopular alliance in France, as all Frenchmen loathed the idea of restoring Calais, and seeing the English again on French soil. The issue of the campaign was very chequered; the battle of Dreux left Condé, on the one side, a prisoner in the hands of the Catholics, and the Constable de Montmorency, on the other, a prisoner to the Protestants, and Marshal St. André, another Catholic leader, dead on the field. Rouen had fallen, and the brave little

English contingent in its defence; the King of Navarre had died; and shortly afterwards the Duke of Guise was assassinated by a Huguenot fanatic. The queen-mother of France was now placed at liberty to act as she chose. Condé was negotiated with; and then arose again the difficulty of his engagement to England, and the promised surrender of Calais. Condé tried every expedient to persuade Elizabeth to relax her terms on this head, which it was out of his power to grant, and delayed making peace for some time, hoping to persuade her to consent. But Elizabeth, who had engaged in the war mainly for the sake of Calais, was not disposed to be thrown over, just as she had been by the Scotch Protestants, when their day of need was passed, and refused to concede on this point. It might have been the wiser policy, in a broader sense, to have consented to waive this claim, and instead to build up a strong alliance in France with the moderate Catholics and Huguenots; but we must make great allowance for the natural irritation of Elizabeth at finding herself in such a dilemma, and for her idea of the selfishness of the French statesmen, and her knowledge of how much she would lose in popularity in England by such a concession. So she refused, was excluded from the peace, declined to give up Havre, and prepared to hold this town against the united forces of Catholics and Huguenots. And hold it she long did, and would have held it probably permanently had not the plague broken out and decimated garrison after garrison which was sent to maintain the contest. Mr. Froude has told the story of the plague-stricken but undaunted garrison, with all his best vigour and beauty of language. The garrison in Havre had to surrender to this new enemy; and the Earl of Warwick, himself ill, carried away in his fleet the little remnant to England.

"The first thought of Warwick, ill as he was, on reaching Portsmouth, was for his brave companions. They had returned in miserable plight, and he wrote to the council to beg that they might be cared for. But there was no occasion to remind Elizabeth of such a duty as this: had she been allowed she would have gone at once at the risk of infection to thank them for their gallantry. In a proclamation under her own hand she commended the soldiers who had faced that terrible siege to the care of the country; she entreated every gentleman, she commanded every official—ecclesiastical or civil—in the realm to see to their necessities 'lest God punish them for their unmercifulness;' she insisted with generous forethought 'that no person should have any grudge at those poor captains and soldiers because the town was rendered on conditions;' 'she would have it known and understood that there wanted no truth, courage, nor manhood in any of them, from the highest to the lowest;' 'they would have withstood the French to the utmost of their lives; but it was thought the part of Christian wisdom

not to tempt the Almighty to contend with the inevitable mortal enemy of the plague.'

Happy would it have been had the loss of Havre ended the calamities of the summer. But the garrison scattering to their homes carried the infection through England. London was tainted already, and with the heat and drought of August the pestilence in town and village held on its deadly way."

Staggering under this new visitation, England had to retire from the contest. Elizabeth wisely though sadly gave way, and the peace of Troyes was signed. The sequel of the war was happier than the war itself, for the peace brought back with it feelings of chivalrous admiration on the side of both combatants, which gave a far more cordial character to their renewed intercourse. So ended Elizabeth's first Protestant crusade in France.

The Irish difficulty—that perpetual problem for England—must be dismissed still more briefly. Shan O'Neil is the hero of this episode; a semi-savage, elevated by force of character from the disowned son of a petty chieftain to the sovereignty, for a time, of Ulster, and a successful and insolent rebel to English authority. We cannot follow the wild and romantic tale of his rise and fall. Mr. Froude has told it in an interesting manner, but in too supercilious a tone when speaking of the native population. Granted all that he says or hints at in side innuendos, they did not differ in their vices from populations in a similar low stage of civilisation, while they had qualities of their own which might have warranted a word or two of counterbalancing praise, and modified the tone of superiority in which they are throughout referred to. The Earl of Sussex is a *bête noire* with our author, perhaps not without deserving it; but we think that he makes his conduct too exceptionally flagrant. Judged by the standard of the times, was Sussex such an arrant villain as he virtually brands him with being? Elizabeth's conduct with respect to him and the far abler and nobler Sir Henry Sidney, who succeeded him and regained Ulster to English rule, falls easily enough under the conception which we have ventured to form above of her singular character. Sidney was a man whom she could not do without, or dispense with his services, but who was too original in his views and too independent and experienced in his Irish government to be palatable to her jealous and proud spirit. Yet she had the good sense to send and keep him there, and to acknowledge his services, however reluctantly and ungraciously. Sussex as a lower tool could be first patronised and then dismissed with gracious contempt.

It is on her relations to her Parliaments that a large part

of the fame of Elizabeth must rest ; but the first years of her reign afford but limited and imperfect data for estimating her sagacity in this respect. She had, however, already come into collision with the growing spirit of the Commons, and had met it in a manner highly characteristic. First endeavouring to stop the opposition to her wishes by a bold interference with their privileges ; then receding with wise alacrity from this step, when she saw how deeply and firmly it was resented, soothing them on this point by gracious and sugared words, and reserving the outburst of her really mortified feelings for the occasion on which they had touched on a question personal to herself, and had assumed a somewhat dictatorial tone with respect to her marriage. Lords and Commons then alike felt the bitterness of her angry invectives ; and Leicester must have perceived his real insignificance in her eyes when she treated his idle proffer of willingness to die for her with the contemptuous remark, "What has that to do with the matter?" Not only on the subjects of her marriage and the succession did she manage to hold the bold and intractable Commons and the impatient and anxious Peers at bay, but she also put a stop, by her peremptory interference in the upper House, to some of their movements in a more aggressively Protestant direction. The Spanish ambassador, irritated at the attitude of the Parliament, seized the occasion to read the queen a lecture on the superiority of absolute governments ; but Elizabeth heeded not his shallow counsels ; and the result might well have taught *him* a lesson in the art of governing popular assemblies.

We must conclude our hurried and imperfect glance at these opening years of a great and glorious reign, and at the queen with whose character and policy these are connected. We have endeavoured to paint her as she was, without shrinking from the enumeration of her faults, and without thinking it necessary on their account to deny her the meed of praise in other points, and in the main drift of her policy. There are many shadows which cloud her fair fame, and detract from the pure glory of her reign ; but there is still enough lustre reflected from her character and actions on the age in which she lived to entitle her to the epithet of a great and noble queen.

ART. X.—THE DESTRUCTION OF KAGOSIMA.

Correspondence respecting the Affairs in Japan. Parliamentary Papers, 1862, 1863.

London Gazette, October 30, 1863.

The Capital of the Tycoon. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. Longman and Co., 1863.

By the latest news we learn that England is again committed to one of those unintentional wars which we usually have on hand in the East. From time to time the nation listens with uneasy resignation to the tale of some mysterious "operations," which, though something less than war, are something more than peace, and which differ only from public wars in the irregular manner in which they are conducted. First we hear of some very dreadful and, of course, unprovoked outrage which has been committed by some distant and obscure tribe or race; then we hear darkly of a military force which is sent to overawe the disorderly and restore tranquillity by its presence. Slowly, telegrams reach us to say that this imposing force—"mere police, in fact"—has been performing various unintelligible manœuvres, of which little is clear except that a great slaughter has been found necessary to the ends of justice, and enormous sums expended in the indispensable cause of order. The nation is not all this time actually at war; it has never in any responsible manner sanctioned a war; it has no very clear notion that it has strictly a cause of war: but in the mean time remarkable "operations" are going on, pregnant, we are assured, with substantial advantage to our country, and for which we are eventually presented with a very substantial bill. These are the wars proclaimed not by the Crown, but by admirals and vice-consuls; demanded not by the nation, but by a knot of traders or colonists; begun, continued, and ended behind the nation's back;—wars without national responsibility, publicity, or necessity, in which, while cost is certain, honour is impossible; not undertaken by responsible statesmen, but precipitated by fussy officials, the only laws of which are written in the breasts of zealous commanders. We believe ourselves to be the most peaceable of the great Powers of the world, and it is rare indeed that the nation as a body resolves on accepting the solemn responsibility of a national war. But wars, or "operations" as bloody and as costly, are never wanting. India, Burmah, Persia, Africa, China, Japan, New Zealand, ever feel the unsheathed sword of England. Neither Czar nor Emperor

approaches us in warlike restlessness. There is but one modern nation which never closes the temple of Janus.

Now before this country is again engaged in what is really a formidable war with a people of peculiar intelligence and industry, we have a right to know the cause, the nature, and the object of this great undertaking. We are not to be put off with swagger about the honour of our flag and the prestige of England. We all love and respect our national services, but we do not intrust them with the privileges of Parliament or of the Crown. We want no jargon about "the cause of civilisation and free-trade." If there is any thing more odious to us than another, it is the "spread-eagle" theory of national honour. Yet our Gordon Bennetts have begun to give tongue as freely as their great prototype in the affair of the Trent. When a country like this resolves maturely on an indefinite outlay of blood and treasure, it must see an adequate duty or a paramount necessity before it, and will hardly be satisfied with miserable imitations of the strains of "Yankee Doodle." If our commanders go wrong they shall be punished, be they never so brave or never so patriotic, and shall not be promoted to honour like the zealous Admiral Wilkes. There is perhaps nothing in our neighbours which so effectually rouses our disgust as to see them fling aside justice, interest, and character on the irritating topic of the "honour of their flag." We can criticise the French in Mexico, in Rome, in Cochin China. We all feel the coarse wickedness of imperialist vanity, the crafty nonsense of "the civilising mission," the brutality of mere military pride. When the French people suffers itself to be blindfolded and dragged into a selfish war, it becomes utterly contemptible in our eyes, and we pity it for being bribed by a scheming ruler with so shameful a bait. When the Czar tells us that he must crush Poland first, and then think about justice, our blood boils at the cruelty of his savage pride. When a New-York mob howls over some act of high-handed injustice, there is no measure to our taunts. Why have phrases like "mission civilisatrice," "gloire de notre drapeau," "prestige de nos armes," so nauseous a sound to our ears; whilst "the cause of free-trade," and the "power of England," and "extension of our commerce," can soften the harshest tale? The real honour and interest of this country is a policy of even justice, moderation, and peace, in all parts of the world, to all races alike. It is quite strong enough and brave enough to live without national "affairs of honour." All Englishmen have a right to see this policy carried out. They are not to be bullied or ridiculed out of any honest criticism of public affairs. If they go to war, they will "know the reason why." They will not

bear to be told that to do this is to be a factious citizen and a bad patriot. They are not to be cajoled into silence like deputies in France by the glib creatures of a government.

We shall not, therefore, be deterred from gravely considering both the origin and the object of this new war either by the well-worn sophism that it is too late to recede, or by impudent charges of want of patriotism; and, accordingly, we shall proceed calmly to narrate the facts connected with our latest "operations" in the East.

On the 14th of September 1862 three English merchants and a lady were riding along the Tokaido, or high road, between Kanagawa and Yeddo, when they met the train of a great daimio escorting a person of rank travelling in a "norimon," or palanquin, who has since been ascertained to be the father of the Prince of Satsuma. The English party were within the limits (ten ri, or leagues) which the treaty sanctions as open to foreigners, nor does it appear that they gave the slightest intentional provocation to the native officers. The foremost of the daimio's retainers ran forward and waived them back by signs. Instead of turning back they halted, and desiring, as they said, to avoid a collision, drew up on the side of the road, and awaited the passing of the *cortège*. As it passed them, one or two of the officers near the "norimon" of the prince's father rushed upon the unarmed party, wounded two of them, and killed one of the name of Richardson. There can be no doubt that it was a cruel and unprovoked murder. The slaughter was accompanied by all the marks of Oriental ferocity. The rest of the party were suffered to escape. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that this act was only the latest in a long series of murderous attempts which the retainers of the leading daimios had for two years been making upon the English residents, and even on the British legation. But neither this nor any of the preceding crimes can be fairly charged upon the government or people of Japan, and they seem to be due exclusively to the lawless insolence of a few of the privileged class. Calmly to estimate the nature of the act, it is perhaps well to remember that by an ancient custom or punctilio in Japan (as explained to us by Sir Rutherford Alcock) it is held to be an extreme indignity for a person of rank to suffer himself to be passed by an inferior on horseback, and that a daimio invariably expects that those who meet him on the road shall dismount as a sign of respect. In Japan to ride past one is regarded "as an assumption of superiority," and a few only of the privileged classes are permitted to ride at all. This is perfectly well known to our countrymen. Our minister has drawn their attention to it, and in his book he tells us that no such *cortège*

is ever met by Englishmen on horseback without danger to life. This prejudice, quite intelligible to us if we remember our own mediæval extravagances, does something to explain, though little to excuse, what was undoubtedly a wanton murder. It instantly threw the European community into natural terror and indignation, and they pressed for summary execution on the prince's escort. The British envoy very properly demanded redress from the government of the Tycoon. That government expressed regret, promised the punishment of the murderers, and even proceeded to make a new road from Yeddo to Kanagawa, to avoid in future collisions with the daimios. It soon came out that the authorities of Yeddo were quite unable to arrest the real murderers, who were retainers of the Prince of Satsuma, a distant, powerful, and almost independent noble. Accordingly, at the close of the year 1862, Lord Russell directed our envoy, Colonel Neale, in the first place, to ask as reparation from the Japanese government an ample and formal apology and the payment of 100,000*l.*; and in the second place to demand from the Prince of Satsuma (a double or rather triple satisfaction) the immediate trial and capital execution in presence of British officers of the chief perpetrators of the offence, and the payment of 25,000*l.* Refusal on the part of the Japanese government was to be followed by measures of reprisal or blockade; should the prince refuse this demand, the admiral is directed either to blockade his port or to *shell his residence*, and to seize his European steam-ships. The Japanese government on their part at once complied with the demand, paid over the enormous sum of 100,000*l.*, or nearly 440,000 Mexican dollars, and tendered a letter of apology, which was considered by Colonel Neale as adequate satisfaction. Thus far the Japanese government, and therefore the Japanese people, having satisfied our claims, were according to the law of nations wholly clear of any liability in the matter.

Here, according to the rules of international law, the matter was bound to rest; but, by some anomalous process yet to be explained, in obedience to the orders of Lord Russell, the British envoy proceeded to deal with the Prince of Satsuma, and for that purpose sailed with a fleet of seven ships to Kagosima, the chief city and port of his territories, and arrived there on the 11th of August. It has been pretended that this expedition was undertaken with the sanction, and almost the authority, of the Japanese government. All we know is, that the distracted council of the Tycoon urged that it might be delayed, "owing to the unsettled state of our empire, which you witness and hear of;" and that an attempt to get an imperial official to accompany the British fleet was met only with eva-

sive promises. On arriving at Kagosima, Colonel Neale demanded from the prince the immediate execution of the chief authors of the outrage (*i.e.* of his own father), and the payment of 25,000*l.* Communications were received from the prince's ministers, and they were threatened with immediate hostilities. In return they proposed negotiations, denied the authority of the treaty, and questioned the legality of the Tycoon's concessions. At daybreak of the 15th, active operations commenced. Five ships of the squadron were despatched to seize the steamships of the prince, which were anchored in a bay out of sight, seven or eight miles from the town. The steamers were accordingly seized, and being lashed to the ships of the fleet they all again returned to the town and anchored under the guns of the forts. At noon, "suddenly and unexpectedly"—the admiral relates—the forts opened fire upon the ships; the admiral at once burnt his prizes, and commenced a regular engagement. Passing with his ships along the whole line of forts, which appear to have lined the bay, he poured for several hours shot and shell into the forts and town. The results of the first day's attack, besides the destruction of the three steamers seized, were the partial disabling of the forts, the burning of five large junks, a very extensive arsenal and foundry, together with large storehouses adjoining, and the setting fire in many places to the city of Kagosima, which burned fiercely all night. On the morning of the 16th the engagement was renewed; a fresh anchorage was taken up; shot and shell were again poured upon the batteries and town; and advantage of the occasion was taken, the admiral relates, to shell the batteries not previously engaged, and "the palace of the prince in Kagosima." The result of these "operations" is thus summed up in the despatch of the admiral: "The disabling of many guns, explosion of magazines, and other serious damage to the principal batteries; the destruction by fire of the three steamers and five large junks before mentioned, *the whole of the town of Kagosima and palace of the prince*, together with the large arsenal and gun-factory and adjacent storehouses; added to which may be noticed the injury to many of the junks lying in the inner harbour, caused by explosion of shells which may have passed over the batteries. The conflagration thus created continued with unabated ardour up to the time of the departure of the squadron, forty-eight hours subsequently to the first attack." Peace to the manes of the avenged Richardson!

ὡς οἱ γ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἑκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.

"Having thus accomplished every act of retribution and punishment within the scope of the operations of a small naval force,"

the admiral returned to Yokohama, and has only "to point out to their lordships the zealous and efficient," &c. &c. Various promotions follow. Colonel Neale is presented with the Bath, and the admiral duly thanked.

On the first receipt of these news at home, a thrill of pain passed through us, "creditable" indeed, we are told, to the "morality of the nation," but of course utterly ignorant and irrational. It becomes necessary, therefore, calmly and strictly to examine whether this was a legitimate act in full accordance with the laws of war, or was a cruel and unjustifiable outrage.

Noisy attempts have been made to stifle discussion by stock claptrap about the "humanity of our gallant seamen;" about "condemning absent men unheard;" and "judging from imperfect information." The truth is, our information is most exact, and the various officials concerned have told us their own story with a minuteness which makes subsequent explanation equally unnecessary and impossible. In the first place, not a doubt can exist about the actual destruction of the whole town of Kagosima. "His capital is in ashes," writes Colonel Neale. "The admiral has reasonable ground for believing that the entire town of Kagosima is now a mass of ruins." And again he speaks of the destruction by fire of the "whole of the town of Kagosima, and palace of the prince." Nor can there be any reasonable doubt how this conflagration was caused. A correspondent of the *Japan Commercial News*, an eye-witness, tells us (*Times*, Oct. 29) of two ships, the *Argus* and *Coquette*, which

"continued firing on the town, and a battery to the left of it. The Race-horse floated about half-past five; the Coquette and Havoc continued shelling the town until dark. The town took fire shortly after the engagement commenced, and as a matter of course burnt furiously. The Havoc also set fire to five immense junks moored off some factories. As they burnt they drifted on shore, setting fire to the factories also. Towards night the wind had increased to a gale, and at ten o'clock, when the fire was at its height, its extent was over a mile in length. Its breadth, which must have been considerable, could not be correctly ascertained owing to our being so far off. The destruction of property must have been tremendous. . . . On Sunday morning (the 16th) the town and factories were still burning. At half-past two p.m. the fleet weighed again, and proceeding under full speed, commenced shelling the batteries and town, as we passed them, at long ranges. The town again took fire further to westward."

Another eye-witness (*Times*, Oct. 29) speaks of the firing with shot and shell: "*firing shell at Satsuma's house and town; . . . observed the town still burning, and at the distance of twelve or fourteen miles could still see great volumes of smoke.*"

Admiral Kuper himself tells us of his shelling the palace of the prince in the town ; of the destruction caused to the port by shells flying over the batteries ; and speaks on several occasions, even with pride, of the total destruction of the town. We have thus the most ample proof that an English fleet has deliberately shelled and burnt to ashes an immense town ; that the bombardment was continued for many hours, and renewed on the second day, until not a vestige of the city remained. And after this they dare to talk of it glibly as an "accident," and to tell us of the occurrence of a storm. This really exceeds the impudence of a "talking minister." Fortunately we are not sunk so low that we need expose all the wriggling of official mendacity ; but if any man yet doubts that the burning of that town was the deliberate purpose or certain result of the act of the British admiral, he should read the following extract from the memorandum of Colonel Neale. The British and the Japanese envoy are discussing their respective claims when the admiral (by what authority does not appear) breaks in in the following bluff manner :

"*Admiral Kuper.* The settlement of this matter can no longer be delayed. Kagosima is at my mercy ; hostilities once commenced, your town would be destroyed, and I shall stop your trade both here and at the Loo-chew islands. . . . You must remember that we are one of the first nations of the world, who, instead of meeting civilised people as you think yourselves, in reality encounter barbarians."

Such is the dignified and refined style in which an English admiral undertakes to represent the majesty of England. There spoke the spirit of arrogance which has so often disgraced the British flag. Such is the language which Admiral Kuper may think grand and proper in the Eastern seas ; but which we can tell him is only used in Europe by Menschikoffs at Constantinople, and belongs, whether in Europe or in Asia, to the ready instruments of oppression.

We have as yet taken little notice of the miserable pretext that the admiral was acting only in self-defence, and was simply resisting an unprovoked attack. The truth is that, whether with good cause or without it, with orders or not, he was committing as flagrant an act of war as one power can offer to another. He sails to a port, where he has no right by treaty or otherwise to appear, with seven ships of war, and lies for a whole day within range of armed forts, expecting to be fired on, and waiting for the first shot ; he then seizes the prince's ships in a bay eight miles off, returns with them lashed to his own, and lies under the guns of the forts ; and he tells us, with some surprise and almost indignation, that he

was "suddenly and unexpectedly" fired upon. If a French fleet, as has been already said, was with a hostile summons to force its way into Portsmouth, and there seize several of the Queen's ships at Spithead, return with the prizes, and lie under the forts of the arsenal ready for action, it would be a strange perversion of language to assert that they had not "commenced hostilities." It is hence futile to pretend that the British fleet was only executing a simple act of police, and that the whole subsequent calamity is due only to the unprovoked aggression of the Japanese. The whole act is one single transaction. The language of the admiral, "that the whole city would be destroyed;" the hostile attitude of the fleet before a place bristling with forts; the systematic bombardment of the town for two days; the orders of the Foreign Minister to *shell the residence of the prince*, which is not a *castle*, as they now pretend, so that the act ordered was in itself an outrage unknown in civilised war,—are all proof that it was determined to take some tremendous and signal act of vengeance.

Again we are told that this act of Oriental retribution was simply a legitimate consequence of the law of reprisals, and we must weigh for a moment even this preposterous pretext. It is undoubtedly true that a right to exact by force redress for injuries received belongs to every community, and is occasionally exercised with useful effect. But the very essence of reprisals is, that they should be a reasonable equivalent for the loss sustained, and should be resorted to only on obstinate refusal to comply with just demands. Simple retaliation is scouted now from the practice of nations. Reprisals mean only the seizure or destruction of an enemy's property as a means of enforcing a claim, when that claim has been rejected or denied. If the English fleet had simply seized the prince's steamers and detained them as a pledge, it would have been, *had he been an independent prince*, a legitimate act of reprisal. But we have throughout treated the Japanese prince as a subject of the Tycoon; we chose to make demands on the Tycoon and to hold him responsible. We made our demands and they were satisfied, and our right to reprisals is gone. It is not enough to say that the money indemnity was inadequate. It was all we had asked of the Tycoon. There is nothing to show that, had we insisted on it, we might not have forced him to still larger concessions. The seizure of the steamers and the destruction of the city is one single transaction. It is one of open war—undeclared but deliberate war. It will be hard to show that the burning of a town, and probably a large portion of its inhabitants, is no more than a reasonable equivalent for the murder

of a single man, for whose death an immense compensation has already been demanded and paid, and a national apology offered and accepted.

But a curious question arises when we ask *against whom* were these reprisals directed? Clearly not against the Japanese people or government, for they had already complied with our demands. National satisfaction had been given, and the uttermost farthing paid. Against a private Japanese subject? But reprisals are not taken by states against individuals as such. And if they had chosen, by some unheard-of process, thus to execute municipal justice on a powerful offender, by what right did they visit wholesale retribution on a mass of his unoffending fellow-subjects, whom we know to have had no part in his offence? The Japanese, as a people, had paid heavily in honour and money for the crime of the prince. Grant that we had a right still further to bring him to justice, does that justify an act of aggression which can only end, as the admiral truly foretells, in the burning of a city of 150,000 inhabitants? We have a grievance against a friendly sovereign for which we claim a specified redress. Having obtained this, we proceed to exact a further redress from one of his subjects for ourselves; and to do this, we take a step which directly and inevitably leads to this wholesale massacre. It may please some persons to call this reprisals, but to us it appears an act of war on its most horrible scale, and with none of its recognised conditions.

In point of fact the attack on a city or a hostile demonstration before its forts can only for a moment be justified on the ground that the prince is an independent sovereign. But we have chosen throughout to regard him—it is our special grievance—as a subject of the Tycoon. But if he is an independent monarch, what right have we to visit the offence so heavily on the government of Yeddo, or to call on them, by threats, to punish him? And if he is an independent prince, what treaty-rights have we with him or his people? when did he ever recognise our right to touch the soil of Japan? How can we say that he or his dependents ever committed a barbarous murder when they were only fulfilling an existing law and an ancient custom of their country? If we claim under the treaty, we can have no private wars with the subjects of the Tycoon. If we make a public enemy of the prince, we are simply invaders of his territories. We cannot set up the treaty to give us rights, and put it aside where it limits our remedies. We cannot at once regard the Japanese as a highly organised nation, familiar with the full requirements of modern diplomacy, and at the same time treat them as barbarous

tribes, to be overawed by horrible acts of wild justice. Which are we to choose to set up—the rule of force, by which nations have held in check incorrigible savages, or the nice rules of law by which we communicate with our civilised neighbours? We cannot adopt both at once, unless we wish to eke out the lawlessness of mere might by the craft of diplomatic refinements.

It requires quite an unusual effort of imagination to realise the effect of a conflagration such as this. Kagosima is reported to contain a population of 150,000, or, according to others, of 180,000, souls, densely packed in wooden houses with paper partitions, as we know is the custom in Japan. In a town like this there must have been, doubtless, something like 30,000 children, at least 5000 sick, and 2000 or 3000 helpless mothers. Let us, if it is not too horrible an effort, conceive for one moment the condition of such a people, when, without an hour's warning, it began to rain down upon them shot and shell, with the tremendous weapons of our arsenals bursting through their fragile walls and roofs, a furious conflagration raging at all points at once, and wrapping a vast city many miles in extent in one sheet of flame;—let us imagine the confusion and the agony of those two days of death, the shrieks of torture, the hideous sights of blood, the stench of burning flesh, the unutterable horrors ever increased and accumulated by fresh streams of fire, the distracted wretches struggling for life—all that was dear to them, their homes, possessions, and sustenance, consumed before their eyes; the survivors left without food, houses, or implements, in helpless misery or starvation;—and we have a scene before us which, in its appalling horror, can only be matched by the tales of ancient atrocity,—the desolation of Jerusalem, or the capture of Babylon.

And there are men found to tell us that this accumulated suffering is only a natural incident of war, and to taunt as "humanitarians" those who venture to doubt it. They have ready commonplaces about the "uncertain lot of war," and the "innocent always suffering for the guilty," and "war being at best a rough kind of justice," and all the pitiful cant of pitiless indifference. Yet when was it ever known in Europe to be the practice of civilised nations deliberately to destroy noncombatants by wholesale, to bombard a vast city without warning, and to burn down the capital of a prince without so much as a declaration of war? We all know that such an enormity has never been heard of in Europe for centuries. Even the worst fury of a tyrant, maddened by obstinate rebellion, has never gone to the length of this immense wickedness. If there is one rule in modern warfare more sacred than

another, it is, that intentionally to attack noncombatants, indiscriminately to destroy the unresisting, or wantonly to desolate a country, is unworthy of civilised men. In the last great wars of Europe, city after city was taken, often after desperate resistance, yet this one rule has scarcely ever been broken. In the most desperate struggles of recent revolutionary wars every effort has been made to spare at least the women and children, to commit no wanton destruction of life or property, and to fight only with men as men. The fiercest passions of party have never goaded men into wholesale massacre of the helpless.

We all know how King Bomba earned and kept his name; but there the whole town was in obstinate revolt, and every creature in it a rebel. We know what a stain rests on English arms for the bombardment of Dieppe at the close of the seventeenth century, so eloquently condemned by Macaulay, and for the burning of the Washington Government House at the beginning of this. We all know the notice given by General Gilmore before he threw a shell into Charleston, and the execration with which we thought fit to visit the act. In the Crimean war, "humanitarianism," as it was called, abstained from destroying Odessa in spite of "bestiarism," which clamoured for its destruction. Napoleon never shelled Vienna or Berlin, nor did the Allies burn down Paris. Indeed, in Europe the tenth part of the destruction we have caused at Kagosima would be visited as a barbarous outrage. Its full parallel can scarcely be conceived. What if for an Englishman killed in the streets of Paris or Turin, a British fleet had, without declaration of war, and without warning, deliberately laid Bordeaux or Naples "in a heap of ashes"? What a shock of horror would have run through Europe! Yet this is what we have done, and they tell us with a laugh or a sneer that it is "the common fortune of war."

It is perhaps true, that the rules of war do not so clearly define as they should the conditions on which the bombardment of a city is lawful. Doubtless where city and fort are one, where the town is the mere adjunct of the fortress, after full and adequate notice given, and every opportunity afforded for the withdrawal of noncombatants and their effects, some sanction can be found in the jurists for the destruction of a town. But the practice of civilised nations in Europe is always somewhat in advance of the rules of the legists. And there is no sort of evidence that the practice of European warfare, even remotely, sanctions the destruction of a city, deliberately planned without any of the humane precautions of modern custom, and with the simple object of destruction or terrorism. The city, in this case, is of

immense extent; the forts are recent and hasty shore-batteries. The admiral had previously contemplated the destruction of the town; he gave no formal warning of a bombardment, or any time for withdrawal, and he boasts of it as a principal result of the affair. This it is which is the *gravamen* of the charge. It is that the act aimed at, and is vaunted as, a direct destruction of noncombatants and private property, and professes to be a signal act of vengeance. These "operations," therefore, to use the appropriate nondescript word of the admiral, are not legitimate acts of war. They belong to the barbarous code of mere retaliation, and altogether pass out of the code of international law.

No doubt it is true, as they tell us, that by the usages of all civilised nations a people is held collectively responsible to others, governments deal directly with governments, and the innocent must often suffer for the acts of their rulers. But this wise and humane rule has been introduced simply to put down indiscriminate retaliation between the citizens of different countries, and because, when we deal with governments or nations as nationally responsible, we trust to the effect of law, of order, of opinion and common interest. Europe would again be delivered over to feudal anarchy if each state were to insist on its separate wars and its special reprisals upon separate provinces, single individuals, or subordinate rulers of the nation. We have visited on the people and the city of Prince Satsuma a terrible penalty, lawful and excusable only on the assumption that they form a separate community; that we have a good ground of war against them as a nation; that we have warned them, treated with them, and made demands of them specially as a separate nation, which they as a separate nation have thoroughly understood, and collectively rejected, solemnly accepting all their consequences. But the people of Kagosima, if a responsible, and therefore if an independent, people, had never heard of our existence, neither knew us, recognised us, nor understood our demands, and had never dealt with us through a recognised government, or nationally given us a ground of offence. In short, this great act of violence which has ended in an appalling massacre rests only on a strange medley of right and might, and can be justified only by alternately claiming and rejecting the rules of civilised war. It is not an act of legitimate reprisals, because it is simply war in its most tremendous form. It is not civilised hostilities, because it violates all the usages though it claims some of the privileges of regular war. It is not lawful war, because it is without a good cause of war and the recognised conditions of war. It is an act far exceeding the legitimate limits of rea-

sonable redress. It is utterly disproportioned to the offence. It is without plea of useful purpose or prospect of immediate advantage. In a word, it is a simple act of ruthless terrorism, deliberately planned to overawe a people upon whom we have forced ourselves by arms.

In what we have hitherto said we have been arguing upon the assumption that the rules of international law, as understood and practised in Europe, are applicable to our dealings with the people of Japan; and we believe that we have shown that these rules have been alternately appealed to, or trampled upon, as it suited our convenience. But it is a favourite argument with some writers, and indeed seems the secret opinion of our ministers, that it is alike preposterous and impossible to apply to the Japanese the conventional principles of Western diplomacy. But if we cannot consistently apply to them the practices of European nations, what is the meaning of the solemn formalities of the treaty, and the ratification, and the plenipotentiaries; matters, as they tell us, "so difficult for the Eastern mind to understand"? Why do we insist so keenly upon treaty-rights, which presuppose an intelligent, educated, and thoroughly-informed public, and long habits of settled intercourse with foreigners? With what justice do we insist on the strictest interpretation of the privileges of ambassadors, and the sanctity of the national representative, from a people to whom the mere idea of a stranger is an anomaly? How can we enforce the letter of our international code, which rests upon the undisputed authority of governments, against a people and a government so disorganised that we have to carry on private wars with its subordinates? No doubt it is impossible and preposterous rigidly to carry out the rules of European systems of law in dealing with a people so peculiar; but it would be monstrous if that were taken to mean that, whilst we exact from them all the rights which this law gives us against our best-known civilised neighbours, we are to reject the restrictions which it imposes on us in pursuing our ends. The safeguards which public law has erected against the unjust demands of the strong are the very foundation of peace in Europe. It is most perilous to set them aside. Or if it must be done at all, it must be done in a spirit of wide forbearance, with a determination to substitute far broader principles of natural right, and to look at the whole position and circumstances of the weaker and less-civilised race with whom we deal. One thing only can justify us in breaking through the trammels of recognised law in the East. It is, that we voluntarily subject ourselves to a law on the whole more favourable to the people with whom we have to do. It is the very chicanery of oppression

to appeal to law when it serves our turn, and to violate it when it stands in our way. Yet this is what our course has been in the whole of this affair of retribution. We have set the sanctity of the lives of our citizens at a point which we never could have maintained in Naples or in Turkey, against a nation so disturbed that we have ourselves to execute wild justice on private criminals. We have exacted all that law would give us for a similar case in Europe, and then have proceeded to a vengeance terrific even for Asia. We have stood upon treaty-rights with a jealousy which we fear to display in America, and enforce them with the desperate violence which men use towards incorrigible savages. "An ingenious nation," we call them when we are haggling over tariffs. "Treacherous barbarians," we call them when we are threatening their cities with bombs. What is this use of the technicalities of law but the masking of force by fraud; measuring out to them the responsibilities, but stripping them of the protection, of our conventional system? It is an old story. The Romans always had a "*fecialis*" outraged, or "*mercatores*" murdered, when they wanted a new province. The Spaniards and Dutch made treaties with the tribes they desired to kidnap. The Russians are great in treaties and their perfidious violation by the Turks. Lawyers and diplomatists have ever led the advance of a strong people upon a weak. Not that we crave provinces or states; our object is simply trade. Trade honestly, if it may be; trade peacefully, if possible,—but in any case trade. The end is not quite the same, but the process is fearfully like. As the Romans in the Old World, as the Spaniards, Dutch, and Russians used to do in the old days of legalised rapine, we have been doing in these days of commercial enlightenment; and the spirit in which we condemn the crafty injustice of Russia is that in which Europe detests the unscrupulous commerce of England.

So far, indeed, have we been from using in Japan the fair equivalent for European usages, that if we transferred the scene of these events nearer home, we should be penetrated with horror. Let us endeavour to draw a fair parallel to the transaction as a whole. We can suppose that Russia, anxious to increase her intercourse with Turkey, had suddenly appeared with a fleet before Constantinople at the moment of some signal triumph over Asiatic races, just as fleets from the four other Powers were on their way for a similar object. Assume that the Sultan's ministers, bewildered by the joint action of five superior powers at once, had, of course without the knowledge or sanction of any but themselves, granted to the Russian envoy a treaty with such remarkable readiness that ten days after his appearance he was enabled to return to complete his inter-

rupted campaign. Let us suppose that this treaty gave to all Russians rights of intercourse in various parts of Turkey, which not only had never been granted for three centuries, but which overthrew some of the most cherished laws and prejudices of the Ottoman empire. It would follow that the Old Turk party, recovering from the terror or weakness of the moment, repudiated the treaty; which turned out never to have been signed or recognised by the Sultan at all, and threatened the very existence of the government and dynasty of the Porte; that, in spite of every entreaty and warning, the Czar insisted on the rights of his hurried and still imperfect treaty, and forced his strange subjects into various parts of the Sultan's dominions, where they naturally conducted themselves with true Muscovite contempt of the Turk. Let us suppose that the consequence of a sudden and new trade showed itself speedily in the utter derangement of the whole monetary system, and the paralysis of all the markets of the empire, leading, as they slowly learned the social revolution which was approaching, to bitter opposition and chronic rebellion amongst the descendants of Seljouk. Imagine further that the Muscovite traders were not only the authors, in the eyes of the Old Turk party, of the break up of their ancient system, but daily exposed them to undesigned indignities, which it is death to a Mussulman to endure. It would not be difficult to suppose that a Russian subject might have been in some part of the kingdom attacked and killed by the retainers of some powerful pasha, who was being subjected to one of the bitterest humiliations known to his peculiar code of honour. The Russian fleet might easily appear again before the walls of Constantinople, and as easily wring from the helpless vizier an enormous indemnity in money and an ample apology for the deed; but perhaps the Byzantine ministers might plead with truth the utter impossibility of reaching the pasha himself. It might turn out that the pasha in question had an army of 50,000 men, acknowledged no lord but the Viceroy of Egypt, and repudiated the pretended treaty as a nullity and a fraud. Doubtless it would be quite in Russian traditions to call mankind to witness the infraction of a solemn treaty, to quote Vattel and Grotius, to denounce the ferocity of the arrogant Turk, and the oppressive pride of the whole race of pashas. We can all realise the indignant protests of the Gazette of St. Petersburg, its outcries against Oriental corruption, and its appeal to a benevolent Czar to support the cause of "civilisation" and "freedom."

We are all familiar enough with the hypocritical jargon about "purging the earth of an effete tyranny," and "opening a blighted land to commerce," and "vindicating the security of our country-

men," with which the official press would have prepared the way for some great act of terrorism which was to make the East ring with the name of Russia. We can watch the Russian Menschikoff, having wrung what he could from the Porte at Constantinople, sail off to teach the murderous pasha humanity,—it might be at Smyrna, or perhaps at Beyrout, wherever his chief possessions lay. And when, after sailing in order of battle under his forts, and seizing three ships before his eyes, he had bombarded a crowded town for two days, reduced it to ashes, and raised a conflagration which had reddened for leagues the waters of the Mediterranean sea, and thus, almost without a word of warning, or a trace of pity, consigned to the most horrible of deaths a great part of a population of 150,000 souls,—women and children, the sick and the infirm,—we all know with what eager pride he would have written home to his master the tale of this accumulated ruin; how careful he would have been to show how thoroughly his work was done, and how vast a conflagration had ensued. We all know how the Czar would have promoted to honour his dauntless officers; how the Muscovite pride would have gloated over the exploit of their arms; how the Muscovite press would have alternately boasted and lied; how Europe would have rung with indignation, and future ages judged such wanton and enormous crime.

We have, indeed, only to draw some such parallel as this—and the case which we have taken is by many degrees far weaker than the real—to see how little we should admit, as legitimate defence for such an act of cruelty, technical or legal subtleties. We should instantly require the deed to be judged by more general principles of right. We should not think of so narrowly applying the full code of international law in the case of states much nearer and more civilised than Japan. If at this moment British subjects, travelling, however lawfully and innocently, on business through the disturbed districts of Calabria, or the unsettled western territories of America, met their death by private violence, we should feel that they were going there at their own risk, and the whole power of Britain was not to be invoked to protect them, however reckless their hazard. How many Englishmen have been seized or murdered in the confusion of the great American war, and in various parts of the Turkish dominions! Continual outrage rouses our government at length to action, and both Turk or American, Russian or Italian, governments would be held answerable for repeated acts of injury. Still in no case should we proceed to the lengths of first exacting heavy penalties from them, and then proceeding to execute municipal justice, or rather lynch law, for ourselves, by burning down Naples or New Orleans, Odessa or Pera.

This brings us back in fact to the original question of our position in Japan, and the real nature of the treaty. It was in

1853 that the first treaty—the American—was concluded by means of “the moral pressure,” as Sir R. Alcock jocosely styles it, of Commodore Perry’s squadron. From that period various European nations—English, French, Dutch, and Russians—have been struggling to outstrip each other in obtaining treaties of commerce. Our late minister, in his very frank work, assures us that no single Japanese was ever sincere in conceding these treaties voluntarily. They were all, he tells us, yielded to terror as an expedient for gaining time. Our own treaty was the result of our latest Chinese war. The bombardment of Canton had struck a very natural terror into the minds of the Japanese statesmen. Suddenly, in the midst of the campaign, Lord Elgin appeared at Yeddo with a British fleet. He was desired to withdraw from the capital; a summons he directly refused to comply with. The day after his arrival he forwarded the draft of a treaty. Within a fortnight it was finally signed. The first discussions began on the 19th of the month, and on the 23rd they were concluded. So readily “the work of three centuries was undone.” A minister was sent out to reside at Yeddo, a very clear-sighted and frank gentleman, who deceived neither others nor himself. He perfectly realised the situation: “Treaties extorted by force,” he says, “can only, as a general rule, be maintained by the same means.”

It is of course obvious that this treaty, to which we so solemnly appeal, was a treaty only in name. In reality it was an order imposed by force. It was as much a friendly treaty as the terms which Napoleon exacted at Madrid or Vienna were spontaneous concessions. Sir Rutherford Alcock throughout speaks of it as won simply by power, and is frankly satirical about its origin “in moral force.” Admiral Sir James Hope still more candidly speaks of the government of Japan, “regretting the intercourse into which it has been entrapped.” Our late minister, in his valuable work, has explained to us at last something of the working of the Japanese constitution. It is now admitted by all that the Mikado is the only acknowledged chief of the state—that all great changes of state require his sanction—that some of the greater princes hold themselves independent and the equals of the Tycoon; that the ministry with whom we deal are of a lower class, and are responsible to a great aristocratic council, without whose sanction no act of state is valid. It is perfectly notorious that our pretended treaty is defective in all these respects. It has never been accepted by the Mikado, the only sovereign of Japan, nor by the great council, nor even acknowledged by the great mass of the nobles. It was knocked up in three days under the guns of an English fleet, and signed by a body of subordinate officials. It was no doubt ratified by the Tycoon, but we are quite in the dark how far his authority extends. It is as truly a treaty of friendship as an alliance would

be into which the trembling officials of the Porte had been forced by the appearance of a Russian fleet off the Golden Horn. Nor was this treaty an affair of detail. We loudly assert that it is to revolutionise the whole social system of Japan, that it undoes the work of three centuries of jealous government, and must necessarily overthrow the position of the daimios. It is a treaty, moreover, which gives us privileges, and guarantees concessions, such as would be rejected as extravagant in Europe. It affects to override fundamental and yet unrepealed laws of Japan, and maintains the extreme principle of "extra-territoriality;" and imposes obligations as to coinage, tariffs, and duties such as the smallest European people could not listen to with honour. The authors of this "treaty of friendship" might well boast that it contained very "favourable terms." It would be a very much less thing to demand of the Pope the use of St. Peter's for Protestant missionaries, and to proclaim the unrestricted freedom of the press. And yet they have the effrontery to appeal to the treaty as the most formal and sacred of national obligations.

It was, indeed, precisely what we might expect,—that a treaty yielded to fear, incomplete in its authority, and so formidable in its effects, should be regarded by the great body of the daimios—the real ruling power in Japan—with the bitterest opposition. Sir James Hope from the first wrote home to tell us that there never was any party favourable to foreign intercourse. Sir Rutherford Alcock doubts if a single Japanese of rank sincerely desires the renewal of relations without. In point of fact, we all went there from the first conscious that our position in Japan was only to be maintained, as it had been won, by force. The result fully justified all these forebodings. Constant assassinations, threats, and attempts at violence have somewhat broken the spell of our first rosewater experiences. No one for a moment can think of defending the ferocity and duplicity which the daimio class has displayed; it reminds one almost of the Scottish nobility of the reigns of the Stuarts. But before we give vent to invectives against the "barbarous murders," the "treacherous plots," and the "ferocious insolence" of these Japanese princes, it would be far more rational to look at their acts with a little more intelligence and common sense. It is always ridiculous to apply to all ages and societies the ethical standard of our own. Now Europeans in Japan can only be regarded by the natives with some such feelings as the Saracens or Turks were regarded in the later Middle Ages in Europe, before closer intercourse had made them familiar to us, or the traditions of the Crusades were forgotten. Our treaty obligations are looked on much as the treaty obligations extorted by the Sultan would have been regarded by Englishmen of the fifteenth century. The social system of Japan has been often compared to feudalism. Though feudalism proper

is of course not possible there, the position and ideas of the Japanese daimio are sufficiently like those of the English or Scotch baron of the Middle Ages to make the comparison of use. Now if, under the disturbed rule of the later Plantagenets in England, or the later Stuarts in Scotland, "turbaned Turks" had acquired by "moral force" the rights of traversing various parts of the kingdom with the avowed intention of "introducing the blessings of Mahometanism," assumed the most cherished privileges of knights and nobles, and paraded their Eastern habits and manners under the eyes of indignant gentlemen, we may be tolerably confident that "affairs of arms," and "quick work with the infidel dog," and roadside brawls, would have been common enough among the feudal retainers, and rather applauded than condemned by the people. These outrages would have been acts of religion and patriotism in those days. They would be judged by us as the natural results of a low civilisation and a vicious system. We could make some allowance for such ignorant fanaticism, but should be fools to put it down to incorrigible malignity.

If we are to insist upon carrying out at once our rights by treaty, it behoves us fairly to weigh the nature of the undertaking. However feeble the central authority may find itself, there is not the smallest ground for supposing that there is a party favourable to our progress. The presence of the foreigner will only band together more closely the great princes in defence of their country and order. We know they are not wholly incapable of resistance. We know that they possess armies of something like 300,000 men, trained to European tactics, skilled in the use of all sorts of weapons. We know that they have excellent guns, enormous resources of ammunition, and very respectable forts. Satsuma asserts, and it now is whispered with truth, that his *forts*, mounting eighty-one guns—though not his paper city—sustained a not unequal contest with an English fleet. We know that for three years the great princes have been preparing for defence, have covered the island with forts, exercised their troops incessantly, and amassed immense stores of material of war. We know that these thirty millions of people are ingenious and laborious, almost beyond any known race, and have the means of rivalling Europeans in almost every process of industry. Every observer returns to us with tales of their unbounded resources. We have no reason to doubt that they will stand fairly in fight. We may hence conclude that a war undertaken with Japan is a far more formidable affair than any of our wars in China, perhaps than our wars in India. By all accounts, they are a race as warlike as the people of the Punjab, with vastly superior organisation and skill. All this is no reason whatever for believing that England could not ultimately overcome them, or for declining a contest which honour demands. But it proves to us that a war with Japan is a very serious

undertaking, is not likely to be short or to be easy, or to be uncostly. It will break out again and again, will be very desperate and very difficult to end. We are very much mistaken if we think that burning a few more cities, and shelling a few palaces, will overawe that haughty race. The fires of Kagosima seem only to have aroused their pride and patriotism. Hecatombs of victims must fall before our "prestige" is quite triumphant. To subdue one prince after another will be a still more difficult attempt than formal war upon the nation. We shall have no authority with which to deal. We shall be involved in the very anarchy we have created. We shall have to proceed from one act of terrorism to another. To hold our ground we shall need to occupy territory, "temporarily" of course at first; one annexation will necessitate another. The civil war and confusion which our invasion creates will force it ever onwards. Fresh dangers from rebellion, as in China, may threaten us, and we shall have by desperate and irregular conflicts to sustain the very authority which we have violently destroyed.

And what is the end to be? If there is one thing which the nation has most distinctly and resolutely decided in this matter, it is that it will not be dragged into a fresh empire in the East. What we already have on our hands is sufficiently onerous to make every man of sense in this country shrink from blindly rushing into further conquests in the remotest seas of Asia. If there is a plea in which there is no trace of reservation, it is that our national objects are simply those of commercial and peaceful intercourse. But if we have no intention, no means, and perhaps no power, to create a new empire or substitute a fresh government, it is wanton folly to engage in a war which can only succeed by breaking up the existing social and political system of the country, and by effectually overawing the nation from whom we are to buy. To overawe a nation into submission may be a rational although an iniquitous course, in a people bent on extending and retaining their conquests. It is the stupidity of avarice in one bent on commercial intercourse. There is some sense in terrifying those whom you intend to coerce; there can be none in irritating those whom you have no means of overcoming. At the moment that we write it appears only too probable that a formidable coalition of daimios is prepared for every extremity of war. It will almost increase our difficulties if the Tycoon is indifferent or favourable to our operations. We shall then have several instead of one power to deal with, and shall be involved in a civil war along with a foreign invasion. Reckless journalists have talked some shallow bluster about our overthrowing this haughty aristocracy, and breaking up the effete social system of Japan. In plain words, we are to reheat there the scenes through which Europe and England passed, when *their* feudal aristocracy came to a violent end by a civil war; and we are to do this in the

interests of commerce, and for the development of industrial progress. It is strange political economy to hear that trade is supposed to flourish best in countries delivered over to civil convulsion. To break down the arrogance of the daimios, and to overawe them into submission to us and to the Tycoon, is simply to begin afresh what it has cost us two centuries to do in India, without the indispensable condition of founding an empire. As to maintaining the Tycoon, we might as well undertake to guarantee the Emperor of Austria or Mr. Lincoln against the consequences of rebellion. There is a very haughty and oppressive aristocracy in Russia, if we are for revolutionary propagandism *quand même*; and perhaps the Bey of Morocco would be glad of our aid against his insubordinate vassals. No doubt, after a great many paper cities are burnt down, and ten or twelve separate wars with native princes have been carried out, and various provinces in Japan are "temporarily" occupied, and the whole country handed over to rebellion, civil war, and confusion, as parts of China are at this moment, trade will be most thriving; the whole resources of the country will be brought out; the lives and characters of Englishmen will be beyond attack; and the cause of peace and civilisation will have a new start. Perhaps the rules of political economy are like those of morality, to be read backwards on the other side of the Cape. Possibly in the Antipodes commerce can only flourish under conditions of political convulsion and national animosities. We dare say that this is now the case in China. If so, our great end may be gained, and we may yet see cotton cargoes poured into still smoking cities. But in the mean time the process will be long and somewhat burdensome; and the nation has the right to know what it will cost both in money—and in blood.

In point of fact, we all know perfectly well that such phrases as the extension of civilisation and Christianity mean with us only commercial speculations. We use them when we are about to force a market, as the French do when they want a showy campaign. But, even commercially considered, these incessant wars to create new markets are, of course, the most barbarous absurdities. They serve the turn of a few trading classes who can press strongly on a feeble ministry, and of enterprising journalists whose trade is to find coarse stimulants for the national vanity. But, of course, for all that they produce in solid advantage to the nation as a whole, the nation pays ten times over in money, credit, and peace. Vast new markets mean only reckless speculation, and speculation soon ends in collapse of trade. Forced markets mean an unnatural trade; and spasmodic adventures infallibly end in a reaction. Indeed, the whole system of trade by the bayonet is as ruinous in economy as it is wicked in morality. We have seen the whole course over and over again in China with sickening regularity—

unscrupulous commerce, incessant imbroglíos, periodical wars, factitious trade, glut of the market, and a general spirit of gambling lawlessness which lowers the moral tone of our traders, colonists, politicians, and press.

After all, beneath all matters of detail, of reprisals, or treaty, lies the great general question—the principle of our relations to the people of the East. Men are often found quite willing to admit the injustice of our conduct, quite awake to the sufferings it occasions, and yet deliberately to accept it as necessary, and in the long-run beneficial, to mankind. Our course, they say, neither in India, China, nor Japan has been strictly according to law or right. We shall and must commit acts of violence and even cruelty, and the stagnant races of Asia must pass through a long purgatory of confusion and misery before they are imbued with Western civilisation. We oppress them not a little, but we gradually teach them. Collisions must occur, and they will be bloody. The native systems must break up, and the issue will be confusion. We have “a manifest destiny” in the East—to carry there indirectly the blessings of commerce, science, and Christianity. It is impossible to be too nice about the process, but in the end the world will be the gainer.

Such has been the rhetoric of the filibuster in all places and times. It is the grand plea for slavery and even for the slave-trade. It deadens human nature in the Russian at Warsaw. It was the central lie of the Spanish Church in South America. It is the vaunt of Napoleon and all his imitators. There is no extremity of wickedness and selfishness which it will not cover. It turns a moderate man like Warren Hastings into a treacherous aggressor, and a merciful man like the Czar Alexander into a sanguinary tyrant. Does this rule, in fact, imply that there is no law, no limit whatever in the dealings of a superior power with an inferior? That, secure in the happy conviction of the ultimate advantage to the human race, a civilised people are absolved from conventional law and natural morality together—mercy, self-denial, and justice all at once? Does it mean that they are not to shrink before any conceivable cruelty or any possible suffering which the requirement of the time appears to sanction?

People are wont easily to solace themselves with the ready plea that being there we *must* go on, and that the process *must* be a painful one. But this excuse can come only out of simple indifference or simple helplessness. Only very heartless or very phlegmatic men can hear the perpetual tale of bloodshed, violence, and lynch law which marks our relations, both with China and Japan, without now and then wincing. Men who love their country cannot help asking themselves whether all this is absolutely inevitable. Has every thing been done to make our relations peaceful? Has

every care been taken to spare these races avoidable evils? Has our action throughout been the best we could devise for their welfare and the general good? Have we measured our dealings with them, our rights and duties, by the highest standard of morality which we know? If not, our professions of superiority are but the hypocrisy of ambition—the stalking-horse of our own selfish ends.

Tried by such tests, how does our position in Japan appear? It is a libel at once on our power and our enlightenment to tell us that it was impossible to carry on peaceful traffic with an industrial people like the Japanese, if we seriously tried, without war. We do not confine ourselves to trade. We proclaim and insist on the subversion of the whole Japanese system at once. We burst in, without the smallest moderation, on a very peculiar race of whom we are profoundly ignorant. We trample on their most inveterate habits without knowing how many scruples and prejudices we are wounding at once, and then wonder that collisions occur. We annihilate the privileges of a very ancient class, and then are surprised that they dislike us. We expect the Japanese to abandon their social system without any equivalent, and regard the uprooting it as a mere preliminary to trade. We force a great constitutional change on a nation, of whose laws and government we are so ignorant that we make treaties with the wrong official. Settlers spread over the land, of course the most adventurous and pushing of their class. Our blue-books are full of complaints of their unscrupulous restlessness. Our admirals and envoys are ever reporting their misconduct. But no sort of efficient control is ever exercised over them, though they are provided with so dangerous a privilege as that of "extra-territoriality," which they are practically permitted to interpret for themselves. At home our statesmen play out the detected farce of "the treaty of friendship," as though it were as real as our treaty with France. That treaty we well knew was equivalent to forcing the Japanese through a social and political revolution. Our minister comes home to explain to us that our position in Japan is simply that of invaders. He goes about to tell us to prepare for maintaining by force what we won by force; and he writes a very comprehensive book, the gist of which is, that we must get ready for an arduous and very obstinate war.

In the mean time, the nation has not yet sanctioned a war in Japan. Our ministers are quite aware of the serious consequences it would involve, and our people grow daily more doubtful of these Eastern "operations." Now and then a feeble minister, sore with constant rebuffs in the West, may plan some nervous show of "vigour" in the East; and a zealous captain, making the most of ambiguous despatches, may clutch at a little doubtful notoriety. But the nation, when it comes calmly to consider a portentous

act of destruction, will ask if it was for this that it went to make treaties with Japan; whether horrors like this can be indispensable to civilisation; whether a trade which brings periodic convulsions and chronic wars can be worth having; whether our goods are to be almost literally shot into foreign countries from the cannon's mouth; whether the massacre of an innocent population and the destruction of an industrial city is the only means of removing national prejudices and animosity. And when it answers these questions, we can trust that this nation will hold to the path of common sense and humanity, unmoved by any official mystification or the claptrap of inspired journals.

ART. XI.—THE STATE OF EUROPE.

Le Moniteur, 1863. (Emperor's Letter proposing the Congress.) Paris, 1863.

TRANQUILLITY can never be the lot of those who rule nations. Glory they may have; the praise of men; the approbation of their own consciences; the happiness which springs from the full occupation of every faculty and every hour; the intense interest with which dealing with great affairs vivifies the whole of existence; the supreme felicity of all allotted to men—that of feeling that they have lived the life and may die the death of the truest benefactors of their race. All these rewards they may aspire to; but *repose*, a sense of enduring security, comfortable and confident relaxation of nerve, attention and exertion, that conviction of “having attained,” of being safe in port, of every thing “being made snug,” which enables a man to say to his soul, “Soul! thou hast much peace laid up for many years: eat, drink, be merry, and sleep;”—these blessings are not for either sovereigns or statesmen, at least not for those of Europe in modern days. “A murmur of the restless deep” is ever at hand to disturb even the briefest slumber. No sooner is one war ended than another is begun. No sooner is one quarrel, which taxed the resources and menaced the existence of great nations, quenched in utter exhaustion or settled after infinite intrigue, than some little insignificant question—a cloud at first sight no bigger than a man's hand—arises in some other quarter, swells into unexpected magnitude, and threatens the direst results. Not a day passes which does not bring to the bureau of the minister for foreign affairs of every great state despatches pregnant with the fate of empires and of peoples,—inchoate “difficulties” which either slovenly neglect or judi-

cious culture may nurse into mighty conflicts. Sometimes it is an oppressed "nationality" whose cup of misery is full, and which can keep silence and endure no longer. Sometimes it is a second or third rate monarch who catches cold or falls from his horse, and dies *mal à propos*. Sometimes it is an intemperate sea-captain who insults our flag. Sometimes it is a savage tribe who murders our ambassador. Sometimes it is a weak and vain consul or envoy or *Chargé d'affaires*, who makes a mountain out of a molehill, and gets up a wholly gratuitous row of his own. Sometimes it is an over-active or over-forecasting sovereign, who drops a pungent expression to an ambassador, or makes a troublesome suggestion to his parliament, that originates the uneasiness and the storm. But what with Sir John Bowring and the *Arrow*; what with Captain Wilkes and the *Trent*; what with General Harney and the "Island of San Juan;" what with Sir Hamilton Seymour and the "sick man;" what with the King of Denmark's death, and the King of Greece's dismissal; what with Louis Napoleon's New-year's day words to the Austrian minister, and his Congress letter of a few years' later date,—there is no rest for the politician on this side of the grave.

Just now the appearance of the world is one of singular disturbance. It is a seething caldron. In the extreme West a civil war is raging with almost unexampled ferocity, and on a quite unexampled scale; a civil war with which, thank God, we have nothing to do except to watch it, to suffer from it, and to deplore it. In the extreme East a civil war appears imminent in Japan, of which we, if not the *causa causans*, are certainly the *causa sine quâ non*; and a civil war has raged for years in China, in which we have begun directly to take an active part. Greece has just got her new sovereign—who does not seem anxious to pay his predecessor's debts. Mexico is waiting for her new emperor; and the emperor appears to be waiting till she definitively knows her own mind, and wishes her to be off with old love before she is on with the new. The new King of Denmark seems likely to inherit a war by the same title by which he inherits a throne; and two of the great powers who guaranteed to him both his sceptre and his dominions are now marching hostile troops into a part of his territory, on a plea which no outside politician is at all able to comprehend. It seems by no means improbable that a European war may arise out of a local dispute so complicated as to defy unravelling, and to our eyes so comparatively unimportant as to make us even more impatient and indignant than we are alarmed. Italy still suffers from two irritating sores which forbid all political comfort or security; while the barbarities of

the Russian troops and officials in Poland have excited almost to the war-pitch the languid and dormant sympathies of Europe on behalf of that unfortunate and unsatisfactory race. And to crown the whole, the Emperor of the French, with his characteristically perverse sagacity, seizes the present moment to throw into the boiling pot one additional ingredient of perplexity and disturbance in the shape of a proposal for a European Congress to sit upon the agonising body and prescribe for the sick man.

It would be too much to ascribe to Louis Napoleon all the feverish unrest of the last fifteen years. But it is undeniable that since he ascended the presidential chair of France, Europe has enjoyed no repose whatever, and that in every single conflict or convulsion that has occurred, or been averted, he has had his share, and usually a principal share. It is certain that immediately after his accession to power his brain was teeming with a variety of projects all incompatible with the existing European arrangements, and that enough of these leaked out to induce that general increase of armaments which has pressed so heavily on the resources of every state, and probably had a great deal to do with the wars which have since taken place. The *coup d'état*, whatever opinion we may form as to the political sagacity and moral defensibility of that proceeding, unquestionably pointed out its author as a man who would scruple at no measures, however violent and sudden, for the attainment of his ends, and made it necessary, therefore, for every potentate against whom he might by possibility entertain hostile designs, to be in a far more forward state of preparation for all contingencies than would be needful where they had only to deal with ordinary men observant of ordinary rules and controlled by ordinary scruples. It must be conceded, too, though we hold Mr. Kinglake's theory as to the parentage of the Crimean war to be utterly extravagant and wild and in the teeth of acknowledged and notorious facts, that our dispute with Russia would assuredly not have culminated in a war had Louis Philippe, instead of Louis Napoleon, reigned at the Tuileries. The occupation of Rome by French troops has been one of the standing causes of European insecurity and uneasiness; and for the continuance of this occupation, though not for its origin, the Emperor is solely and distinctly responsible. The Italian war of 1859 was his own deliberate and spontaneous act; and though we hold it to have been a beneficent, if not strictly speaking a righteous, act, still it was a most revolutionary and perturbing one, and one the ultimate convulsing reverberations of which are not yet exhausted. Disgusted as we had long been with Mexican outrages and Mexican evasions,

we should never have undertaken the Mexican expedition without the instigation of Louis Napoleon; and to him alone is due the conversion of a wretched republic into a possibly great empire. The secession of the Southern States of America was a strictly domestic event, which lies neither at his door nor at ours; but it is entirely owing to our self-abnegation and recalcitrance that that secession has not long since ended in the separate establishment of a powerful slave state, of which half the responsibility would have been ours. If it had not been for his initiation and zealous urgency, it is probable that England would never have ventured to incur a diplomatic rebuff from Russia by interposition between the butcher and his victims; and it is quite certain that, if our interest and zeal in the matter had been equal to his, either Poland would ere now have been free, or we should have found ourselves engaged along with France in a second Russian war. Finally, scarcely any *pacific* proposal has ever created such universal uneasiness and alarm as the Emperor's suggestion of a Congress; and this proposal, with all its disturbing ideas and all its possible results, is attributable to him alone.

In truth, no man in recent times, with the single exception of his uncle, has ever exercised any thing like the same amount of *personal* influence over the current of the world's affairs. In former days, indeed, a great king, or a great minister, or sometimes even the mistress of a man in an arthritic position, was able to decide on peace or war, on the seizure or surrender of territories, on the happiness or the wretchedness of millions. In the more complicated politics and the more civilised times in which our lot is cast, these great issues usually lie in the hands of solemn assemblies, or the combination of events, or the working of that mighty but undefinable agency called public opinion. Where individual passion and individual will once guided and fashioned our courses, these are now determined by national sentiment and national resources. To know what is likely to happen we are wont to study the relations, the feelings, and the capabilities of the several peoples of the world, and to take small account of particular men among them. But now he who would be a forecasting and sagacious political seer must master, as the most proximately determining influence among all, the nature of the Emperor of the French, the proclivities of his singular character, and the exigencies of his intricate position.

Louis Napoleon has given us many means of knowing him. Perhaps scarcely any potentate has ever afforded such ample materials to the speculator and the student. He has done much; he has written much; and for so habitually silent a

man he has spoken not a little,—and when he does speak he usually speaks significantly. As conspirator, as adventurer, as prisoner, as author, as deputy, as president, as emperor, he has been before the public for thirty years. If we do not understand him now his nature must be peculiarly deep, complicated, or inconsequent.

In some respects he is a more remarkable man than even his uncle. He is not, it is true, gifted with his uncle's genius, either for administration or for war; but on the other hand he is not cursed with that wilful and impracticable temper which so often neutralised the wonderful powers of the first Napoleon, and which led to his final overthrow. Napoleon the Third is *pertinacious* without being obstinate. He adheres to his plans often for long years; he recurs to them persistently again and again after the world fancies he had abandoned them for ever; but he seldom insists upon them doggedly, vehemently, or blindly, in the face of formidable obstacles. The uncle, especially in his later years, used to be irritated by opposition into something very like insanity. The nephew measures the force of the opposition considerably, and recoils before it if it appears likely to prove stronger than he wishes to encounter. His temper, we apprehend, is naturally equable and placid. At all events, he never loses it, or gives way to those bursts of undignified passion which on more than one occasion disgraced the position and alienated the friends of the great warrior. Perhaps only twice since his accession to power has Louis Napoleon acted from passion rather than from deliberation; once when, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of all his well-wishers, he insisted on confiscating the Orleans property, and again when, after the Orsini *attentat*, his shaken nerves and natural indignation for a short period got the better of his judgment. He, however, recovered himself—and recovered with grace—as soon as he had time for reflection, and saw that danger was becoming imminent; and thenceforward he exerted himself to soothe down the angry passions of the people and the army.

Again, though Louis Napoleon is in one sense a *daring* man, he is the reverse of a rash or desperate one. This may seem a strange assertion of the Hero of Boulogne, Strasburg, and the *Coup d'état*, but it must be remembered that the two first wild adventures belong to the period of his nonage, and the latter, though a bold and hazardous stroke for the supreme power, which he was determined to attain or die, was prepared with the most sedulous, patient, and forecasting care. Since that period certainly his caution has been more remarkable even than his political courage. He feels that he has won too much, and has too much to lose, to venture on any *very* hazardous attempts.

Like Charles II., he is resolved never again to go on his travels. He takes infinite pains to make all his ground safe under him before he acts, as far as possible, so as not only to preclude all risk of failure, but to evade much probability of earnest opposition. He is especially anxious to carry as great a majority with him as he can—majority, that is, of strength, if not of numbers. He procrastinates and postpones with sometimes a self-defeating excess of hesitation, wishing to keep as many courses as possible open to him, and to keep them open as long he can. He shrinks from the *irrevocable* much; he shrinks from the *desperate* or the gamblingly dangerous still more. He likes to undertake all his ventures in concert with allies who will render discomfiture impossible, who will divide the cost, who will take the lion's share of the labour and the peril, and leave him the lion's share of the glory and the gain. He would never have gone to the Crimea unless Great Britain had been ready to go with him. He would never have gone to Mexico if Spain and England had not in the first instance joined the expedition. He would probably never have ventured on the Italian war of 1859 if he had not felt certain that the revolutionary element in Europe would suffice to ensure his success, if he should find it necessary to call it into action. And we all of us remember that when the critical moment came he shrank from calling it into action, and contented himself with a *half* success instead. He earnestly desires no doubt to recognise the Confederate States, to establish their independence, and thus to consolidate and secure his own grasp on Mexico;—yet he has twice abandoned, or at least postponed all action in this direction, because he could not obtain the countenance or support of England. We may feel very confident, therefore, that he will never bid defiance to any very powerful combination of foes, or act in such a fashion as to unite all Europe against him. His tact and good sense in drawing back when necessary, and seeing when it is necessary, constitute at once his security and ours.

He is *vain*, and he would neither be a Frenchman, nor a suitable ruler for Frenchmen, were he not; but his vanity is a quality rather than a weakness. It may be unphilosophic, but it is neither irrational nor excessive. He loves grandeur; he loves power; he loves admiration; his enemies say that he aspires to the reputation of universality, and that he is prone to monopolise merit which of right belongs to others; he is desirous on all accounts to fill unceasingly a vast space in the eyes of Europe and the world. We doubt, however, whether this sentiment will ever betray him into any serious errors, and we are inclined to regard it as much a matter of policy as a mere personal characteristic. Nor is it the only instance in

which his peculiar attributes subserve his policy and strengthen his position. He thoroughly understands the nation which he governs and the place which he holds. We think, too, that he understands his epoch, and the elements of political causation in the actual world, better than any other ruler now extant, whether sovereign or minister. And probably the secret of his especial and peculiar comprehension of the *popular* mind, both in France and throughout Europe, lies in his unaffected and innate sympathy with it. He has thought patiently, he has brooded long, he has studied profoundly. He is assuredly on most points in advance not only of the French nation, but of nearly all French politicians. He has sounder notions of political economy, he has a greater capacity of appreciating foreign ideas and foreign institutions, he has a more dispassionate and less perverted vision, than any of them. His mind and character are essentially of the statesmanlike order,—though not of the highest order of statesmen, because his ultimate aims are not noble, and his estimate of men is not high. But for a skilful adaptation of means to a clearly seen end, for *tentative* tact in a perilous course, for far forecasting, and every now and then for deep insight, he has shown himself superior to every public man of the day, and he has found himself in one of the very few positions in the modern world in which his qualifications for government could have found a fair and open field.

Practically, perhaps, his most pernicious characteristic is his *restlessness*. His mind is naturally busy, scheming, and prolific; and he finds it for his interest, as the elected chief of a most restless people, to follow his natural bent. He broods over a variety of conflicting plans, sometimes throwing out one feeler to the public, sometimes another; sometimes waiting till the project is matured; sometimes offering the world a sort of option between several disturbances, but never leaving it an hour's conscious security of repose. He is *incalculable* too as well as *rémuant*. He is for ever breaking out in a fresh place. You never know what he may do or say next. You only feel certain that he will never be long without doing or saying something. His mind may grow any sort of crop—wheat or weed. The only positive thing is, that it can never lie fallow. As long as he lives, to use an expression of one of his countrymen, *il n'y aura rien de certain, hors l'imprévu*.

In addition to the peculiarities of the Emperor's character, those who would be able to form a sagacious estimate of the prospects of the political world must take an account of the various and inexorable exigencies of his position. That position is anomalous in the extreme. He takes rank among the sovereigns of Europe, and is about the most powerful of them all. But,

singly out of the whole list, he holds his sceptre partly by right of his own skilful and daring seizure of it, and partly by the direct sanction of the popular choice. He is the only monarch of the old world who has been distinctly elected by the people, who has been chosen because he represents them, who reigns because he understands them. He is the Crowned Democrat of Europe. He does not exactly, like actors, "live to please," but, like actors, he "must please to live;" and he must please both at home and abroad. France is no easy taskmaster. To satisfy her imperious demands, he must keep her prominent and make her glorious. He must not be quiescent, for what she loves is coruscation and *conspicuousness*; and these conditions can only be fulfilled by a sort of unresting officiousness in the concerns of all nations. Yet, on the other hand, he must not be baffled, and he must not fail; he must be ever on his guard lest the interposing activity which is exacted from him should draw upon him either ridicule or snubs. He must be ever on the watch to further those "ideas" which have taken so strong a hold of the French brain, and for which the French nation is *sometimes* willing to make war. He must stand forward as the champion of those oppressed nationalities with whom even Gallic selfishness has learned to sympathise. He must never let any other power steal a march upon him even in the most distant quarter of the world. He must never let there be a disturbance or a conflict any where, without stepping forward either as auxiliary or pacificator. Yet at the same time he must never be discomfited or rebuffed. All his expeditions must succeed, and all his battles must be victories. His wars, too, must be neither long, disastrous, nor costly. France is in one point singularly and incurable irrational, and refuses to listen to the "inexorable logic of facts." She expects her Emperor to pursue a career of all others the most expensive, yet she expects him never to call upon her for any contribution to the outlay. She will have her theatre and her banquet; but she refuses steadily either to take the ticket or to pay the bill. Her wars and interventions must bring her much glory, and yet cost her no treasure. Nothing will induce her to endure a new tax, or to keep out of an exciting adventure or a tempting broil.

Hitherto Louis Napoleon has satisfied all her inconsistent cravings with marvellous success. He has kept all the world on the tip-toe of expectation to know "what France would do next." He has made all Europe and half Asia uncomfortable and uneasy. He has compelled all nations to double or quadruple their armaments. He costs his fellow-creatures at least 50,000,000*l.* per annum. He has, in conjunction with England, taken the strongest and best defended fortress in the world. He has, in con-

junction again with England, defeated, humbled, and disarmed that hereditary northern foe who inflicted the first crushing reverse on his uncle's career of conquest; and ultimately was, next to England, the chief instrument of his downfall. He has for twelve years kept the Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic world a dependent on his armed protection. He has done what various potentates and warriors before him had striven to do in vain,—he has created, or paved the way, for the creation of a new and mighty kingdom. He has wrested one large province from Austria, and bestowed it upon Italy. He has wrested two provinces from Sardinia, and annexed them to his own dominions. He has conquered an anarchical republic, has changed it into a hopeful empire, and has bestowed the sceptre of it upon the prince of that foreign house which his uncle so often humbled, and into which he finally intermarried. And if he had been encouraged to follow out his own designs, he would ere now have crowned all his other exploits by establishing the independence of the Confederate States. All this he has done abroad: at home he has rebuilt Paris, and partly rebuilt other great cities; he has remodelled the first army, and reconstructed the second navy in the world.

And he has contrived to do all this without imposing a single new tax, and without laying on the people any burden which is generally or sensibly felt; for although the cost of living in France has greatly increased, it has not increased so fast as either the wages of labour or the profits of trade. By profuse borrowing, and by the sagacious system of open loans, he has contrived to make his lavish expenditure a source of actual immediate gain to the small capitalists, to the hoarding peasants, to the saving classes; that is, to nearly the whole of the laborious classes of France. By providing them with a safe, accessible, and lucrative investment for their small and patient economies, he has added to their income, and has, perhaps, also reduced the price of land, which it is their great ambition to possess, and the purchase of which was formerly the only mode in which they could invest their savings. His course of action has, at present and ostensibly at least, proved as profitable to the *bourgeoisie* as to the peasantry. He has so dealt with the whole system of railroads in France as at once enormously to aid and gratify all the shareholders in it, and also vigorously to stimulate the spread of that species of outlay which, of all others, has been found most to develop industry and to yield rich returns. The foreign commerce of France has, we believe, doubled since his accession; and it would be ungrateful to deny that a considerable portion of this augmentation is due to his fostering attention and superior sagacity. How long he may be

able to continue this singular prosperity and success it is impossible to say. There are not wanting indications which may warn him that there is a limit to the road he has been hitherto pursuing. France is unquestionably growing in wealth, but her debt is growing also; and her more competent financiers are evidently taking the alarm. Now alarm is danger—and danger of the most signal sort—to a nation which has stretched its credit and mortgaged its resources, and yet declines to be taxed to meet fresh emergencies. We may, however, feel assured that Louis Napoleon will not be blind to the signs of the times; that he will not venture on any very perilous enterprise, or on any very desperate expenditure; that, if the alternative be forced upon him, he will risk *quiescence* rather than discomfiture; and that, of the two, he will prefer to disappoint France rather than to tax her. At the same time we should do well to remember how vastly America has enlarged our ideas of the possible limits of the borrowing power in a country where the people are unanimous, or where the government is popular.

Louis Napoleon has some one else besides France to satisfy—a power at once his master and his tool—namely, the Revolutionary party throughout Europe, the Democratic element in Continental States, the discontented and oppressed nationalities—those, in a word, who are fond of describing themselves as the adherents and devotees of “the principles of 1789.” With this party the Emperor has strong sympathies; to it he is under great obligations; from it he has great hopes; of it he entertains great fear. He understands thoroughly its strength, its nature, its temper, and its designs. His early Carbonari connexions gave him this knowledge; and it is a knowledge which, being his exclusive possession, confers upon him a notable advantage over all other governments and potentates. Then, too, he not only understands this party, but he believes in it. He is deeply impressed with the resolute purpose, the tenacious will, the martyr-like fanaticism, and the unscrupulous morality of its leaders. He is, we apprehend, strongly convinced that the “principles of 1789” are those which will spread and finally prevail; that, in the perennial contest between Democracy and its rivals, the ultimate victory must remain with the former; and that all political progress, as well as all political convulsions, is tending towards the establishment in all lands of the sovereignty of the people, delegated to and embodied in the sovereignty of one man, as the ultimate form which states and governments will assume. Of this tendency he is determined to be the exponent, the patron, and the leader, as he has contrived to make himself its first and most illustrious exemplar. This conviction

we hold to be the key to nearly all his policy, past and present. He has no more notion than Tocqueville had that any aristocracy or autocracy can in the end make head against the organised and well-led might of the popular masses; he has a rooted distrust and dislike, almost amounting to contempt, for a Parliamentary and Constitutional régime; and he has no faith in the working capacity of really Republican institutions. His doctrine—the *idée Napoléonienne*—is the administration of one man, sustained by the great body of the people, imbued with their sentiments and wishes, but endowed with sagacity to sift them, to guide them, to modify and enlighten them, yet at the same time with full power to establish and enforce them. There is vast might because there is great truth in this conception of individual will and talent based upon brute force, backed by it, and wielding it. But herein also lies the great danger of modern civilisation; and it is the devotion of Louis Napoleon to this conception, the clearness with which he apprehends it, and the vigour with which he grasps it, that renders him the most formidable foe that the higher elements of moral and intellectual, as distinguished from mere material, civilisation ever had. It makes him strong with all the strength, and stable with all the stability, of a true idea, but at the same time pernicious with all the mischief, and mean with all the lowness, of a grovelling and narrow aim.

For a man of such a nature and of such requirements as we have delineated, a solemn Congress to sit in judgment on the wants and grievances of all nations must be the next best thing to a brilliant war undertaken to redress the injuries of one. In some respects it is even more tempting. It costs nothing; it does not risk much; and it places France and her emperor on a pedestal of conspicuous influence and conspicuous philanthropy. We may be of opinion that such a Congress would be more likely to disturb much than to arrange any thing, and we may think it not the best way, nor the way at all, to settle the unsettled questions of Europe. But we cannot deny that there are such unsettled questions; that they urgently press for settlement; that till they are settled we can have no hope of permanent security; and that it is better that they should, if possible, be settled by diplomacy and discussion than by obstinate and desolating wars.—There is the question of Poland. Even the languid blood of England is beginning to be stirred to its depths by the brutalities it reads of, by the obvious resolve to proceed to something like the utter extermination of a whole people, and by the savage and unmanly severity with which that resolve is being carried out. We are beginning to

ask ourselves whether Europe *can* stand by and see such things done, and whether, though we are hopeless of doing much good, we are not "verily guilty concerning our brother" if we permit the perpetration of so much evil. France is truly and deeply interested in the matter; her sympathy with the Poles is perhaps the one really generous and disinterested feeling which ever enters into her foreign policy; and Louis Napoleon, as secret chief of the revolutionary democracy of Europe and as sharing many of its sentiments, cannot wish, and cannot *afford*, to have one of its most warlike and most pertinacious nationalities trampled out. If negotiation can do nothing in this matter, it is evident that a general and desperate war can only be averted by the passive witnessing and almost the tame connivance on the part of England and France in the consummation of a great iniquity and a cruel wrong.—There is the case of Rome. It is clear that nothing but the fixed resolve of the Italian statesmen not to quarrel with their great, though in some respects their unintentional, benefactor, and their conviction that a conflict with France must end in their discomfiture and perhaps their total ruin, have been able to keep down the impatient patriotism of the Roman people. It is certain that their influence will not be able to hold back the revolutionary party for ever; and it is doubtful whether they can hold it back for long. All Europe, as Catholic, is so deeply interested in this question, that it must have formed one of the first questions for discussion at the projected congress; and the Emperor in calling that congress could never have dreamed of holding it back, but must really have intended to call Europe into counsel to advise him how to escape with safety and without discredit from his false position.—There is the case of Venice. Every one feels that as long as Venice remains Austrian, war may break out any moment, and must break out before many years are past; that in such a war the strongest sympathy of England, and most probably the active aid of France, will be enlisted on the side of the Italian kingdom; and that Austria can only be induced to surrender Venetia without a war by such pressure as only a European congress could bring to bear upon her, or such compensation as only a European congress could offer her or procure for her. Lastly, there is the case of Schleswig-Holstein, a complicated question and a small issue, but one which at the moment we are writing is endangering the peace of Europe more seriously than any controversy that has been opened since the Italian campaign, and which it really seems as if a conference of all the interested powers *might* be able to settle amicably.

Now, though we think that on the whole our Government

were right in fancying that danger rather than safety was likely to spring out of the Emperor's project of a congress, and acted judiciously therefore in declining to join it, yet we cannot help feeling that they might have discouraged it in a less dry and cold fashion. We doubt whether our mistrust of Louis Napoleon did not in this case influence us somewhat too strongly, and prevent us from doing justice to the element of sincere and disinterested good intention which really formed part of the mixed motives that induced him to suggest the scheme. We believe there is in his character an ingredient both of the grand and the philanthropic which we habitually fail to appreciate,—an ingredient strangely imperfect and impure indeed, and quite *sui generis*, but notwithstanding actually existing and genuine after its muddy fashion. He is, we apprehend, utterly devoid of the moral sense, as we in England and as most men in most countries understand it. But this deficiency he shares with many eminent Frenchmen—with Napoleon I., for instance, and with M. Thiers. We do not imagine that he would be restrained by any scruple or by any deference to principle from trampling down or stepping over any law or any life which stood between him and the cherished purpose of his soul. We have no doubt that like most foreign politicians he considers in his calculations almost exclusively the adaptation of his means to his end, and scarcely ever or at all the righteousness of that end. Though the reverse of cruel or vindictive, no one would characterise him as a benevolent man or a lover of his species. But at the same time we believe that there mingles in his singular and complicated nature—what we have noticed in other jurists and philanthropists who were neither tender-hearted nor religious, nor specially moral men—a sort of desire to improve the condition of the world, to set things straight that are obviously wrong, to rectify mistakes and to redress grievances from which no one benefits—a philosophic and *workmanlike* dislike to seeing any thing, especially things appertaining to government and popular welfare, stupidly managed and *ill done*—a genuine and unselfish wish to benefit mankind, not from any love for them individually or concern for their happiness, but from an instinctive and intellectual wish, inseparable from all thoughtful and *trained* intelligences, to have things well done, to see people well off, to make practice correspond to theory, to make the world at large what their own minds deem that it ought to be. The views of these men may be narrow; their philosophic insight may often be at fault; their temper may be sometimes meddlesome and troublesome, and their disposition not unfrequently dogmatic and tyrannical; but still they are not without their merit and not without their use, and ought not to

be too suspiciously or antagonistically met. Now we regard Louis Napoleon as one of those cold and theoretical philanthropists; and we believe that while considering first his own interests in every scheme and measure he propounds, and next those of France as connected with his own, he is still sincerely anxious to remove what seem to him anomalies and blots on the fair face of the political landscape, to obliterate causes of danger and disturbance, from which he and his, as well as others, may ultimately suffer, to stand forth in history and before Europe as an imperial and far-sighted statesman, who saw what was wanted, and supplied it, who saw what was evil, and made war upon it, and who left the world at large happier, smoother, *better arranged*, more sensibly conducted than he found it. There can be no doubt that there are elements of great disturbance extant in the European system. There can be no doubt that he who can eliminate or neutralise these elements would confer a real blessing on humanity; and what more natural than to call together in conference all parties interested in the same great issue of peace and order, to assist in the work of neutralisation and elimination?—and what more gratifying than to have them meet in Paris, and to preside over the grand Federal Parliament of Humanity in person?

There is another reason why we should treat Louis Napoleon with a more cordial appreciation and with less suspicion than we are usually inclined to show. It is certain that he is more favourably disposed to England than Frenchmen generally are, and, indeed, than any party or class who have ever held power in France. This favourable disposition arises from many causes combined. He has a more philosophic mind, or rather a less narrowly and limitedly *national* a mind, than the rest of his countrymen; he appreciates our character and our institutions far better than they, partly because he knows them much more thoroughly, but also because he has much more power of appreciating what is foreign; and while his good sense fully enables him to estimate our strength, all that is superstitious in his nature makes him determined that, if he can avoid it, that strength shall never be arrayed against him. He understands us too well to believe that we are the selfish and perfidious people we are usually represented to be by continental Europe and America; he can make far more allowance for our crotchets; and even when we thwart him, he is not without some capacity for doing justice to our motives. We are not sure that, all things considered,—both the language of our press and the action of our Government,—he has not behaved as forbearingly to us as we have done towards him;—and certainly we cannot say the same either of the French army, the French Orleanists,

or the French journals. At almost any moment of his reign he might have gained popularity by insulting us; he might have let loose the whole French people against us; we have not failed to give him what on the other side of the Channel have been regarded as plausible and even just opportunities of doing so; yet he has never done so, and has more than once slightly risked his popularity by declining to do so. On the whole, the *entente cordiale* between the two nations is safer with him upon the throne, Buonaparte as he is, than with any other ruler, or any other *régime*. And we ought not to be unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, this most material fact.

The position of the Emperor at the present moment is more critical and less satisfactory than it has been for years; and when he is in difficulties all Europe is in danger. In the first place, his finances are not flourishing. The commerce of France is prosperous, the ordinary revenue is increasing, and the accumulated wealth of the country augments from year to year. But there is a regular and a large deficit in the public accounts; the unfunded debt has reached a figure which few consider safe; it is suspected that if all balances were properly kept and unreservedly published, it would be found that the total expenditure exceeds the total income arising from taxation by many millions (some say twelve millions) annually. These facts have alarmed the monetary world; that alarm has been increased by the continuous drain of specie to the East, which has now become a normal occurrence; and uneasiness among moneyed men, if it last long and is well-founded, sooner or later spreads to the general public. It seems probable that a point has been reached in the financial position of the empire at which either retrenchment must begin in earnest, or some popular excitement must be resorted to sufficiently strong and stimulating to banish every notion of economy from the Gallic brain.

Then the unreasoning mind of the nation—that is, the mind of thirty-five out of thirty-seven millions of Frenchmen—is discontented on two matters of foreign policy. The Emperor's popularity has been shaken because he *has* interfered in Mexico, and because he has *not* interfered in Poland. The French people never construe contentedly the *sic nos non nobis* strain. They do not understand making honey, or ploughing furrows, or building nests for other people; or, if they ever can do these disinterested things with comfort, it is to aid a democracy or to promote a revolution. To rescue a distant country from anarchy, in order to construct a throne for an Austrian prince, may have a peculiar glory of its own, but the glory has a quality of barrenness about it which deprives it of all attraction in their eyes. On the other hand, to allow a restless race of revolutionary sympathisers to be extirpated without

drawing the sword to prevent the irreparable crime, argues, they fancy, either a hesitating purpose or a conscious weakness, neither of which they like to attribute to their chosen representative and chief. In the one case success, though brilliant, has been dearly bought, and has brought no solid gain to France. In the other case there has been mortification as well as discomfiture, and the temper of France is not trained to bear either with equanimity. Close upon these two causes of grave dissatisfaction has come the disappointment in reference to Congress. A most gorgeous and flattering vision has been flaunted for a moment before the dazzled eyes of a vainglorious nation only to be withdrawn, and for them to be told in a stage whisper that the withdrawal is attributable to the jealousy of England and the selfishness of Austria. Their Emperor has been baffled, and they will only forgive him for his discomfiture by turning their anger against those who have discomfited him.

Just at this time the Chamber meets, ready to rub every sore place, and to discuss every topic of foreign policy in an irritating spirit. That Chamber, for the first time since the establishment of the empire, really contains a considerable number of opposition deputies, fully capable of making their opposition formidable, far more than a match for any orators whom the Emperor can pit against them, with their temper exasperated, and their consciousness of power enormously enhanced by the knowledge that they were elected by large masses of the people, and in spite of the most vehement and unscrupulous efforts of the government. Louis Napoleon must now make up his mind to encounter the searching criticism, and perhaps the vehement denunciation, of his policy on the part of men who have no motives except fear to be either moderate or sparing. He must either meet them in argument or silence them by force. And to silence them by force would involve a second *coup d'état*; and, considering the hundreds of thousands of voters who elected them, would be virtually to declare war against the population of the cities who, as the recent elections at Paris and Dijon show, are at present by no means either intimidated or well-disposed.

Precisely at this very conjuncture—while his hands are full and his horizon threatening with embarrassed finances, hampering and unpopular military success, discrediting diplomatic failures, defeat at the hustings, and menace in the Chamber—the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel on the one side, and the Polish insurrection on the other, step forward to offer him a way of escape from all his difficulties, except the single one of an impoverished exchequer; and possibly from that also, if popular enthusiasm could be aroused sufficiently to carry off a gigantic “open loan.” The temptation ought not to be regarded lightly.

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